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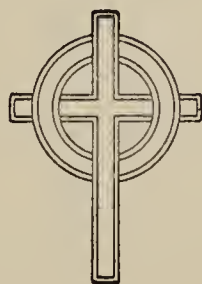


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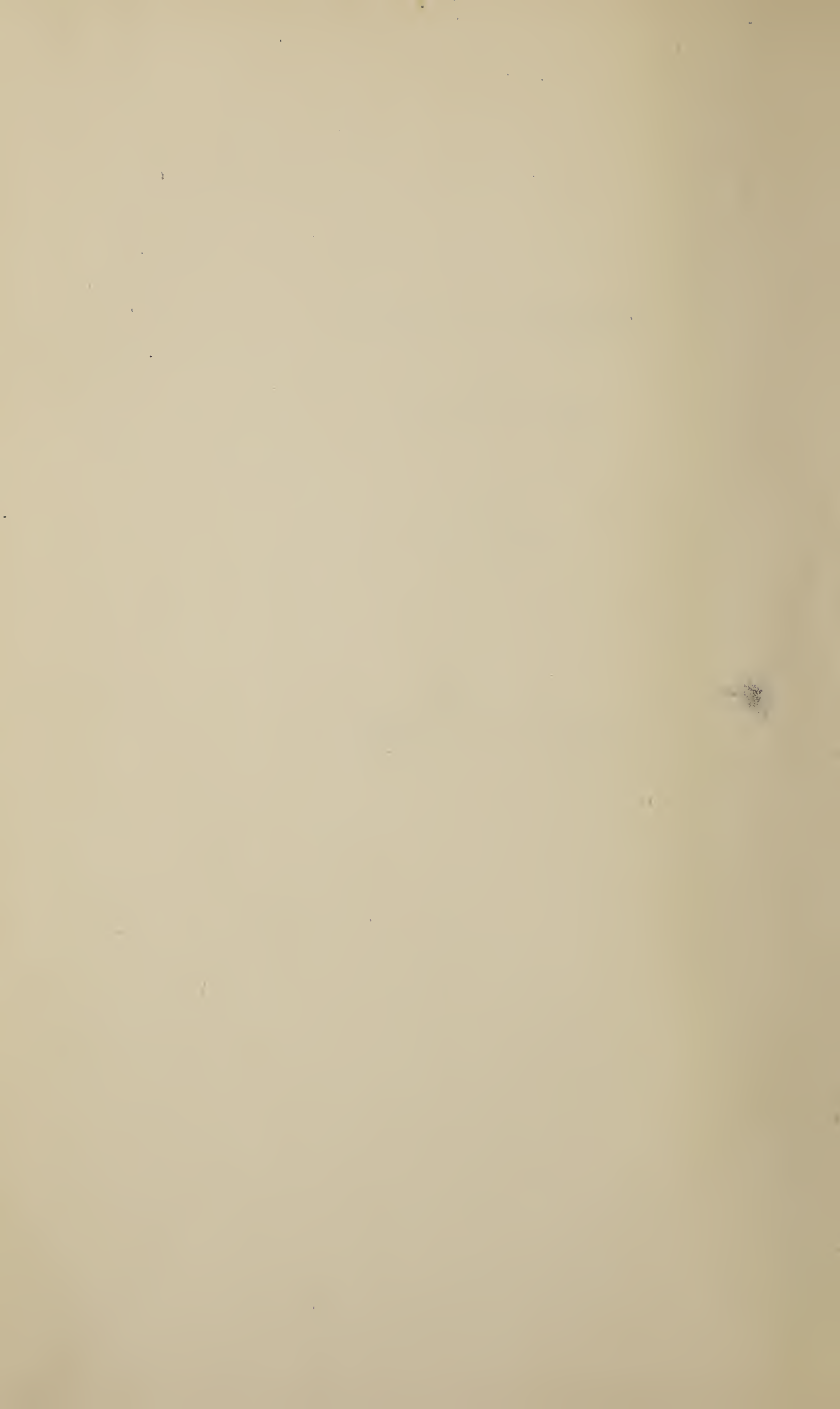
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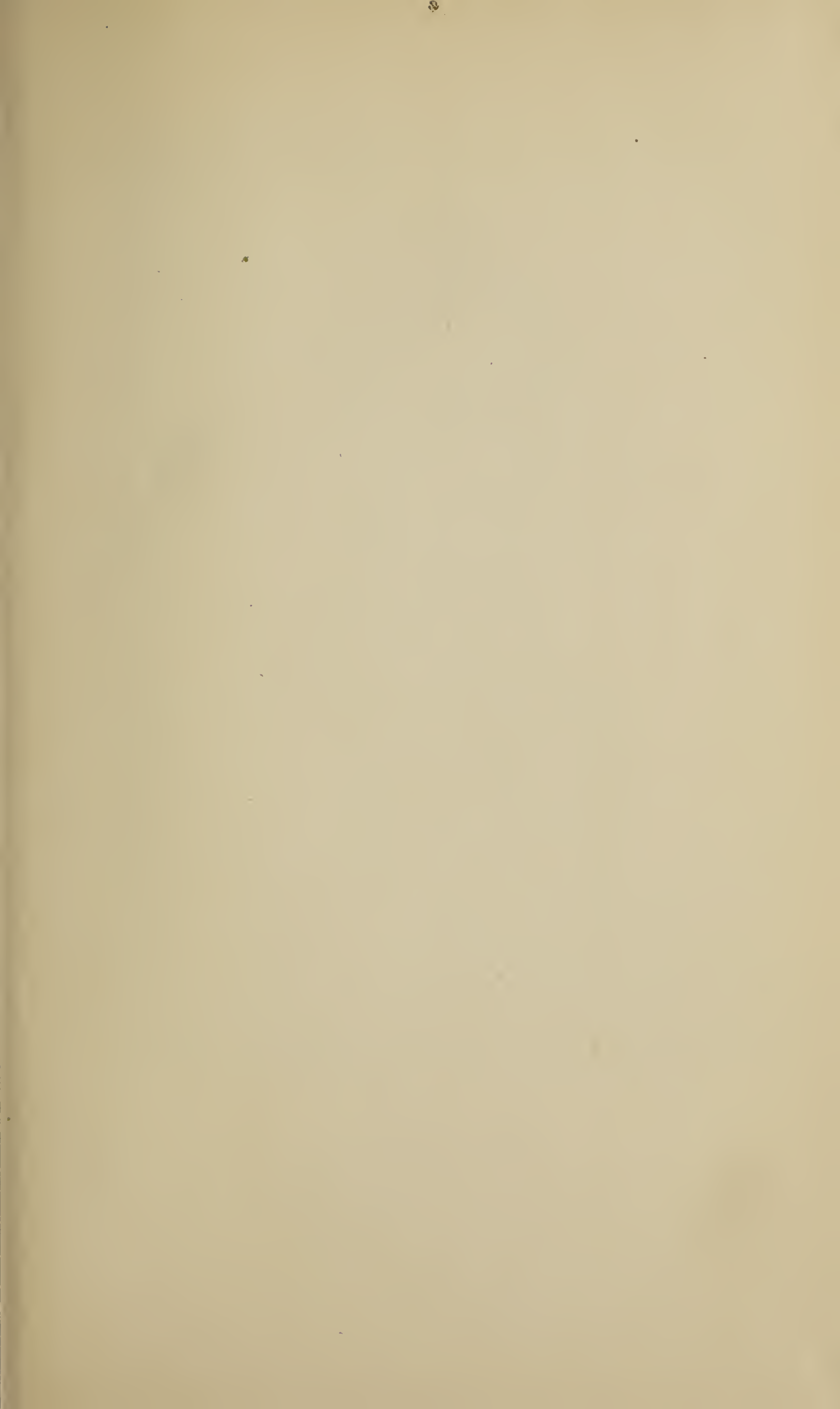
ELLA LYMAN



VOLUME III

THE LATER YEARS





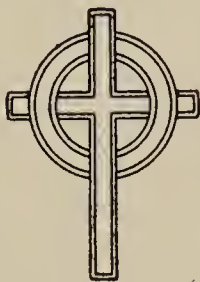


ELLA LYMAN
Crayon by Porter

ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
AND
ELLA LYMAN

LETTERS AND JOURNALS
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THOSE THEY LOVED
AND WERE DESCENDED FROM

PREPARED BY THEIR DAUGHTER
ELLA LYMAN CABOT



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PRIVATELY PRINTED

1932

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CHAPTER I

Changes in the Perfect Home

IN HER beautiful inscription to our father and mother on the walls of the Harvard University Hostess House, Mabel called them makers of the perfect home. Our life with them had always this quality of an uplifted standard. They brought to us freshly every morning their spirit of loving-kindness, of rejoicing, of appreciation, of devotion. Quarrels and punishments were almost unknown and as for disputes between parents it was only after I was grown up that I heard with astonishment that they existed in other homes—never in ours. Were there not resolutions written on the wedding day?

There were myriads of ways in which my mother and father's rejoicing love of us all was expressed. Papa's skilled fingers wove into wreaths and carefully pressed and marked the flowers from each of our christenings. I have mine still, showing violets and lilies of the valley beautiful in their outlines. For everyday occasions there were special flowers, or white strawberries, or smooth chestnuts by our plates at breakfast; then there were birthdays with the privilege of not going to school, there were occasional prized excursions to ancestral homes, there were marches in procession as we sang "Hark the Herald Angels" on Christmas morn, there were paper dolls and their dresses cut out and painted for us by our mother's art, there were Papa's sparkling jokes and his gay excursions with us to the tall maze of a cornfield, on hay wagons drawn by meandering oxen, or down the pond in a light boat which he taught us to row.

There were days when with a great wave of affection, shooting above the steady inflow of her love, our mother called: "Shake hands all around the table!" and rippling with laughter we all joined hands, little hands and big hands shaken hard and lifted high till something unknown to us entered our lives,

something woven wonderfully of laughter and love—swift in its passing at the time yet enduring and strong after fifty years, an expression of leaping and united happiness.

THE MISSING JEWEL

But after Sue's death perfect happiness became less an attribute of earthly life, for Mamma's awareness of the little brother and sister in heaven was always in her thoughts, as it was in our nightly prayers. As she wrote to Grandma Lowell: "I was thinking the other night how we should miss a diamond from a perfect cross even though it were transformed into a star in heaven, lighting us from above."

Indeed Sue's death at the end of 1878 seems to sever my mother's happy early life from the later time invaded with sorrow and tremendously filled with work. Grandma Lowell became more and more ill and as long as she lived Mamma went to Park Street every day to talk and sew with her, or to drive with her and Grandpa Lowell in the four-seated carriage with two stately horses held steady by the smiling coachman Richard.

Those who live to be fifty must always feel with the passing of the older generation a strange sense of being unsheltered saplings where once great trees stood in protection. This experience came suddenly to Mamma and Papa in 1880 and 1881, when Grandpa Lyman, Uncle Charles Lyman, Grandma and Grandpa Lowell, and Aunt Mary Pratt died within a little over a year. Before 1880 the families of Lowells had always gathered on Saturday evenings at 7 Park Street, and the Lymans, Paines, and Seares for Sunday supper at 6 Joy Street. They missed ever afterwards these reunions.

The letters of my mother to hers show all that her loving, sensitive soul was passing through, after Sue's death. In her first letter even the sentences seem weighted down and broken.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, September 24th, 1878.

My darling Mother,—I received your two lovely notes and my dear Lissie's and Sara's. Thank them very much for writ-

ing. We are well, we have a wood fire. We try to be cheerful, we succeed in eating. Dear Arthur stayed out today. He went last evening to see his father, this afternoon to see Aunt Mary. Sarah and Lydia have been here and were very kind, and dear Lizzie Put came out for a little while. We are nearly unpacked. Jessie had everything in exquisite order for us. Poor Jessie! She cries bitterly. I predicted truly about my cook. She is going to be married. I sent Mary to town and she heard from Martha that Annie, who once took Mrs. Pike's place, was to be had. Should you advise me to try her? Mary McKensie is on the look-out, so don't think about it at all, dear. I do not care in the least now. Poor Mary is struck dumb, and does not trouble me at all.

Thank dear Sara again about the horse, the children will enjoy the lawn tennis. Little May all think much improved, and she continues to eat well. She was very sad and lonely last night and cried quietly in her little bed "wishing Sue was there." It was even harder than we had thought, coming home without Sue, but God has helped us through that day, and through yet another. I am going to try to take only one day now. We have innumerable blessings left, and I hope He will help me to care rightly for them and trust them to Him.

Love to my dearest Papa and all. God bless you, dearest and loveliest of mothers. Your own ELLA.

Mrs. John Amory Lowell to Ella Lyman

September 24th, 1878.

My precious child,—I have put a note into the Lawrence's box and the expressman has taken it.

God in His mercy spare you to each other. Oh, I never prayed for blessings on you all thoughtlessly but I am afraid I did not sufficiently express my gratitude and yet I did feel it. You always did. It is indeed well with our blessed little Sue. But, oh, so hard for you and her dear tender papa. Do look after your health, your *own*. I know you will for dear Arthur and the dear children. I have injured your children by my nervousness and

useless anxiety. How useless we know now, for God is over all and all is in His hands. Yet He trusts to us to use the powers He has given us for the good of those intrusted to our care, and how wonderfully you have watched over your gifts from your heavenly Father. The beautiful simple views of God and Christ which Sue has expressed for so many years must be comforting to you.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, September 25th, 1878.

Darling Mamma,—We have all kept well today. Thank you for your dear note of this morning, which I have just received. I feel *weary*, body and mind, but not sick at all, and I will be careful, I promise you, for I should grieve to give Arthur and the children any care now. We have had a quiet day—the place is peaceful and lovely, and I feel thankful for the rocks and woods, because Sue was so happy there. Sometimes it seems as if I must find her somewhere. This house is so associated with her in every corner. Ella continues devoted to Mabel. Tomorrow they begin their little school together. Sarah and Lydia send their little girls every day to go to walk with Mabel. Arthur wants me to tell you that he gained eight pounds at your house—a pound a week! Herbert says that he gained too. I have not seen Mr. Lyman yet, but I shall go down in a few days.

Love to you all, dear Papa, Mamma, Lissie, and Sara. I forgot to mention the dear Julia. She is well, and has helped me a great deal.

Waltham, October 2nd, 1878.

Darling Mamma,—The weather continues beautiful and I am glad because Ella and Mabel have got out again, and their colds seem much better, only troubling them in the mornings. Herbert has a little cold, but seems well. He is busy this morning putting out the lawn tennis you so kindly sent them. Arthur thus far seems to bear going to town well, and often con-

tinues to come home at two, which gives him a long afternoon.

I am well, sometimes quiet, almost strong, hardly realizing this terrible change, sometimes overwhelmed with the vivid realization of it all. The memories of our darling are all lovely, beautiful and peaceful, and by and by when I am able to think of them as *memories* that will help. Now the craving longing for those arms round my neck and that voice in my ears, which is always in my heart, is too great. After all, the only thought which really comforts me is that our heavenly Father loves her, loves her even more than we do, and that she is safe in His care.

God bless you, O my darling Mother. I hope to see you soon. What have you not been to her and to us all.

Love to dear Papa and the precious sisters, from ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, October 2nd, 1878.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—Thank you very much for your most kind and comforting letter. I wish I were nearer to you that I might see you oftener, for I feel strangely *dumb* in this great grief and cannot write or think clearly yet. The coming home without her was an agony greater even than I thought. Every tree, every flower, every corner of the house where we have been so happy seems full of her, and the thought of little Mabel without her seems almost the hardest to be borne. Where one was the other always followed, and Sue's love and care for her was motherly as well as sisterly. There is something soothing to me though in these lovely rocks and woods where she has played and been so happy.

One longs so for more knowledge of the life beyond, but this we can never have till we too pass away. Perhaps God will help me to rejoice by and by, now I can only ask Him for strength to bear each day patiently and cheerfully.

Did I tell you how little Sue last winter brought me a little *Day by Day* of Ella's, in which the text for the baby's birthday, February 17th, was "The Lord gave and the Lord hath

taken away." "Is not that beautiful for Roger?" she asked. Since I came home I found in her little drawer her own little *Bible Gems* where the verse for that day was a different one. She had scratched it out and written underneath in her dear little child's hand, "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away." Was it not lovely?

God bless you, dear Aunt Anna, for all you always have been, for all you are to me. With constant love, ELLA.

Madame M. de Maltchycé¹ to Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman

Boston, 6 octobre 1878.

Bien chère Madame,—Il me semble la voir, toute mignonne, gracieuse, et souriante, venir s'asseoir auprès de moi pour prendre sa leçon. Je la pleure avec vous, bien chère Madame, et je comprends d'autant plus votre affliction que depuis bien des années, j'ai pu contempler la tendre sollicitude dont vous entourez vos chers enfants et comme vous ne semblez vivre que pour eux et par eux.

Permettez-moi de vous exprimer ici tout mon attachement, et agréez l'assurance de mes sentiments dévoués à toute votre famille. MATHILDE DE MALTCHYCÉ.

Mrs. John Amory Lowell to Ella Lyman

October 7th, 1878.

My precious child,—I never received your letter of October 3rd until this morning. I should have tried to do something, sent Eliza up, but if Mrs. Lord's does not suit we will try again. I did not see dear Arthur but he wrote on your note that Mrs. Lord's cook would go on Wednesday. I always see Sue on the steps to meet you. It is a new sorrow every day and hour, but some time it will be less heartbreaking and you will think of her as dear little Mabel does, happy in heaven. Try to remember, darling, that the dear ones left to you are still no more fragile than they were before, they are all as likely to be spared as they were before dear blessed Sue left us. Sue was a strong

¹ Our French teacher.

child and her heavenly Father called her. May He in his mercy spare the rest. Few people have such lovely children and you and Arthur have done everything for them. I can send any messages for you; do let me. Dear Arthur and Julia go, and won't they have something of mine? They will require very warm clothing—and yet I know it is troublesome to drag about heavy things. I have a seal jacket, too large of course and shabby, and that gray cloak and a light fur-lined sack with sleeves and the thick shawl you would return, and a great railroad rug, I believe the same you took so long ago. What will you have? I think of you all the time, how I never deserved you.

I cannot get quiet. I feel as if I must get Sue for you, and it is wicked when I know God is good.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Lowell

Waltham, October 14th, 1878.

Dearest Lucy,—Your lovely little note came to me just after we returned from Lynn. It is just a month today since the dear voice was stilled forever, and it seems like years. I miss her as a darling, loving, clinging pet from my arms—and I miss her too as a strong spirit by my side full of sympathy, help, and cheer. But I do feel, dear Lucy, that our heavenly Father knows better far than we, and we strive for entire submission to His will.

I think often of your care and anxiety for your dear father and of your divided home. You will rejoice to have been able to do so much for him, but the anxiety and strain must be hard to bear.

With constant love to you, my ever dear sister, and to dear John, Always most affectionately, ELLA.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman

Crawford House, October 11th, 1878.

Dearest Ella,—We stopped at Fabyan's and got your letter of the 10th and Ella's of the 9th, but thought it would be

pleasanter to come here for the night, and we got here at 6:25, a very successful and fine day, and Flora seemed greatly pleased with the trip. The morning was superb, a white frost, and the air clear and still, the view of Lafayette and the rest of the range very fine, the three highest points were pretty thickly sprinkled with snow, which greatly improves these hills.

After breakfast we walked again to the Flume, which we went to yesterday afternoon, when it was part of the time rather misty but fine. It is a most lovely place. At 10:20 we started for the Profile and had a fine view of the Old Man of the Lake and a delightful view to Franconia and Bethlehem, which we reached at quarter of two and dined at the smaller Maplewood House, and left at quarter of four. The maples above Plymouth were superb, and though at the Flume they are left below, the birches and beeches are wonderfully fine.

Tomorrow we intend to go from here by the railroad, doing the Notch, to Upper Bartlett and back, and then go to Jefferson. If the day is fine Sunday and they feel up to Starr King, perhaps we can see the mountains from it as it is too late to go up Mt. Washington. If not we can go part way and go on in the afternoon to Gorham or stay at Jefferson all day, and if the weather holds good go Monday to North Conway by the Glen. They have got on well so far and have enjoyed it. We had a wagon with top but the sides all roll up.

Ella and May were pretty lucky to find so many chestnuts—and to have Lizzie to help. This morning I found a strawberry at the Flume, so Flora and Julia eat strawberry! I enclose a strawberry flower from the Flume for May and some leaves from the Flume for her and Ella.

Affectionately,

ARTHUR.

Ella Lyman to Julia

Waltham, October 13th, 1878.

My darling Julia,—We received dear Papa's letter from Crawford's this morning and were very glad to hear more of

you. We hope from the telegram of yesterday that you may have escaped the storm which we had here yesterday. Today has been bright, windy, but very warm.

We went to church where Prof. C. C. Everett preached a sermon we heard last winter at King's Chapel, "To the pure all things are pure." Mabel's little lesson before dinner, then the Sunday School, where we missed you very much after dinner. Then Lizzie, Ella, Mabel, and I took dear Papa's letter down to Grandpa's. He gave us pears, and was courteous and charming. Now Mabel is sitting in Lizzie Put's lap reading Herbert's *Pet Lamb*. Arthur and Herbert are talking over their lessons in the dining room. Ella reading at the table.

We shall be glad to see you both again, though I have been very glad that you went. I try to think of my *three* absent ones as equally safe under the dear Father's care, as we who still are in the home. It does not grow easier to bear yet, but He who has helped us through a month without her sweet presence will help us to the end.

Dear Grandma seemed a little better yesterday, I thought.

With love to dear Papa and to Flora,

Always most lovingly your MOTHER.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, October 15th, and 16th, 1878.

My darling Mamma,—Arthur has come home safely from school again. How ungrateful we are not to remember all the "safely's" we record, while the pains and sorrows of life are engraven on our hearts with fire!

Our travelers have not yet returned, but now that we had such good accounts this morning I do not at all mind the delay. Arthur seems to think that Julia has gained by the change and I hope he may have done so too. I think the quiet and peace of these autumn days in the woods which dear little Sue loved so much have helped to calm me, and today two lovely things comforted me. In Julia's drawer awaiting her return I found some lovely verses about dear Sue written by Ella, "For

my dearest sister Julia." After Julia sees them I will ask Ella to copy them for you. I have not spoken to her about them yet, because she meant them for a surprise to Julia. Then dear Herbert sent little Mabel up to me with four carnations. "He says the red one is Julia, the yellow Ella, the pink me, and the white Sue, because she's all in white." Herbert said, "I meant the white one for Sue, little spotless thing." Oh! I ought to be, and I am so thankful to have these lovely children still left, but the aching void of the one treasure missing cannot but pain me yet and for many a long time to come.

Waltham, October 28th, 1878.

Dearest Mamma,—We have had another quiet peaceful day—reading, working, and I copying some of my little records into my book. I have a perfect longing to remember everything I can about our little darling and wish I had been more careful the last few years in writing down her loving little thoughts. But it was merciful indeed that the knowledge of her early death did not cloud our enjoyment in her during those blessed nine years. How grateful one learns to be for the perfect ignorance of the future—and above all for the faith that our heavenly Father who does know, will surely guide all well. I think, as the hymn says, we do get inured to "hardship, loss, and pain." It was strange to us at first because we have always been so happy, but I can already bear it more quietly, and I hope still do what I can for the others.

Waltham, November 24th, 1878.

I am alone in the parlor, darling Mamma. Arthur has gone to his father's and all the children have gone to bed, but are not yet undressed for Ella is singing hymns in a sweet clear voice and now and then Arthur and Herbert giving her a bass.

Arthur has just come back. He reports his father as well, and brought me a lovely white camellia from him. Tell Papa I do not know whether camellia is spelt with one or two l's.

We had a visit this afternoon from Charles Eliot and his

wife. They were very kind, and Charles seems interested in Arthur, Jr.

With love to dear Papa and all, Most affectionately, ELLA.

Christmas, 1878.

My darling Mother,—I send you a little brooch of our darling's hair, which I hope you will sometimes like to wear. How precious she was! How precious she will be when in God's good time He gives us to her again. And may He strengthen us all while we wait. I send too a little pincushion which she had almost finished. She worked once on it even after she was sick, and her love which was always so tenderly with her dear devoted Grandmamma is with her still, I know. The boys hope you will accept this little vase; Julia, Ella, and Mabel send little tokens of love.

May God bless you, my own dear Mother, for all you have done for me and mine.

Your loving and grateful daughter,

ELLA.

On the back of this letter, Grandma Lowell wrote:

May 30, 1879.

My beloved child, I never read this till now. But oh how precious she was and is. Oh, may God help the dreadful sorrow—dearest Sue, God's gift.

In pencil, at the foot of the page, Grandma added:
I never can thank any of you for your love and kindness.

Waltham, June 16th, 1879.

Darling Mother,—All are well today. Frank Coolidge went off at eight with the Arthurs, and left his bag behind him! He had rather a rainy visit, poor fellow, but I hope he enjoyed it. Ella is taking her first music lessons for the summer with Miss Higgins. She is very conscientious and has not failed to practice her hour daily since we came out, and her improvement has really been remarkable. Now that Herbert's lessons will be over next week, I mean to make him do the same, but

he says the care of 200 chickens and pigeons takes all his time!

When I have seen you, I only want to see you more, and think of things I wish I had told you. We found all well when we came back, and Mr. Worcester, Herbert's tutor, promises to give Ella half an hour more after Miss Bridge leaves. Tomorrow is her last day. This afternoon I persuaded Mabel as she was left alone with me to make a little "game" in which I could play with her, while I sewed, and I am thankful to say the result was quite successful. If I can only get her to do this it will be a great help. She said in a melancholy tone to Ella, "Well, good-by, *Tottins*, I shall have to part with you!" But tonight when she was saying her prayers, or rather after them, she said, "There's one thing I cannot help thinking about *even* when I say the Lord's Prayer. Nobody ever does *tess-pass* against me, so it's no good, you know, I can't forgive anybody, 'cause I'm with you and everybody's so kind to me!" Was it not lovely?

Dearest love to you and dear Papa and Lissie, from ELLA.

During these years we children, except for the helpful grown-up Julia, must have taken more and more of Mamma's time and thought. Ronald was born July 8th, 1879; Arthur went to college the same autumn and my mother worked over the arrangement of his room; she also carried on the school in our house for the younger ones—Mabel and her friends. The records in her journal show how concretely interested she was in even our minutest doings:

October 1878.—The books they send me for the Commission are quite a resource for Ella, who devours them and gives very intelligent opinions about them.

May does her "ensamples" (examples) with Ella. I do not know what she would do without "Tottins" as she calls tall Ella without a suspicion of sarcasm.

January 18th, 1879.—Boys got first prize for Polish hen at the poultry show at Horticultural Hall. Herbert has an immense correspondence now about chickens and pigeons.

February 4th, 1879.—Went down with Mabel's enormous doll to have her leg mended.

May 26th, 1879.—Arthur has had his last ranking before going to college, coming out first again, so that for three years and four weeks since he first "braced up," as he calls it, he has never failed once to keep his rank.

June 26th, 1879.—Arthur, Sr., saw Mr. Noble at Commencement: he said Arthur, Jr., spoke very pleasantly to him at parting, that he should miss him very much, he has been so good a scholar. He spoke also in the highest terms of Herbert, saying that there was nobody better than he or something to that effect.

July 1879.—Arthur is off again to Hanover with the Governor. I am getting out of conceit of the Governor! I am glad that Arthur will be soon free from his orders.

October 19th, 1879.—Papa dressed baby in Arthur's Harvard bicycle cap, because I had complained that his close cap made him look like an old lady.

January 30th, 1880.—Dear Julia is twenty-one years old to-day. I hardly can believe that my little black-haired baby has become a *woman*, no longer even a minor. I have had unspeakable happiness in her. She went with Papa about her life insurance policy and to Mr. Porter's,² where we had our last sitting.

June 17th, 1881.—Although it was a holiday, dear Arthur relentlessly went to town. I wish he were a little less busy.

June 29, 1881.—Dear A.T.L. returned about 7 P.M. from Cambridge, where he acted as marshal. He enjoyed it very much and looked very handsome.

June 30th, 1881.—Herbert's nice shawl-box, which he made entirely himself, came home. Arthur ranks about seventh in his class.

August 10th, 1881.—Julia saw Ronald on the piazza where Bran was stretched at full length. Bay stretched himself beside him, saying, "Two dogs, Julia." Then he noticed Bran

² Benjamin C. Porter was painting Julia's portrait.

scratching his head with his paw. After some deliberation as to how to do it, he sat up and took his little black boot up to his little fair face to scratch it just like Bran.

December 8th, 1882.—My dearest Arthur's fiftieth birthday. I grieve to have him grow older, but we are going on together toward the land of eternal youth. Most tender, most precious he has been to me and all who love him.

January 21st, 1885.—We walked home from church—Lissie, Sara, and I; Julia, Ella, and Mabel—two sets of three sisters all loving one another dearly.

No one who does not read the whole diary day by day and year by year can get what shines through it like the violet of yellow ash leaves in autumn, like low sun illuminating the upper ridges of a wood. The journal is translucent and colored by her love of God and devotion to her family. Mamma never merely chronicled good news or bad. After a day in Boston she writes: "I had the happiness of finding all the children well," or "Heard with grief of Mr. Goddard's death." She is vivid, too, in her phrases even about the weather. "A furious rain," "the day dismally dark," "a very beautiful winter day, snow, sunshine, sleigh bells, all bright and joyous." Driving to Concord, she writes: "The afternoon was exquisitely lovely. We drove the pretty way through Lincoln, first went to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau lie; then to the Old Manse and the exquisite Battleground with the noble monument to the minutemen. Never had that most picturesque spot looked more beautiful; the sky was full of lovely sunset light and the statue stood out in bold relief against the light. Then the shadows on the placid river were wonderfully vivid."

Though we have only a few letters of my father's during this period there are several which express the constant part he took in our daily doings. The first is an extract from a letter to Arthur on his entering Harvard College and the second relates to his choice of rooms in the College Yard. He had



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
Colonel on the staff of Governor Rice, 1876

thought of moving from Thayer Hall to Holworthy. In this second note you see two apparently contradictory characteristics of A.T.L.'s mind, which was at once clear-cut (as in relation to Arthur's having no chum) yet so quick to see many aspects of a case that the total effect of the letter is of indecision and, to one who did not know him, of vagueness. He is thinking aloud. The postscript about R.T.L. was a trick of Papa's affection, for Ronald was just six months old.

Arthur T. Lyman to Arthur Lyman on entering college

December 4th, 1879.

Whatever views you may hear as to the origin or evidence of Christianity or whatever may be the truth about these points, the great fact remains that its doctrines are substantially those of the very best and highest of the human race, even among professed infidels, and it is very clear that there is in no other existing literature (whatever may be the wonderful and excellent fragments and sentences) such a body of sound, sensible, practical, as well as high, noble, and inspiring truths as in the New Testament and in parts of the Old.

I only write any of the above because a fellow is sometimes puzzled by the sophistical lights thrown on matters and things; and there is no more use in morals than in geometry or chemistry of beginning at the bottom in ignorance to work up. There is no better guide than the precepts of practical righteousness and profound and wide love and sympathy of Jesus.

January 8th, 1880.

If the poor fellow had the scarlet fever, diphtheria, and so forth, I should not want the room. I suppose this had nothing to do with it, however. I do not want a chum, which of course makes the room expensive. If you wished to go out of the College buildings, of course it would be easy to dispose of a room in Holworthy. It would not be well to take a room there on the ground floor, nor top story; the middle entry is the best, I fancy, the sunny exposure very desirable. The rooms

are not new and some are pretty dirty, I suppose, and might need a skin of paper or paint. If you have a chance at it (which I suppose not at all likely) and if the room is clean and satisfactory, it is to be considered how far the Thayer room is poor—it will be better in spring, summer and autumn than in winter. It seems pleasant on bright days. Of course sun is very desirable. Should you prefer any Weld or Matthews room to Holworthy? If Holworthy is in decent order it seems best place.

It would cost \$50 to \$70 more to move probably. If 11 Thayer is undesirable (though not wintered and summered yet) I should not mind the extra room-rent for sake of sun and air, but I should not calculate to have any chum but a bicycle.

This is not very clear but you will probably see the points if you can read it. I don't know exactly about it and the postman is waiting. Affectionately, A.T.L.

R.T.L. sends his love.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

[Written from his Boston office to forestall her anxiety about Mabel]

June 22nd, 1880.

Dear Mrs. Lowell,—Mabel had a good night and is much better, nearly well, I hope, by this time (4:15). I think she will be all right in a day or two. Ella will have written you this afternoon, but Mr. Sears was going out early today and I was, theoretically, so they probably will not send for me and may lose the chance to send a letter in time for you to get it tomorrow morning. I am going to Lowell tomorrow and as I can't conveniently go to Europe just yet, I take a day to work on a farm now and then, so my absence from town any day is not to be taken as proving that I am up to mischief or gone abroad.

Affectionately, ARTHUR.

The next letter shows the quick play of A.T.L.'s fancy as he writes to a child: Julia and I were with Aunt Lissie and Uncle Frank Sprague at Niagara and Trenton. She went away

for a change, being desperately tired after her care of her father and of Uncle Frank's mother and father in their last illnesses. She had been living at 7 Park Street with Grandpa Lowell. This note is written *across* a letter to me from my friend Katherine E. Bullard with an invitation to join the Friday dancing-class. The cataract was a tiny waterfall near "Lincoln Road," as we called part of Beaver Street in Waltham.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella, Jr., 1881

Ma wrote to this fellow saying "not decided," having opened the letter, as it seemed from K.E.B. and seemed to need answer. It seemed desirable to find out what fellows are going, Southenders, Northenders or Beacon Street muckers.

Trenton Falls *was* lovely. I am glad it has not run out. Niagara you will find is still something of a brook nearly equal to the "cataract." It needs a good deal of looking at. Grandpa certainly is better and brighter since Lissie left. (This is a chronological not a causal reference.) E.L. and I have given Miss Williams considerable "taffy" which she deserves. If you two are short of spondulics I will send another check for Uncle F. to Montreal or Liverpool, as he may direct.

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

Waltham, July 11th, 1881.

I found E.L. hurrying into the Fitchburg station at 6:32¼ and we found all well here. The rain kept Ethel away at dinner time so May and the two old men were alone. It is, as I have often said, very dangerous to get into trains in motion, and I ought not to have pushed you on. Don't do it again. It was my fault. It is hard to make up one's mind deliberately to miss a train, but it seldom matters much and delay in such cases is less dangerous than hustle. We did not start very late, but James walked the horse all the way down hill fearing he might fall again, I suppose, which lost what would have been ample time.

The thermometer fell here to 60° after we left this morning.

I hope your trunk will reach you before you return. I don't think we remembered to order Gibbs to prepay it. If Ella did not stop at a candy shop in Lynn she can probably lend you some spondulics. A.T.L.

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

[Written across a note from Mary L. Bullard inviting Julia to pass a few days with her at Manchester. Letter had then been forwarded to Julia at Niagara Falls, where she was staying at the Cataract House, care of Dr. F. P. Sprague.]

Ma opened this, being second from the same writer, and has answered can't go—on the way to Europe via Quebec. Uncle F. can readily manage to get Lissie on to a European steamer, under pretense it is a boat for Montreal.

G.T.L. and B.L. have not appeared yet. G.L.A. was here Tuesday, may return today. F.B.³ &c got to top of Prospect Sunday, a splendid day. He also went all over the Ripley house—to his intense relish. Dr. Derby has joined the Catholic church, Roman variety. It is not definitely known whether he has softening of the brain, enlargement of heart, inflammation of ear, or color blindness. Dr. Sprague can perhaps tell you from the symptoms. Ronald dined with me and May and the "Vet" yesterday and had soup, meat, and vegetables, pudding, and grapes. He is well today. E.L. was away.

The following words from my mother's journal and four of her letters to her mother and Aunt Anna Lowell give the blending of happiness and sorrow in the summer days of 1880:

May 14th, 1880.—With an unspeakably thankful heart I packed the little used dresses which I had taken out so tremblingly last year. May God have him in His holy keeping and if it be His will preserve to us our lovely baby boy. He came very soon for our comfort after dear little Roger and our blessed little Sue left us and has been a pure delight ever since.

May 16th, 1880.—Found Sara's splendid boy here. It was lovely to see the two babies looking wonderingly at one another.

³ The initials refer to Uncle George and Bessie Lyman, Cousin George Lyman Appleton and Uncle Frank Boott.



RONALD THEODORE LYMAN

March 13, 1880

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

Waltham, August 28th, 1880.

My dearest Mother,—Mabel shrieked with delight when she saw the charming little turnovers. Thank you so much for them, dear. It makes me feel quite *neighborly* with you to receive these charming little reminders of your constant kindness and love. We accomplished our journey to Oakley safely, but poor Ronald, who looked lovely in his piqué cloak and the sweet little cap trimmed with blue which you gave him, was afraid of the horse in the open wagon, of the speed and the wind which blew rather freshly—and screamed with terror clinging to me, until at last Ella fortunately suggested getting him a flower, so we stopped the wagon and got him a tansy, and he became absorbed in tearing it to pieces and forgot his fright. Fortunately he was very happy at Aunt Mary's, delighted with her dolls and picture books, and responded smilingly to all her advances to him. We got home at quarter before six, and he slept well, and is bright today.

Mabel is looking forward with pleasure to the Saturday holiday, and means to absorb Ella. Ethel is always ready to play with her too. Most affectionately, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, September 4th, 1880.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—Ella would enjoy making you a visit very much, but I am afraid it must be a short one, for you know how very dependent Mabel is upon her and she has felt the separation of this week sadly. They have corresponded every day and Mabel said that when Ella had gone she should think of the "joy of her return instead of the sorrow of parting." I feel always that I must be careful not to sacrifice in any way Ella's pleasure or improvement in allowing her to devote herself too much to Mabel, and as time goes on May will find and has found more interests and occupations. But the memory of her darling Sue is never absent from her. She was writing in the twilight on the piazza the other night and

whispered, "I have been writing some poetry." It was written down without separations, or capitals, but I will copy it for you, with these added. She said, "It just came out of my head when I was dancing upon the piazza, looking up into the light sky where Sue is." Since she has written some little lines for the others, very childlike and young. I will send the one on Baby. But the first one evidently came to her from the depth of her feeling. And her darling Sue has been gone a quarter of her whole life. Perhaps she too from the "bright sky" may have been thinking of the little darling yet on earth.

Your ever loving ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. John Amory Lowell

September 9th, 1880.

I think I shall stay at home next week, much as I always love to be with you and dear Papa, for these days' memories are very hard to bear, and I must be as calm and cheerful as I can for the children and dear baby's sake. The pain and loss is one which we must always bear on this side of heaven and I would not have it otherwise for I would not forget for one day or one hour the darling whom we so loved and who so loved us.

Waltham, September 14th, 1880.

Dearest Mamma,—We are two years nearer to our darling today—and more vivid than ever is our longing and our love for her. All here are well, and in the house today as the day is so rainy. The boys practice and read in preparation for their studies, soon now to begin. Ella plays with Mabel and reads. Now she is carrying Ronald about. He has just waked from a very long nap and has taken his cup of broth. Dear Julia and I have been reading together, and then she played with May.

I have had a very kind note from Sarah Sears. She feels, and they all feel now that her dear father is losing ground, slowly, almost imperceptibly, but losing and not gaining. He told her the room was too cold for her to sit in, today. He

is always himself when roused but he dozes a great deal. Oh, how we all shall miss him! It will seem like the crumbling away of a noble edifice, round which all these lesser ones have grown and been supported.

Love always to you all, my dear ones. Your ELLA.

THE GRANDPARENTS

Grandma Lyman, musical, loving, kind, quick in deed, brief and spicy in speech, died in 1875. In 1880 and 1881 we lost our three remaining grandparents. My mother's descriptions of each show how unself-centred, how eagerly occupied, how intentionally gay and even playful old age built on character won in youth, can be. In their warm-hearted goodness the three had much in common yet they were very different. I think of Grandfather Lowell as both a lifelong student and a man of affairs; of Grandma Lowell as a most tender, devoted, humble, and yet commanding spirit; and of Grandfather Lyman as always a bit of a philosopher with a good slice of fun and frolic that made his old age sparkle.

Grandfather Lyman

George Williams Lyman lived five years after the death of his second wife, lonely but more and more tender-hearted with the added years. In Waltham we grandchildren went to the Vale every day, often meeting him in his beloved garden, leaning only a little on his ash cane even at ninety-three. He wore a soft felt hat and a smooth light brown wig, but you can hardly imagine how handsome his chiseled face looked without it, Mamma said when she saw him in his chamber in a dressing gown trimmed with blue and a white nightcap. He paused in his walk through the garden to greet us, smiling on the children and especially on his beloved Sue, whom he called his little friend. Then he looked down a bit quizzically on the group as if he guessed their desire for peaches, or for beurré bosc and seckel pears. He led us over the piazza into the house, opened the door that then shut off the library, and out of the cool dark came a delicious whiff of ripening fruit on damp

mallow leaves. I can still hear him say, "Touch and take, touch and take," as he pointed with his cane to the furry, rosy-cheeked, wall-ripened peaches that rested each carefully separated from its neighbors on the huge billiard table. If it was too late for peaches there might be pears, or little May would come away loaded with crackers, for since his wife's death Grandpa Lyman added her ways of kindness to his own. His grandchildren amused as well as delighted him. When told that Arthur had during an autumn trip climbed fifteen mountains, Grandpa's characteristic comment was: "Worn out a good deal of shoe leather!" Once he called Richard, Robert, and Frank little rascals, but was equally quick to add that he never knew better boys.

Grandpa's earlier letters from Europe in 1820 and to my father in 1855 show his thoughtful philosophic tendency and his interest in politics. The last letter we have (written when he was ninety-three) is remarkable for its clear philosophy of life.

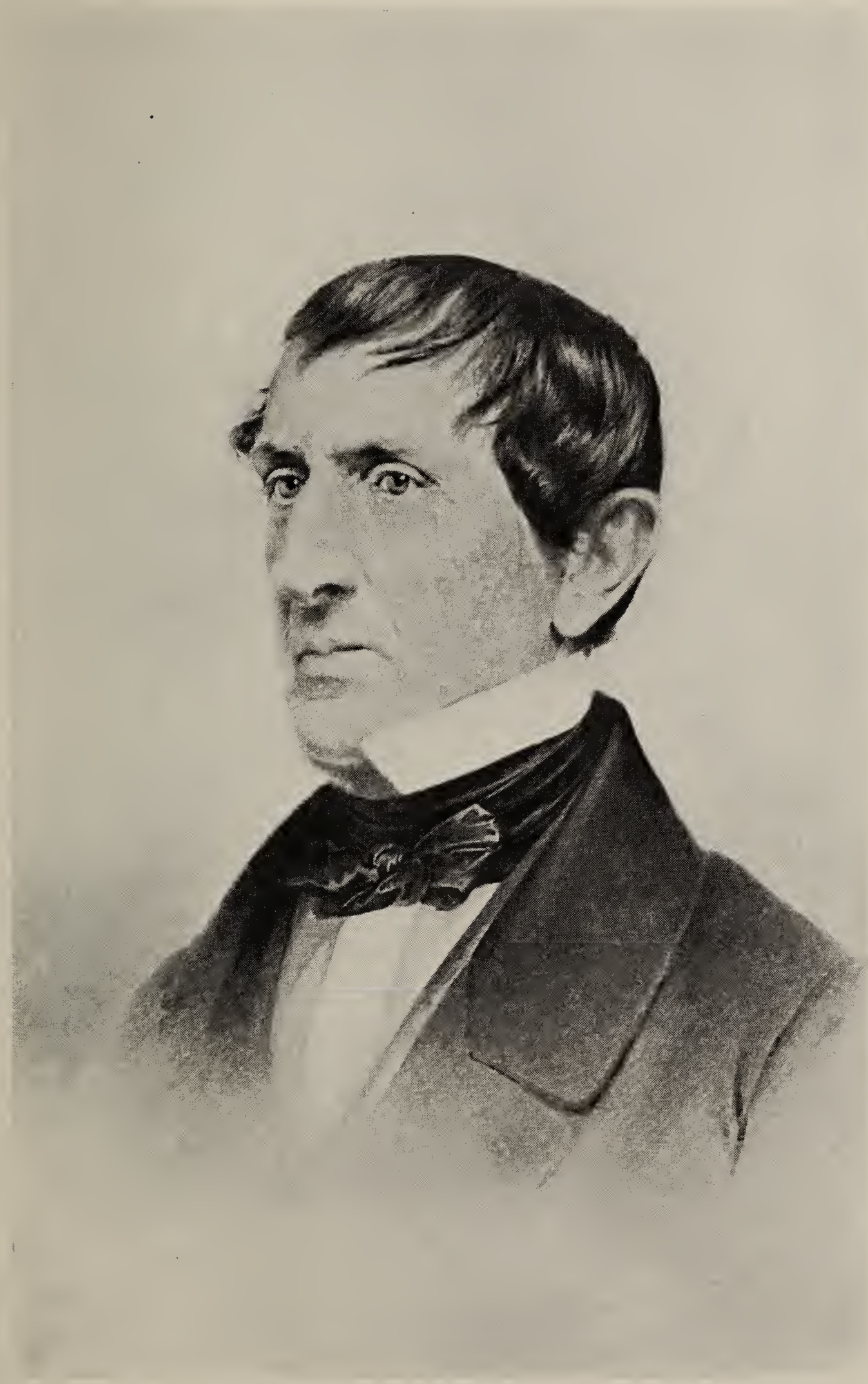
George W. Lyman to his son George Theodore Lyman

6 Joy Street, Boston, March 9th, 1880.

Dear George,—You may remember the one yellow crocus, which was wont to salute its protectors with its pretty flower. This same yesterday opened its petals to view, but today they are closed to protect its life from the cold easterly wind and snow. This pretty product of nature dies to live again. It has so done for many years and in the same spot. It has always given pleasure to me. It will appear again and may miss me as an observer. But however this may be, time passes away swiftly whether one has or not petals or a substitute to save one's body from the blast.

I wrote without ease, but as you say I did write in reply to a letter which required one, and I hope the small quantity of soft soap, etc., contained therein was well received, especially as it came from this cold region.

Sarah is better, but is under the charge of required care



GEORGE W. LYMAN

of body and of continued care till settled weather. Lydia is well, and her *Mity* is running round the house but was quite ill for a few days.

As you write, the weather is very peculiar and strange. I remember seeing a man ploughing on Barnard's Hill north side many years ago—a very cold summer. In 1815 or 16, corn did not ripen but like the little crocus it abided. For reasons not known, the order of nature proceeds and causes the flower to open and to fructify and men to live. So according to said order it is for man to work. If this is a sort of dull sermon you may have casually brought it forth from your long letter.

I take some, but little interest in politics, in its politicians or speculations. The man fit for President of this nation has not yet been named. There may be one like Abra' Lincoln abiding in shadow. Upon the whole matter a farm well found may be the best estate.

I am weary and so good night. G.W.L.

Journal of Ella Lyman

Mr. Lyman had but three weeks in bed. There was no organic disease, the doctor said, only the weakening of old age. He was most patient throughout and thoughtful of others. He asked Aunt Sarah Sears one day how she was, and when she answered, "I am well," he replied happily: "Then it's no matter how I am."

He was often playful with the nurses asking them if they "did not think it was hard such a young fellow as he was should be so weak?" One day he sent a message to Mabel, after asking if she liked peaches. "Well, tell Mabel if she will come down here I will not give her *one* peach for I will give her two!" He was very much concerned about dear Aunt Mary's eye which was weak, and sent at once to Oakley to inquire. The day I saw him he asked, as he never failed to do, for my mother, then for Judge Sprague, and inquired his age and when I said eighty-seven he said, "Oh, he's only a boy!" Toward the last it became a great effort to him to talk and he

could not bear to have his children see him suffer. "Go away," he said to Arthur, "I do not want you to see me suffer."

In the night of Monday September 20th he asked repeatedly for Arthur and at 3 A.M. James came up for him. He dressed hurriedly and went down. His father knew him and asked how he was, how all were, and added, "That's good," when he heard all were well. He asked if the places were all right—"Sarah—remember—Mother" and wanted Arthur to write something down for him, the words of which he could not hear. We think he may have referred to his desire to be placed at Mt. Auburn near dear Grandma, as he alluded to this the next day.

George went in to see him on the morning of Tuesday, September 21st. He knew him and looked much pleased to see him saying, "This is my son George." He spoke of his death, and in a few broken words of his funeral, "Let there be no display." Then called Sarah to him, drew her down, and held her in a long embrace. The day after he again knew George and asked him to kiss him. After this there was not much more speech. He was sleeping quietly under the influence of anodynes most of the time. One night he told the nurse that if he died before his children came, to tell them that he died in peace, he had no pain now. He said, "I want to rejoin my wife."

Almost the last word he said was "Arthur, Arthur"—repeated several times. He was evidently much weaker on the morning of Friday, September 24th, the breathing shorter, though not impeded, and it only grew more and more faint until it ceased and he was gone.

After the long weariness was over his beautiful face regained its own strong noble dignified expression, the fine features as if chiseled in marble, and perfect peace and rest imprinted on the face. It was unspeakably hard on Monday, September 27th, to lay the beloved form at Mt. Auburn, near dear Grandma, our darling Sue, and baby Roger. The services at the house were beautiful and impressive. They were held in the bow parlor, where Aunt Eliot was married and Annie

and Edith christened. Mr. Foote read the service with many appropriate passages from Scripture, and Mr. Hill, who had so loved him, asked to take part in the services. He spoke of Mr. Lyman's long career of spotless integrity, of tireless industry, of wise energy, of modest worth, of gentle thought, of usefulness and charity, of mastery over himself, of self-subjection to the moral law, of unshaken confidence in Jesus' promise of immortal life.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, September 29th, 1880.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—Your dear letter came to me on our return from Mt. Auburn, and its uplifting and comforting words cheered and helped us.

It has been very sad to watch the increasing discomfort and weakness of one always so strong and self-sustained, but he continued brave to the end. He always bore his own burden, and suffered it not to weigh upon others. No words can fully express the beauty of his example these last five years since he has stood alone and bereaved. He has tried to fill *her* place and his own—every little thoughtful care and attention with which she was wont to greet us, he has not forgotten, and he has always been ready in the midst of pain and weariness to greet each, even the youngest, with gentle courtesy and un-failing cheerfulness. Even when he became very ill, his anxiety and care for his children continued, and he never failed to inquire if all were well. Even his little sportive ways continued with those who were about him. His kindness and pleasant ways with his dependents was always one of the marked traits in his character, and on Monday the house was thronged with humble friends from the town, and with old domestics, one of whom had been with his father.

His loss will make sad changes for us all, and we can hardly realize it yet. Sarah and Lydia especially feel *lost* for they have never failed to see him every day since their mother died, and during the last nine weeks they have been nearly

all day with him. Arthur has been there a great deal too, but of course was not able to do so much.

Grandmother Lowell

It was only four and a half months after Grandfather Lyman's death that Grandmother Lowell died. She had been delicate for a number of years, and indeed in June 1877 she had so severe a heart attack that the doctors feared she could not live. Yet Grandma seemed wholly unconcerned about her condition and even when kept in bed she had held up beside her the fascinating bust of Mamma as a child so that she could wash it with her own hands. She recovered, perhaps all the more quickly because of her saintly self-forgetfulness, and on April 2nd, 1879, she and Grandpa were able to celebrate their fiftieth wedding day, their golden wedding, with her own four children and Uncle John still around her. There was a lunch and reception at 7 Park Street from 12:30 to 2:30. All the living children, all the living grandchildren but one, and even Susan Clarke, the little representative of the third generation, were there. The flowers and gifts were beautiful.

Grandma lived nearly two years after this, but much of the time was in bed, looking as my mother said "pure and sweet like a white lily," very fair with her delicate skin and lovely snowy hair.

The strongest attribute in Grandma Lowell was, as I have already said, her power of devoted love. Here are some fragments from her letters to Julia and to me that show her deep love of people, her unconcern about her own outward affairs, her quick concern for those of her dear family.

Mrs. John Amory Lowell to Julia Lyman

September 1875.

My precious sweet Jewel,—I have tried to sharpen my pencil the better to tell you what a darling you are. The street railway may come within five feet of our Lynn houses. The

Robbins are in great excitement about it, but I don't worry about things, only about people.

July 21st, 1879.

[after Ronald's birth]

It is too great a tax on you to write to me every day. Write that you will not do so in the future. . . . Tell Mamma I often feel as if I knew what her thoughts were, but I am afraid I cannot reach them, only strain after them.

Mrs. John Amory Lowell to Ella Lyman, Jr.

June 2nd, 1877.

My darling Ella,—I want to thank you for the dear note you wrote me. I am so glad that your courage held out to carry you through your siege at Dr. Shepard's.

I suppose your new teacher gets on pleasantly. Dear May must let me know if she goes into the school. I must hear. Will she think the little twins too young to set an example to?

Tell dear Sue that Grandpa examined the little bunch of flowers she gave Aunt Sara and he found a galium. I hope Arthur's cold is better, and tell Herbert that when Mamma was a little girl she lost a pullet just as he lost his canary. She died sitting on her nest.

Love to all from GRANDMA.

September 14th, 1879.

My darling Julia,—I feel as if I must send my dearest love to your precious Mamma and Papa and all of you and my prayers that our heavenly Father will be near you and that we can only trust in His everlasting care, of His being in fact our only deliverer. He has our blessed Sue in His holy keeping. May He be very near today and always. May we remember His mercies and be thankful for them.

January 29th, 1880.

My beloved precious *little big* Julia,—What a treasure you are and always were. I have to send you my heartfelt wishes

for the good that can come to you for this and succeeding years, and was not Mamma a darling to bring her splendid baby to see me and give those benign and yet almost jolly smiles all the while, a little look of sweet condescension. Then he has a smile of inquiry. What a birthday gift you have made of him! I wanted to send you a little memento of the day, but you will have to select it for me, darling. I am a troublesome old Grandmother, but I love you.

Record Book of Ella Lyman

February 9th, 1881.

My dearest Mother has been very very ill since last Sunday and for nearly three weeks previous she has kept her bed. She was able to have her beautiful Christmas gathering as usual, and enjoyed it, and it did not seem to do her any harm. She continued about as well until the 13th or 14th of January, when her breathing troubled her more. She had said at Christmas that she wished to give each of the dear little babies [Ronald, and Lowell Blake] who have gladdened these last months to her, *two* presents, saying, "This may be the last Christmas that I can do so—though of course I may be here a long time." The first few days after she became less well she was in bed through most of the day, but came down in the evening to dine with dear Papa, sitting up afterward until her usual bedtime. She was always self-forgetful, struggling to appear as well as she could before us, thinking of every little detail for our comfort, sometimes seeming a little better, but no real gain was accomplished. She was discouraged herself about her state, a thing very unusual with her, and often said: "I shall never get out of this bed, but I may hold on here a good while." Once she held up her thin white finger and said, "I should like to stay here till I was no larger than *that*, if I could only take care of your father and of you all!" The week from January 31st to February 5th brought no gain, yet she was so brave and cheerful and eager to hear about the little things

we could tell her, that we hoped she had lost no ground.

Julia's birthday came on the 30th and she was very anxious to give her "something really handsome," and when Lissie and I selected a lovely Davenport desk, she was distressed because it had not cost enough and begged Julia to exchange it for one having more drawers. She wrote a lovely touching note in sending this. It seemed as if she could not do enough for us all. When almost too ill to look at them, she ordered little tête-à-tête sets for Sara and for me, and begged me to buy black shopping bags for myself and for both the others. "Is there nothing that you need?" "Is there nothing that I can do for you?" were her constant questions. She had been in the habit of sending apples and chocolate to Arthur's Cambridge rooms, and even this was not forgotten. Nearly every day she would beg me to open a little drawer "and take home a toy for Ronald." Her interest in even our minutest concerns continued; in Arthur's stolen coat, in our possible house plans, in dear Lissie's dress when she was invited to Mrs. Gardner's, in the little items of news about anyone whom she had known, Annie Putnam's message about her life in Florence, etc.

Sometimes Lissie read aloud to her, and she was interested in Miss May's book describing the old customs in Newburyport, many of which she remembered. When Augustus dined with dear Papa his cup of tea was not forgotten, while every detail of housekeeping was attended to as usual. She even remembered a little request for help in charity, about which I had asked her. She had great discomfort, but always exerted herself to seem bright when we came in. "I could *put on* more if I tried," she would say. Each Saturday she begged me to dine with Papa, asking Julia to come one week and Arthur the next, and after dinner we each went up to sit a few moments with her in turn. On Friday, February 4th, she said the day had been the best she had had, and when Saturday came although our foreboding hearts told us she had not *gained*, we hoped and felt that at least she had held her own.

But that night a terrible change came. Another attack of

bad breathing, and Sunday morning, February 6th, found her greatly altered—an ashen hue on her dear countenance, and in great discomfort and suffering. She now wanted a regular nurse, whom we were able to get in the afternoon. Her thoughtfulness for others never ceased. “My dear, you made a great mistake to come up here. It will only make you unhappy.” Then inquiring whether the baby had been out, “I always thought babies ought to go out on Sundays as well as other days,” asking if his knit leggings fitted, etc. Then, “It seems strange that I should be thinking of all these earthly things, but I try not to think too seriously because it agitates me.” “Strange that I should be going away caring for so many things!” “You know I never thought a long life desirable!”

We had for several days been engaged to take tea at Aunt Mary Putnam’s. She had been much interested about this, and now begged that the children should not give it up on any account, and in the evening when the morphine had made her a little more comfortable, she inquired with great interest about Mabel’s enjoyment of her visit. On Monday, weak as she was, she had her usual interview with Mrs. Pike and arranged the dinner, thinking of everything for Papa’s comfort, and sending as usual a cold chicken to us. Even on Wednesday when Lissie had arranged with Mrs. Pike and mentioned to her that she had sent a chicken pie here, she said several times, “I am afraid it may not agree with Mabel, and Ella would not say anything about it out of consideration for me!”

She often begged us not to stay with her. “I cannot bear to have you see me suffer!” On Sunday noticing my agitation which I was vainly trying to conceal: “Cry right out if you want to, dear,” she said, and again and again, “Oh, I wish you did not care for me! I wish the children did not care!” Even when the morphine began to confuse her she remembered our individual tastes. She feared I had had no dinner and said: “And poor Ella does not like beef!”

Ella had been asked to go to a sleigh ride. She was much interested in hearing about this and advised me about wrapping her up. “But if it is warm do not smother her.”

During the first few weeks of her illness Charlie had been very anxious to keep her quiet and advised that only her three daughters should see her. She had begun to feel that it was hard for John and Augustus not to see her since her illness lasted so long, and then she became suddenly worse. On Tuesday she asked three times to see John and Augustus. "I want to see John and Augustus and they may not come today." Dear John did come, and she had a lovely interview with him. "Dear Johnnie, it was none of my doings keeping you out of here!" She inquired with great interest about Mary's knee, adding, "Dear Herbert's got well soon," and about the cases of measles.

She told the doctor about these in the evening when for the last time she got up on to her sofa to have the bed made. Charlie Putnam was anxious to lift her but she would not hear of it. "You will strain yourself, Charlie!" She was much troubled about Charlie's constant attention to her. "People will be offended with Charlie if he is here so much!" She spoke of the violets dear little Amy had sent her, inquired for all adding, "I cannot bear to have all those young girls kept away from company!" "You are not going away without kissing me, dear Papa," she exclaimed as Papa was about to follow Augustus out of the room.

During the morning of Wednesday we read hymns aloud to her a good deal, because her tender loving thoughts and exertions for us could not but tire her. She enjoyed these, and repeated many after us in a distinct though feeble voice. "While Thee I seek," adding "Athanasie Coquerel," whose father married the sister of Miss Helen Maria Williams, the author of the hymn. "My God I thank Thee" was another hymn that she repeated, also Dr. Johnson's "O Thou, Whose Power"—it had been a favorite of her father's—and "The Spacious Firmament on High," which she used to repeat to Sara and me when we were little girls, both sitting on her knee in the old red rocking-chair *at home* in the dining room in Pemberton Square. She said too alone the whole of the 103rd Psalm, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" And after Augustus had gone

when I read a little more, "Art Thou my Father?" was the last hymn which her dear voice followed.

She remembered Sue's birthday on February 8th sending a lovely copy of Nearer my God to Thee "because it would last longer than flowers."

Wednesday afternoon was a more uncomfortable one, but when dear Papa came up to bid her good night—alas! it was for the last time!—she made a great effort to speak brightly and wetting her lips that she might speak more distinctly, called after him as he went down stairs: "Take care not to fall on the stairs!" One day in speaking of dear Papa's future, she said: "Your father would not be happy out of his own house;" and we promised her that we would try to have everything go on as nearly as possible as it always had. Her interest even in little things continued. She would always ask to see Lissie's needlework and even give her opinion about it. She said to Lissie: "I could help moaning if I tried more—tell me to stop it!"

To Sara once she said: "God gave me a great power of loving!" Was there ever a heart that held more fervent, ardent, tender love! "You must not get tired," she would say, "it will be several days yet." There were more, many more, tender words and thoughts, would that I had recorded every one. But on Tuesday morning our dear one was still weaker, her lovely face yet more emaciated, and she was only able to speak to us in disconnected sentences. She told Sara to "go home to the baby." She asked me "How Alice was." She thought of everyone, even remembering to remind us that the nurse must have food in the night. "You know I have watched a great deal, and anyone who watches needs food very much." "I have given dear Lissie too much to do, but I cannot help it now. I can do nothing more!" "Give my love to him—I mean to Arthur, Jr." We told her that Julia had lunched with Grandpa. "Oh, that is a pleasure! Julia is a sweet girl." Lissie asked if she would like to see her tomorrow. "I should very much indeed!" she replied, but alas; when the morrow came she was



MRS. JOHN AMORY LOWELL
Crayon by Porter

no longer conscious. Her tender loving messages were innumerable. "Tell Arthur he has been just like my own son to me!" "Give my love to all," she repeated again and again. "Oh, my Ella! what have you not been to me!" "Oh, my darling! my darling!" Many times she said, "Oh, my dear children and grandchildren. It is such a blessing to have children and grandchildren! It makes my heart ache that Lissie has no children!" Once she said to Sara, "To think that I should be willing to leave you and that dear little baby!" She showed her pleasure in hearing that Georgina Putnam had thought the baby's (Lowell's) manner resembling that of dear Grandpa Putnam. "He is like his own father—he is lovely."

She had felt very anxious about dear Papa, often saying that she only wanted to live long enough to take care of him, and when she spoke of it on one of these last days she added: "But I am perfectly reconciled to God's will!" "Sue will be there! [in heaven]" she said on that last Wednesday. Anna and Lawrence sent flowers, which she carried and enjoyed. "What has the baby been doing?" or "Tell me about May?" were her constant questions and I think it was on Wednesday that I told her how the baby had been playing with a yellow tulip. "He must have looked lovely with that!" she said.

"Oh, this is just what I did not want, to have a long sickness and wear you all out!" Once when she thought she was speaking to Charlie, Lissie heard her say: "It would be a great deal better for me to go, Charlie, but the children don't think so—they want to keep me!" And once when I was urging her to eat, she said: "Do you not think you make a mistake to try to keep me here?" Yet as long as she recognized my voice she would open her dear mouth to try to swallow the gruel or brandy. She spoke of dear Grandma, saying: "I am so glad your Grandma had an easy death; she got into bed herself that last night, and I could not do that now!"

Once she spoke of her sufferings being some "*compensation*" for her imaginary sins! Never was there a purer, lovelier, more humble, and unselfish life. In the midst of all her suffer-

ing and weakness she never failed to inquire if baby had had his broth, to ask how he liked it, and to charge me never to let it be kept too long. She asked on Wednesday if it were not Carrie's (his nurse's) washing day and if I ought not to be with him. She would always remind us to go home to our meals, yet she would ask for us if we left the room, and said: "It has been a great pleasure to see so much of you these days." She would often ask us to sit together on the side of her bed toward the window "so that I can look at you both!"

February 12th.—Our darling remained with us a few hours more. Charlie came and went, the breath was very, very hard and labored, most painful to hear. John and dear Papa came up. Suddenly about quarter past one the breathing became slower, gentler, still slower and more and more gentle until she ceased to breathe. The dear, loving, tender, yearning, faithful heart was still!

Never was there such a mother. Every thought, every deed of her life was full of tenderest love for us all.

Two still days of unspeakable anguish followed, and on Tuesday, February 15th, a clear still day, we followed our darling first to the dear old church—King's Chapel—which she so loved, and which she had last entered at the christening on the last day of 1879—and then to the peaceful spot at Forest Hills near Olivia, where amid evergreen boughs and flowers we laid the form, so lovely even in the sleep of death, so unspeakably dear and precious to us, gently away to rest. May God, Who alone can, give us strength to bear this overpowering grief!

The services were most appropriate and touching. Mr. Foote read part of the usual service, adding the 103rd Psalm which she had repeated only last Wednesday—"Bless the Lord, O! my soul!"—the two lovely selections from Dawson's *Prayers* which we had read when our blessed Sue left us. Dear Mamma had found great help and comfort in this book, and spoke of it during those last days. We selected too the hymn which was sung at dear Grandma Putnam's funeral and which dear Mam-

ma had copied in her prayer book, "Why Weep for Those, Frail Child of Woe!" and two others in which she had herself joined when we read them to her, and in which it seemed to us we could almost hear her voice yet—"While Thee I seek" and "My God, I thank Thee." Mr. Foote closed with a most touching prayer of his own, most reverent and comforting.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

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February 15th, 1881.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—We want to tell you how gratefully we appreciate your tender thought of dear Mamma in sending those lovely flowers today; and to thank you for all your devoted attention to her during these long years of enforced quiet when your visits have been such a pleasure to her.

She was always so almost painfully humble about herself that it comforts me now to think that at last she will be permitted to know what she has been to so many. Her tenderness and unselfishness and gentle consideration for others lasted as long as she could speak, and I cannot yet realize that never again can we seek her wise counsel and her tender sympathy. How can we learn to live without her love! Dear Papa seems very lovely, and keeps up well, but we can never fill her place to him.

Dear Aunt Anna, we shall cling more than ever to you now!

Gratefully and affectionately, ELLA LYMAN.

February 23rd, 1881.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—I return Miss Quincy's letter with many thanks. It has been a great comfort to us to feel how much our dearest Mother has been loved and appreciated, not only by those nearest and dearest to her, but by a very wide circle also of friends and even of acquaintances who knew her but little. Her sympathy was so tender and so unfailing that it could not but reach all hearts.

A great light and strength has gone out of our lives, and

we can only ask for strength to bear our great grief and to endeavor to forget ourselves, as she did, in thought and care for others. We have been thankful that dear Papa keeps up so well. He looks paler, I think, but he seems well, and has resumed his drives, and as far as possible his daily habits.

With constant and grateful love, ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

February 23rd, 1881.—At 7 Park Street, alas! for the sad purpose of arranging and dividing our dearest mother's little belongings so precious because endeared by her. We found in her drawer the little lock of her own and dear Grandpa's hair which Sue had asked her to save for her when she cut his hair for the last time at Lynn before our darling left us. We found so many tender and touching labels in our darling's handwriting on the little gifts she had received from her children and grandchildren. A little box containing notes, pictures, etc., made by Ella and Sue, Arnold, and Sara's boys. Everything was in such perfect order that it seemed almost sacrilege to disturb her arrangements. Everything all over the house bears witness to her unwearied care and exquisite order.

April 8th, 1881.—Our 23rd wedding day—the first without the blessing unspeakable of our dearest Mother's precious and loving thought and care. Last year she came over to see me and even came into my room as I was ill. But so large a portion of my life is gone now that I feel nearer to her and to all the dear ones gone before than I once should have done. God make me thankful and faithful while I stay. Dear Arthur gave me a lovely rose, and Sara two beautiful lilies growing, and Lissie some exquisite roses.

May 5th, 1881.—Putting away my mother's lovely lace. How precious to us now is every word she wrote, the touch of everything she handled.

May 16th, 1881.—Tried to find texts appropriate to the love which filled every thought and act of my dearest mother's life.

For the cross for Grandma Lowell at Forest Hills Mamma chose the words, "God is love; and he who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." It expressed the central motive of Grandma's life.

Grandfather Lowell

After Grandma Lowell died February 12th, 1881, Aunt Lissie and Uncle Frank Sprague went to watch over Grandpa, but he lived less than nine months, and died October 31st, 1881. He went to King's Chapel every Sunday till May 18th. He seemed very quiet and sad without her, though Aunt Sara with her delicious ringing laughter and her quick intellectual companionship was near by and ready, as were devoted Aunt Lissie and Mamma, to fulfill his every wish.

Grandpa Lowell, as I have said, was a student even from the days when, a mere lad of thirteen in college, he followed his father's insistent advice to love labor and pursue knowledge. With the passion for work characteristic of many of the Lowells and the love of varied subjects of study fostered by his choice of lectures for the Lowell Institute and held firm by his remarkable memory, Grandpa Lowell was, even in old age, the scholar, and his love of books stood by him to the end.

During his last summer at Lynn he read a great deal and drove every day. In October Aunt Lissie was ill and Miss Ellen Williams of Northborough, a cousin through the Pickerings, came to live with him. He evidently felt that he would not live long, for he made it a special point that Miss Williams's salary should be paid for a whole year no matter what happened. "Tell her so," he insisted. He was feeling weak and languid when she came, and said he was afraid he would not greet her very cordially, but he did and looked up at her with his china blue eyes full of brightness.

Notebook of Ella Lyman

Miss Williams's appreciation of our dearest father was most grateful to us as well as the tenderness and devotion which

she showed him. The reverence and gentleness of her manner toward him, the tact and delicacy which she showed throughout, always ready and eager to help if help were needed, retiring with the utmost modesty and delicacy when she thought he might wish to be alone. She treasured up the few little things our dearest father said to her and repeated them to us evidently in his own words. We grieve that she could not have seen him longer and known him before the languor of age had overpowered him so that the clear and unsurpassed strength of mind could not fully give forth its light and brightness.

He showed Miss Williams the mosses in one of his botanical books and he enjoyed talking about old times with her, and gave her an amusing account of his acquaintance in France with Jérôme Bonaparte or "Plom-Plom." It appeared that Jérôme, who was in command of the army, was a sad coward. "Où est Plom-Plom?" the Parisians used to joke, and the answer came: "Il est alarmé (à l'armée)."

Another time when she sneezed he smiled and remarked: "The regular Pickering sneeze."

"Which of the Pickerings sneeze like that?" she said.

"Every one of them from beginning to end."

Once when someone had spoken very highly of the Pickerings she said: "Why do they talk all the time about the Pickerings? Why do they not speak of the Lowells?"

"The Lowells can speak for themselves," he answered.

One day Herbert came in to see him and he introduced him to Miss Williams. "You have never seen Arthur."

"Is he as handsome as his father?" she asked.

After a moment's pause—"Well, I don't know. Comparisons are odious!" She asked who Ellen Bancroft was. "Ellen Bancroft? Oh! she's a person whom my wife took to her heart and home and it seems as if she could never be grateful enough!" His beautiful expression when Miss Williams came to him in the morning; wonderful patience. His brightening up when dear Arthur went in. When she asked about his night: "Well, I suppose it was a good one after a fashion!"

During these days of weakness and of languor Grandpa Lowell brightened whenever his grandchildren appeared. One day just as Grandpa was struggling wearily and with difficulty to mount his own carriage steps he saw little Lowell in his baby carriage and his whole face lighted up with a lovely expression of affection.

Notebook of Ella Lyman

On Wednesday, October 19th, I took Mabel and Ronald in to see him. I had doubted whether to do so fearing that they might tire him, but when I proposed it to him he said eagerly "Good!" adding that I must not bring them should the weather prove unpropitious. Most thankful was I that I did so, for it was our dear one's last day of brightness and his loving welcome Mabel will never forget. Alas! baby Ronald will never have the blessed memories of his dear grandparents although three were living when he was born. He was sitting in his own chair by the table when we went in, and exclaimed with all his old animation, "Why, Ronald, my boy!" He was so engrossed and delighted with the baby that at first he did not notice little Mabel who stood modestly in the background. At length he exclaimed, "Why Mabel, my poor child," adding, "You're quite a stranger." After this he watched them with eager interest as they played about, leaning forward in his chair, and exclaiming, "Oh, you little darling." His interest never flagged while they remained. He even took the little brass candle-holder out of his chair for Ronald to play with—a little exertion unusual to him now, alas! he had become so weak. He seemed almost disappointed when the time came for them to go. Sara had invited them into her house to have a little lunch and when I said I feared they might tire him he said, "They do not tire me in the least, but perhaps it is better."

He spoke with great pleasure of his visit from the children, saying that Ronald was as sweet and intelligent a little fellow as ever lived.

On October 20th he had a slight stroke of paralysis. He was listening with great interest to a letter from Lissie which Sara

was reading to him when suddenly she observed that his interest flagged, and shortly afterward it became evident that he had lost all power of moving the right arm and right leg. He was aware of this himself, his mind continuing perfectly clear and his speech unaffected. When I reached Boston, having heard it at Chestnut Hill, he was lying in bed apparently comfortable and his dear voice was natural and strong. In the first few days after this attack we hoped that our dearest father might recover at least to some extent. He did not suffer, was most touchingly cheerful and patient. The paralysis seemed to be passing off to some extent, for he was able to move his arm and hand again quite freely and the strong cheerful tone of his voice continued. He slept a good deal but was always perfectly clear on waking. He smiled very brightly on recognizing me and asked if all were well. Once he said as he was looking at me, "Good Ella." Another time he said, "I am a poor miserable wretch!" "We think you are the dearest treasure," I said. "I take a queer way of showing it," he answered.

On Friday he was lifted from his bed to a rocking-chair and though tired with the effort he slept quietly afterward and we hoped with more comfort. This was continued until the very day before he left us. Miss Williams said to him as she was rubbing his poor numb hand, "You're so good." "There's no good in me," he replied. "Perhaps you are tired of hearing me say so, I have said it so often." "I have never believed you whenever you said it," he answered in his old playful manner. His patience and serenity never failed. Once when Sara spoke to him about it, he said, "We must bear whatever is sent to us to bear." Several times Sara spoke to him in French and he answered her with all his old quickness. As late I think as Friday, when dear Aunt Anna was sitting by his side, Sara said to him, "Why don't you scold—I should think it would do you good to scold us all." "I do every now and then," he answered. Once when Miss Williams, who was devotedly kind to him, proposed to bathe his eyes, she said, "Perhaps it would make you feel better, Mr. Lowell." "Perhaps it would not," he answered with a playful smile.

On Sunday, October 23rd, dear Papa seemed rather brighter. He was sitting in his chair when I went in, and he said of Miss Williams, "She does all she can for me." I said, "You are very patient." He thought I referred to Miss Williams, and said, "Yes, she is very patient and does many things beyond her province." When I explained that it was his patience I referred to, he said in his old energetic way, "Fiddlesticks end!" a phrase which he often used instead of nonsense. He slept quietly a great part of the day and the report in the evening was favorable. On Monday when I went in he was asleep in his chair, but when he waked was perfectly conscious. Once he looked at me and said, "Darling Ella." When I told him that Arthur's cold was better he said, "That's good!" And after hearing that Alice Clarke had called to inquire for him, he asked, "Well, what news did she bring?" and seemed interested in what I told him she had said about Willie and about her children. His voice was singularly strong and clear. On October 28th when Sara said to him: "You are a treasure," he answered with all his old brightness, "When was I ever anything else?"

October 31st, 1881.—Our dearest father has left us. We thank God for his noble, beautiful life, which has blessed and helped so many.

November 4th, 1881.—To town again in a pouring rain, summoned by Augustus to hear the reading of our dear Father's will, most just and kind and equitable—his provision for his grandchildren, even those whom he might never see, so tender and thoughtful. We all assembled again in the dear library and John read it to us. How my heart aches at the thought of the beautiful home, the work almost literally of his own hand, being broken up and destroyed, the home in which so much tender love and hospitality were poured forth, disappearing entirely from our lives.

Grandfather Lowell was very generous toward his many grandchildren. When each one of us was born he put in trust for him or her in the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance

Company a sum that when we became twenty-one would amount to \$10,000. I remember as a child thinking how remarkable his knowledge of arithmetic must have been that he could take the date of any grandchild's birth and calculate how much money to put in! Uncle Augustus as trustee brought each of us the policy on our 21st birthday and gravely and impressively he told us that Grandpa had given this money so that none of his grandchildren should suffer want.

Grandfather also *planned* a large special gift to his minister, Rev. Henry W. Foote, and this intention was carried out to the full by his heirs. Of this bequest Mr. Foote wrote:

"This gift will carry his goodness to me and mine on through years to come and will associate the thought of him with many benefits which we shall hereafter find that we owe to his and your regard. In thanking his children and grandchildren I appreciate most gratefully that this is an expression of their own, as well as of his friendship. It is a bond which has many roots in the past and which I prize more than I can put into words."

Journal of Ella Lyman

December 31st, 1881.—The year 1881 is done. God help us not to forget its many blessings in the surging memories of the partings it has brought. Fifteen months ago there were three homes besides our own where we were essential. Now there is not one. Our dearest mother first left us for the world of light and love. Uncle Charles Lyman, my dearest father, Aunt Mary Pratt, dear to us almost as a mother, and with its last hours sweet Fanny Paine in all the early promise of her girlhood. Aunt Mary was perfectly conscious till within half an hour of the end, thinking of everyone about her, and sending flowers to her old friend Mrs. Dexter. She knew me and asked for all the children and even my two sisters. How near all these partings make the eternal world seem! I longed to send a message to Mamma and Papa. Truly the company in heaven is gathering fast. In the afternoon I kept my comforting baby.

O heavenly Father, as Thy world above fills with these our

loved ones, do Thou strengthen and confirm our faith. Strengthen us that we faint not in the conflict, fill us with peaceful trustful confidence in Thy love, forgive, we beseech Thee, the weight of sins and mistakes and shortcomings which oppress us and lead us through our remaining days, be they many or be they few, at length to the blessed reunion in Thy kingdom above.

MOVE TO THE VALE

In 1882 of course the great interest centred about plans for "the Vale," as Grandmother Lydia's generation called it.⁴ Within a few weeks after Grandpa Lyman's death (September 24th, 1880) Uncle Robert and Aunt Lydia urged Papa to buy the old place from the family. Uncle George, the oldest son, could not afford it, and Uncle William had died in 1864, so that Papa was the only son to carry on the family name at the Vale. But for some time the question was complicated by the very high price put on the place and by the difficulty of deciding what pieces of land the Paines and Seares should have. Through the winter of 1881, amid all the anxieties and sorrows in Mamma's family, different proposals were brought up and it was not until August 1881, that the decisions were finally made.

Journal of Ella Lyman

[The *hour* of the final decisions shows how difficult they must have been.]

August 8th, 1881.—Dear Arthur returned from the Seares at 1 A.M. to say that the divisions and arrangements were at last effected. God grant that it may be good for us all.

September 14th, 1881.—Arthur spoke to Mr. Hartwell about plans.

Thursday, October 6th, 1881.—The deeds for the Boston houses and for the estates in Waltham were solemnly signed by us all in Sarah's dining room in presence of a Justice of the Peace. God grant that it may be for the best for us all and that we live in loving harmony and peace.

October 7th, 1881.—Early after breakfast Julia and I drove

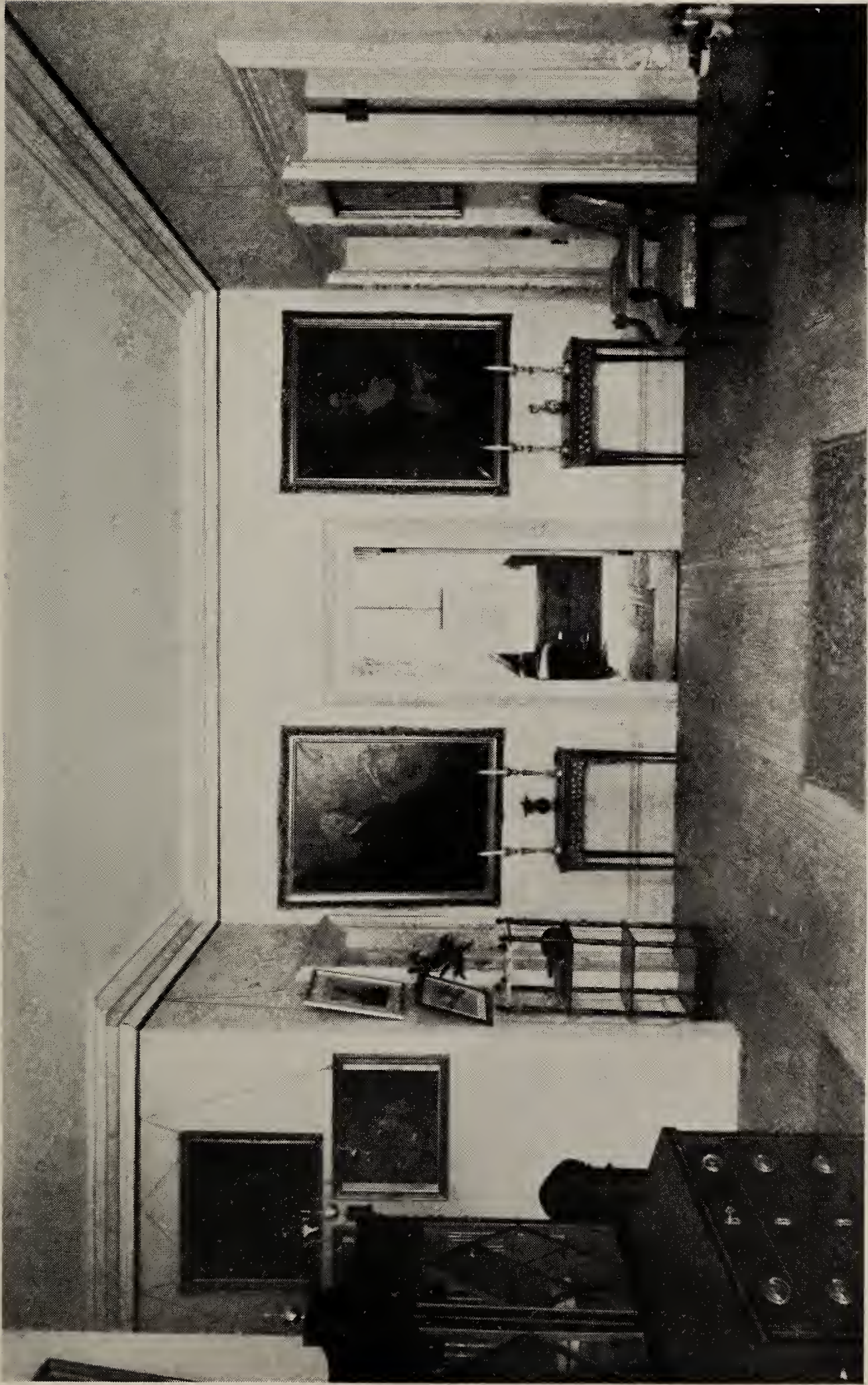
⁴ See letters of 1820 from Lydia W. Lyman and Elizabeth Otis Lyman.

to the old house and went over all parts of it endeavoring to plan out how we could rearrange it. Talked with Mr. Hartwell two hours, but it seems impossible to combine all that we should like with as little alteration of the dear old place as we want to make. I wish there were any way of leaving it unaltered.

Grandpa Lyman had been living alone in the old house since Grandma died in 1875. Mamma and Papa came in with six children, the older ones eager to bring home friends for visits. This made it impossible not to enlarge the house, and it was especially important to make the attic rooms for the maids comfortable. As I remember the house in Grandpa Lyman's time, the kitchen was in what is now the west parlor, the library was always shut up and musty, with a huge billiard table filling its central space. The little fore room to the library was cut off by a door and walls from the library and was called the school-room; the front rooms were small and rather cramped without the square bay windows, and the west chamber was a cut-up room for maids.

When we moved in Mamma and Papa took the southwest chamber; Julia and I had the southeast chamber; Arthur and Herbert the west chamber; Mabel the narrow south room, Ronald the northwest chamber, leaving the garden chamber, the bow chamber, and the east end room—built up over the library—for guest rooms. Before the alterations there had clearly been too few bedrooms for a family of eight and their guests.

Within four weeks of the signing of the deeds for the Vale, Grandpa Lowell died, and the division of the Park Street furniture was immediately begun. The narrow parlors at 16 Mt. Vernon Street were very crowded, as one can see in the photographs, and so Mamma delighted to put the furniture from the Park Street library into the library at Waltham and to hang the portraits of our great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother Amory in the east parlor. She also had all the old furniture in the Vale very beautifully repaired, and she arranged in the bookcases there and at 39 Beacon Street the "dear



THE HOUSE OF OUR CHILDHOOD
Now at Forest Street, Waltham



THE BOW PARLOR AT THE VALE

books from Park Street which I love so much, many of them associated with the happy days of my childhood." "Everyone," she wrote, "wanted Grandpa Lowell's beautiful books, and Lillie Sohier was both energetic in finding all about them and generous in telling the others."

It was in 1882 that my mother began to buy old furniture for the Vale. She read no books on the subject, but she seemed instinctively to pick out fine pieces and genuine ones. Herbert once celebrated her extraordinary skill by a song in which he said that she was one

*Whom Koopman, McCarthy
And the aged Lynn party
Can't cheat on a real antique.*

Journal of Ella Lyman

July 14th, 1882.—To an auction room for the first time in my life. Mrs. Bourne's furniture—which was very handsome—was sold. Michael bid for me and I was quite successful in getting what I wanted.

August 2nd, 1882.—We decided against altering the bow parlor. We could not bear to touch it even to improve the entry, for it is the only room, except the library, exactly as it was.

August 15th, 1882.—Poor Miss Cushing's desk quitted Waltham for the first time probably for nearly one hundred years! It went to be polished and repaired.

Mamma went often to Lynn to buy from old Mr. Otis and Mr. Moulton, and though she almost never swerved from her chosen path, she once actually stepped off the train at East Cambridge (instead of going on to Boston) because she spied a fascinating antique shop.

The old house was ready to move into the end of September, but Mamma overworked and became ill, losing her much-hoped-for baby. The final move was not till November 22nd, 1882.

Journal of Ella Lyman

Waltham, November 19th, 1882.—Our last Sunday in the dear home of thirteen years [the house now at Forest Street]. The memories of the past crowd rapidly around us and it seems hard to leave it. Our darling Sue—the baby when we came here—whose memory and sweet winning presence seems present with us here in thought, can never go with us to the new home which she would have (had our heavenly Father willed) so filled with joy. I had the two Sunday Schools again for the first time in six weeks [on account of her illness] and we sang hymns in the evening.

Wednesday, November 22nd, 1882.—We left the dear old house at last, lonely and deserted. We had an early dinner in the new home and the dear boys came home to tea. We sang hymns afterwards and had a prayer together, asking God to bless and consecrate the new home endeared by tender and sacred association. The pond very gay with boys skating on it.

November 22nd-23rd, 1882. The Vale looked lovely as we waked up in its first beauty. Poor Julia had a bad sick headache—to her great regret—as the dear child was eager to help me. The books from the old house were all on the floor in boxes, and with the women to carry books and A.T.L. and Ella to help arrange them, we at last got them replaced. After dark we hurriedly and quite successfully arranged the library, making it look quite homelike with the dear Park Street furniture and our own things.

Thursday, November 30th, 1882.—Thanksgiving Day—the first in the new home. May God grant us thankful hearts for our many blessings. The Bootts and Abby arrived at two. At 3:30 we sat down to dinner, twenty-five in all.

Thus within a week of our coming to live at the Vale, E.L. with her undaunted energy planned Thanksgiving. The Vale meant family hospitality—as it has ever since. Friends, too, the friends of each one of us, kept coming to stay or to see the lovely Vale. Here is a glimpse of one of my mother's busy social days:

October 13th, 1883.—Intensely hot with damp greenhouse heat. I went with Emily Whitney to call on Sarah and Lydia. Just as we drove home, a hack came up behind us containing my two dear sisters, and Lizzie Bullard with Theodore. Lissie and Sara lunched with us and soon after, Kitty Lowell, with Mrs. Charles Amory, Annie Amory, and Amy Lowell drove up. After dinner I drove home with Mercy and then called at Abby's on my return. Found Frank Boott and Mr. Hamilton Hill arrived to pass Sunday.

April 8th, 1883.—Our 25th wedding day. How can we thank God enough that we are yet together and for all the blessings which have been given us during these long years, for the dear children yet remaining to us on earth. We sorely long for those dear ones for whose greeting we must yet wait, but each year brings us nearer to them. We had tried to have no one reminded of the day, but dear Lissie and Sara sent us a most beautiful silver épergne, Lydia a lovely cologne bottle, Kitty two little antique candlesticks. The dear children gave us a lovely cream pitcher and dear Arthur gave me another, while I gave him a silver candlestick. Sweet Bay [Ronald] ran and brought the little coffee pot from his toy tea set for his present.

June 4th, 1883.—Fanny Foote went to the street for a few errands. Poor Brownie went over as well as ever apparently, but on the way home went slower and slower and suddenly fell over and in about three minutes he was dead! The dear old faithful horse. It seemed dreadful that he should actually die in harness, but Garland had not told me that he seemed less well. He was buried in the icehouse field with the other old horses who have died here during the ninety years.

June 13th, 1883.—I showed the children the dear old Wilson bird books which were Aunt Mary Pratt's and like those Grandma used to show them.

June 21st, 1883.—Arthur asked a group of architects to see the house. Van Brunt and Cummings came and seemed much pleased.

August 4th, 1883.—Dr. Bethune came to call. He had not been in the house for sixty years.

September 16th, 1883.—Had a long chat with poor old Mercy. She was quite puzzled about the house at first, but begins now to think it looks “kinder natural.”

September 20th, 1883.—Uncle George Lyman arrived. He is charming as ever. He seemed sad at first, as how could he not be at finding us here and those whom he so loved gone, and I feel *apologetic* about being here. He seems pleased with the house and furniture and thinks the dining room looks very natural. The Queen Anne chair has come and is much admired.

October 17th, 1883.—A.T.L. laid out the path to George’s Seat. Rested, almost tremulous with joy, at the thought of Arthur’s arrival [after his summer in Europe].

October 18th, 1883.—The tranquil peace of having dear Arthur with us was inexpressible. These homecomings make me so long for the one who can never come again!

November 9th, 1883.—Mr. George Williams of Northboro arrived. He looks a good deal like dear Grandpa and was most delightful and entertaining, telling us a great deal about old times. He thought Mary Sears greatly resembled Aunt Sarah Pratt.

Ella Lyman to Arthur T. Lyman

[Care of Charles W. Eliot, Northeast Harbor, Maine.]

Waltham, July 15th, 1883.

Dear Grandma Pratt’s birthday.

My dearest Arthur,—It seems strange to think of you all so far away today, and in scenes so different from the old familiar Waltham home. We have only good news to send you of the few who remain here. Mabel and Bay [Ronald] are finely, and Julia too. She leaves us tomorrow morning for Beverly. Mary Tileston will stay until Wednesday afternoon, so you see I shall not be alone. Aunt Anna invited me to go down there to pass the day while Julia was there, but I shall not leave home for long at a time while you and Julia are both away. We had a lovely day yesterday, and in the afternoon drove to Concord where, while Mary was making some calls, Julia and I called

on Mrs. Titcomb (who was a Miss Rodman of Bedford) and we went too to see Miss Elizabeth Ripley at the "Old Manse." I had not seen her since I was seven years old, so naturally she did not recognize me! But she seemed very much pleased to see us and talked a good deal over the old times. She sent her love "to Arthur" and said she remembered how fond you were of maps and how thorough in your study of them. She showed us a lovely picture of her mother, and the miniature by Staigg of Mr. Ripley, of which Frank Boott spoke, so soft and mild-looking that it was hard to believe all the horrors we know of him. The manse, as far as we saw it, was disappointing, no "antiques" at all in sight.

We had another excellent sermon from Mr. Young today, on taking no thought for the morrow, and enjoyed the day. It was very muggy in church but this afternoon we have a strong east wind, almost cold at the summerhouse where we have been sitting. Lydia came to call on Mary and joined us there. She has had fine letters from Robert who has enjoyed everything and is full of Mr. Brooks's immense success in London, the Temple Church crowded when he preached, and he is invited everywhere among the nobility. Sears has been out in the boat this afternoon with his boys. Lydia pronounces the boat quite safe. All the clocks are going, and no horses have died yet so you may feel quite easy about us; and I do hope you will stay long enough to get a real rest.

Give my love to dear Herbert. I will write to him soon. I hope you both have all you need. All send love.

Most affectionately, ELLA.

May has begun a letter to Herbert, but had not time to finish it before tea, and Bay declares his intention of writing to you both.

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

[At the Marlborough Hotel, Bar Harbor, Maine.]

Boston, August 4th, 1883.

Dear Julia,—All are well at Waltham. I have a letter from Arthur July 21st at the Hague. He left London rather early,

to our disappointment, as M.L.P.⁵ had planned to have James Russell Lowell show him some lions and their cages, but it seems Coleman (not Corcoran) was going their way and as they seem to be fascinated by the old kid they went off with him and Harris. C. will be useful to them no doubt. The Renshaws just beat the two Clarks at tennis at Wimbledon. A. saw the match. Clark lost three sets out of four, 6-4, 8-6, 3-6, 6-1—whatever that means. The Clarks stopped their smashing, sending the balls low and close to the net, not high enough for the Renshaws to return hard.

Don't hurry back if the fogs suit you. It was quite autumnal last night, 53°. This morning the window had to be shut at breakfast to keep Mamma warm! When you come I can meet you in town as I did Ella, if that is the plan—the day to be fixed beforehand. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

⁵ Aunt Mary Lowell Putnam. James Russell Lowell, her brother, was then Ambassador to England.

CHAPTER II

A European Summer

THE years 1883 and 1884 were most trying ones in business. A.T.L., realizing the hard times for his mill operatives, sent to them in November 1883 the following letter:

Lowell Manufacturing Company
November 15th, 1883.

Much has been said lately about the advantages and disadvantages of more frequent payment of wages, but little has been heard directly from those who are chiefly interested in the matter; i.e., those who receive the wages. Several years ago, in another town, I offered to pay wages more frequently than once a month, if the persons employed thought such more frequent payment was for their advantage; and I wish now to find out if you think fortnightly payments will do you any good.

It will cost the Company somewhat more to pay fortnightly; and, in the long run, everything that increases the cost of making goods tends to reduce the wages that a mill can afford to pay. And the prices of goods are now so very low that every reasonable economy must be practiced. In a similar way, the eleven or more hours' work a day in the States about us are troublesome and costly to the mills in this State; but ten hours a day are enough for those who are steadily employed in a factory, and there should be and can be no change to longer hours in Massachusetts.

I think you are the best judges of the gain or loss to come to you from fortnightly payments. I believe that you can get some advantage from them if you are careful in the use of the wages when received. *But this will depend entirely on yourselves.*

Some say that more money will be saved or put in a savings

bank, if wages are received in one sum at the end of a month, and that the smaller sums that might be received weekly or daily would be, in larger proportion, wasted. On the other hand, if you are careful, and use the money as received to buy for cash, and avoid bills, you can make a saving. In the long run, and by concentration of purchases, you can save money by paying cash. In the matter of saving, you know best what you can do and what you *will* do.

I do not wish to put the Company to the extra trouble and expense of fortnightly payments, *unless* it is to be of some use to you. I ask you to think over the matter carefully, and next Saturday, on going out of the yard at noon, to hand in at the gate one or the other of the two ballots attached to this paper, to show your choice either for monthly or fortnightly payments.

ARTHUR T. LYMAN, *Treasurer*.

Lowell Manufacturing Company

November 26th, 1883.

I am much obliged for the full expression of your opinions on the matter of monthly and fortnightly payments. They are of great practical interest and value.

The result of the vote was as follows:

For fortnightly payments,	900, or 58 per cent.
For monthly payments,	<u>646</u> , or 42 per cent.
Total number of votes,	1,546
Absent or not voting,	190.

Included in the 1,546 votes were 716 which represented heads of families.

Of these, 466, or 65 per cent, were for fortnightly payments.
<u>250</u> , or 35 per cent, were for monthly payments.
716

Of the other 830 votes which represented persons who were not heads of families,

434, or 52 per cent, were for fortnightly payments.
<u>396</u> , or 48 per cent, were for monthly payments.
830

There were some exceptions; but, in general, it may be said

that heads of families voted for fortnightly payments nearly in the ratio of 2 or 3 to 1, while those who were not heads of families were nearly equally divided. It is clear that those who have the chief responsibility in the expenditure of the wages received believe that fortnightly payments will be of use to them and enable them to make a saving.

I intend to pay wages fortnightly as soon as the necessary changes and arrangements for such payment can be made.

ARTHUR T. LYMAN, *Treasurer*.

Carroll D. Wright to Arthur T. Lyman

Commonwealth of Massachusetts,
Bureau of Statistics, Boston.

November 22nd, 1883.

My dear Sir,—I was very much interested in your circular on monthly and fortnightly payments, and yesterday just as I was about sending down to you for the results of the ballot, your letter with tabulated results was received. I wish other mills would take the same course, for such results have a positive value, and before a Legislative Committee must take the place of speeches on all sides. The manliness of your address in calling for the ballot must be very encouraging to your operatives, and their satisfaction was certainly shown by the very full and free expression given in response. As you remark, the ballot shows that legislation is not necessary, in Lowell at all events. Your generous "time bill" system is very satisfactory to the Lowell operatives. If this system, or custom, could be introduced in other places the payment agitation would cease.

I am very much obliged to you for your thoughtfulness in sending me your circular and the results of the ballot.

Very truly yours, CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

February 4th, 1884.

Dear Lizzie,—I think it not likely that there will be a strike at Lowell though there may be small ones in parts of work

where a few persons affect a large number of others. A few years ago about a dozen persons employed in one department undertook to bring the mill to their terms by stopping work and (if successful) stopping about 700 to 1,000 others. The mule spinners are few in number but control the whole production in some cases.

People drift so much in all classes that it is doubtful if any set would hold out. At the moment there is a surplus of goods, in almost all cases very low prices, under cost in some or many cases, and an impossibility of agreeing all over this country or even over New England on a fair (or any other) reduction of product. There is a general reduction of wages going on all over the country. There are a good many ignorant (and other) people who can't be enlightened or persuaded or talked to, when they get mad, but explanation and talk before madness or misunderstanding is very desirable, refusal of it very bad. These mills must be managed in an absolute manner by one head. So much the more need that the head should be neither a fool nor a Bourbon. We have not much help here from the trade union officers, they are not as well informed about the condition of trade as such officers are in England. Few people not in the midst of it can understand how dull and hard it is now. There has been a steady tumble for six months or a year, without effect on wages till now. Wage reduction is fair now if it ever is. The mills are not bound to run without such profit or such little loss as may suit them, though of course, having collected a large set of people there is an obligation to treat them in a reasonable way. Reduction of wages is rendered reasonable by present circumstances. It is not pleasant and it does not go far now in diminishing the losses.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

On November 3rd, 1884, A.T.L. presided at a rally in Waltham for Robert Treat Paine as a member for Congress. On November 4th he voted for him and for Cleveland as

President. Except for the terrible attack of diphtheria in 1864 and occasional rheumatism later, A.T.L., although he took only short vacations, was extraordinarily and steadily well until this time. On November 5th he had the beginning of an illness which lasted seven months.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 6th, 1884.—Dear Arthur waked in the night in very great discomfort, nausea and dizziness, with some palpitation. He was working very hard digging near the pond yesterday just before and after dinner and said that he suddenly felt very dizzy and had a good deal of heart-beat in the afternoon. This passed off and he told us nothing about it, but it returned in full force in the night. He seemed better in the morning but we sent for Charlie, who thought it overwork in digging and previous fatigue. He seemed better at night and slept well.

December 8th, 1884.—My blessed Arthur's birthday. I am unspeakably thankful that he is so much better. God grant that he may keep well. He is precious beyond power of thought.

The winter was a trying one for A.T.L. He talked with men from his office and carried on a little business with them, but he did not get down town for any length of time. On February 14th he and Mamma decided to go to Europe for the summer, taking poor Aunt Sara who was desolate after Uncle George Blake's death in June 1884. A.T.L. grew slowly better during the next winter but an almost magical recovery came as soon as we boarded the steamer. There was a large flock both of us and our belongings—Papa, Mamma, Aunt Sara Blake, and Lowell with his nurse Lizzie Cameron, Julia, Ella, Mabel, Ronald with his nurse Mary Stewart, and later—at Liverpool—Isidor the courier, a red-faced old gentleman with a white beard and a kindly but hurried expression. Almost everyone was seasick the first night out and Papa dined practically alone with the Captain. I can still see his bright eyes

and the amused look on his lips as he walked the deck and down the wavering stairs to visit our cabins—well at last.

A.T.L. took foreign travel with a large spice of humor, and was much amused when the enthusiasm of Mamma and Aunt Sara led them to go through museums twice during the same morning. In Germany he insisted on calling the Rathaus a Rat-house and the Krankenhaus a place for cranks. His great delight was in pictures, bronzes, and beautiful scenery, but he appreciated the desire of the rest of the party to see everything of every kind and though he curled up his lip in amusement, he always gratified our wishes.

Arthur T. Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Venice, June 17th, 1885.

Dear Aunt Anna,—This party has gone mad over the Dolomite country so we leave today for Vittorio, Cortina, and Toblach and if we ever get out of these places, we expect to reach Innsbruck in about six days. Perhaps you may be going there, though they have been so pleased with Italy that they have not got out of it as early as I expected. They want to see all they ever saw before and all the other things too, so I suppose we shall go to Vienna and do not see how we can get there before July 3rd.

The weather in Italy has been pleasant but hot, and the nights sultry and unrefreshing. You were quite right to avoid it as it happened, though at Lugano we were glad to have a fire. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

My mother, in spite of anxiety about Aunt Sara and many cares for the large and complicated party, was full of youthful animation and undaunted enjoyment of the whole trip, *not* including the voyages. It is hard to say which she delighted in most, the great Titian Assumption in Venice, Westminster Abbey—"that wonderful and holy place"—the St. Gothard pass, "the most marvelous scenery I think I have ever seen,"

or St. Denis, "pure Gothic, the last resting place of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette." "Their statues and the relief of Mme. Elizabeth affected us deeply," she wrote, "even more, perhaps, the Conciergerie where we saw the Queen's crucifix and worn armchair, and the door made low that she might be obliged humbly to 'baisser la tête.'" But perhaps most of all E.L. loved the wonderful organ at Fribourg which "I remember so well in the old days when my blessed mother was with us—a thunderstorm, a most delicate echo, one grand and magnificent anthem of praise."

For Mamma and Papa it was the first European trip since they had traveled separately before their engagement. She enjoyed going with him to Barbedienne's in Paris, where he had bought his bronzes years before, and to Derby whence his Grandfather Pratt emigrated and where they looked for Derbyshire spar as mementos of the place. She went with Aunt Sara (always to her a little sister) to "the dear old Oratoire in Paris, which looks perfectly unchanged. And how changed I am from the young girl who sat there with my dearest father and mother now in the heaven we strive to learn about on earth. It brought the past back most vividly."

The changes in Mamma's life were very concretely embodied in the large family she looked after so lavishly, from the big girls to the little boys, Ronald and his cousin Lowell. So many clothes there were to buy! In Paris we had a crowd of "creditors" (as A.T.L. called our various work people) all coming at once to try on dresses, coats, hats, and gloves. Even for little Ronald's doll—he was only six—there were clothes.

Journal of Ella Lyman

Woke with a violent headache which, however, became better as the day went on. Went out with my darling Ronald to get the long-promised "Daisy" (his doll's) things. He enjoyed the expedition greatly and we bought three new dresses, two new hats, and four pairs of stockings for Daisy; also some shoes and boots for himself and ordered his little winter coat.

All through the journey Papa and Mamma bought and ordered beautiful and permanent treasures—in Chester the fascinating painted three-chair sofa now in the Vale; in Nuremberg a copy of the Gothic door, now at 39 Beacon Street; in Venice a beautiful glass framed oval mirror; in Munich they had copied for Aunt Anna Lowell Fénelon's portrait by Vivien. At Fribourg they bought a lovely clock; in Florence, on the old Ponte Vecchio, lapis lazuli necklaces and earrings; in Scotland, my cairngorm and silver necklace.

Journal of Ella Lyman

June 24th, 1885.—We were rowed for three hours on the most perfect of lakes—Königsee. Two men and three women—one poor soul quite old—managed the oars. The mountains rise perpendicularly from the lake, some wooded; some almost bare, some covered with snow. The drive home was exquisite, more beautiful even than in the full sunlight. The moon rose before we reached home and the watch fires of St. John the Baptist's fête shone from every hill. We had the blessing of finding our little treasures (Ronald and Lowell) safe in their beds.

The complications, amusements and pleasures of the trip are well described in my mother's account of the ascent of the Gorner Grat from Zermatt:

August 12th, 1885. [On this party there were Isidor, A.T.L., E.L., their five children and nurse, Aunt Sara, Lowell and his nurse.] We left about 9:30 in carriages as far as Visp, where we waited until a sufficient number of chaises à porteurs and horses could be found. At length we set out. Such a cavalcade—seven chaises à porteurs with four men each; four horses, with one man each and two sumpter mules—a caravan of forty-seven people besides six animals, and the dust beyond any conception of dust! At Zermatt and Gorner Grat the grandeur and magnificence were almost beyond the power of thought. Especially lovely was an open pasture surrounded by mountains, the Matterhorn towering above all.

Usually on Sunday we went to any Protestant service that was available but there was no church at Visp and so, among the mountains "we had a lovely little service ourselves, dear Arthur reading the blessed King's Chapel service and Dawson's sermon on Prayer and we sang Sun of My Soul, Nearer my God to Thee, and The Saints on Earth."

Herbert joined us in Vienna in July but had to leave early to get back to college.

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 20th, 1885.—Dear Herbert left us at nine to go over to London, for he sails on Wednesday. We shall miss him unspeakably. He has been such a delight and pleasure and help to us all, a companion to his father, very cheering and loving to Aunt Sara, playing with the little ones and telling them stories—and such a delightful companion to the girls, to say nothing of all the comfort he is always to his mother. We were sad enough to part with him for even eight weeks, if all goes well in God's mercy.

In spite of hot weather we all went to Florence and saw Uncle Frank and Lizzie Boott and old Anne, his maid, in their home at Bellosguardo. How little Mamma thought that in three years, there would be a baby Frank to come to live with us at the Vale—"on his native heath" as he used to call it.

At last the gay summer was over and we bade adieu to Isidor, who breathlessly guarded our money and tickets and our fourteen trunks to the last, his hand over his breast pocket as he ran to get us places ahead of the crowd. We had a grand welcome home. On the wharf in Boston was Willie Sohier, the ever helpful, as well as Katie Bullard and Fanny Curtis, and a stream of family and friends came to 16 Mt. Vernon Street to hear the news and to see the lovely new things.

CHAPTER III

Swimming Upstream

ONSET OF MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS

MY FATHER once found and gave to my mother half in joke but much in earnest a print of an energetic salmon vigorously advancing, with the caption, "Only live fish swim upstream." He realized how in spite of difficulties of health or obstacles in the way she pressed on undeterred to accomplish her end. From the year 1886 life became a constant pushing up the stream for ill health made almost all effort difficult. In June she began to be troubled with swelling of the throat due to the thyroid gland. As soon as she discovered it, she consulted Cousin Charlie Putnam.

Journal of Ella Lyman

June 11th, 1886.—C.P.P. did not give much hope of entire recovery from it and thought it had gone on for some time. This was very agitating although I was relieved that it was not really dangerous, and I ought to have thought only of that, for what are possible deformity and discomfort if I can be allowed to stay with my dear people and do what I can to help them a little longer?

July 11th, 1886.—Mr. Young preached on cheerfulness. It reminded me of the cheerful and charming boy on the ocean [Herbert] and also of a lesson which I sorely need in these days. I do not feel very well and the many cares and anxieties fill my thoughts much more than they ought to. The parting with dear Herbert was a great wrench and the uncertainty whether the swelling in my throat may not increase and the certainty that it will never be entirely gone is not cheering. May God help me to put a cheerful courage on and to remem-

ber my infinite blessings with infinite gratitude. I feel ashamed when I remember them, even to be a moment downhearted.

All summer (1886) her pulse was excessively fast but had slowed down by December. Dr. James Putnam gave electricity and on its failure consulted Dr. Robert Amory, "who made a different and worse diagnosis. Resolved to say nothing to Arthur or the children," she writes bravely. Fortunately Dr. Arthur Cabot—whom she saw November 6th and who examined her heart especially—ruled out the more dangerous disease and gave her more encouragement. Her throat continued to be uncomfortable, but she bore this uncomplainingly, accenting every source of happiness. This included the singing of hymns, which was one of her great refreshments, as was also the beauty she saw from her Waltham windows. "The oxen ploughing the opposite side of the pond looked exquisite, and the peacocks [a birthday gift to A.T.L.] on the peach-wall were a beautiful sight." But best of all helps was little Ronald: "Such a delight and comfort and blessing," and Herbert's return, of which she writes, November 22nd, 1886: "I resolved to stay at home and enjoy my blessed Herbert, and I had a soul-satisfying day."

She said nothing of her poor health and went ahead with her many guests and her complicated household. While very weary and anxious, she arranged Ronald's dancing class and his school in the house, carried on all the plans for moving to 39 Beacon Street, and engaged a cook and four other maids, since the household had rebelled, complaining of the many guests of different ages.

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 17th, 1886.—Herbert's birthday. Game Club at Waltham. Thirty members came: Ted Cabot, George Morison, Ellen Coolidge, Ellen Russell, Harriet Parker, Maggie Cabot, and Marian Shaw all passed the night.

Saturday, December 23rd, 1886.—Off early again this morning to buy Abby's cuckoo clock, and back to Partridge's about

some Warren Street School boys who were forgotten. Then to Warren Street, where the tree was delightful and the children's pleasure very great. Afterwards to McCarthy's to buy my greens. Home to dinner and directly out again to buy fourteen more presents. Finished at last at 6:30, having bought 147 presents since Tuesday afternoon [in five days!]. Put up parcels in the evening and spilled ink!

As the year 1886 closes for us we feel with very thankful hearts how much of blessing it has given us. My dearest Arthur has, on the whole, kept well, my dear young Arthur has as yet had no recurrence of illness, the other darlings are happy and for the most part well. I long to have dear Julia stronger and my throat is still very troublesome, but I must bear this cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

The thyroid trouble burdened her to the end of her life, but I never knew her to complain. She rarely even spoke of it, and as I read the diaries after her illness began, it is striking how little she gave in to it, although her busy life—which had been wholly pleasure—now was often burdensome. She went to Boston in summer often every other day, taking the 8:32 A.M. train and coming back at 6 P.M. Some extracts from her diary of 1887 show how busy she was.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 7th, 1887.—Hunted vainly for a cook all day and came home to find that Mary McKensie had had an encounter with the new parlor girl and of course discouraged her. I was in despair and spoke more sharply than I ought to have done—felt almost used up with the affair.

October 15th, 1887.—I left in the 8:32 train with Randolph Coolidge and George Morison. It was very pleasant to be so kindly treated by both my young friends. Returned at six. Raging headache next day. The day was an absolutely perfect one and it was strange to lie still with all the busy, happy life surging outside.

On Bromfield Street while shopping, met a very blind old

man who asked me the way across the Common. I escorted him all the way and saw him safely into the South Boston car.

November 7th, 1887.—Wrote as much as possible—an immense relief to my mind. [School and dancing school notes mostly—widows and charity lists.]

November 9th, 1887.—Went to West Lynn, but old Mr. Otis's bureau proved to be much inferior to the one I wanted so I came away the richer. Received seventeen letters and sat up rather late answering them.

Her life was very full at this time. Aunt Abby Lyman came to visit for a month at a stretch. Uncle Frank Boott also each year paid a long visit, and she notes that on September 23rd, 1887, she sat at breakfast with one or another of the family and guests from 8 to 10 A.M., a sore trial for her flying spirit. Yet she takes time to write in her journal that Ronald had caught the pigeon interest, had thrown out his homing pigeons from Weston on September 30th, and had got Flora McDonald—his trusty nurse—to write out a long rough draft of pigeon news to send to Herbert. She even admitted some pigeons into the house in a crisis of their lives, and then notes: "October 4th, great uproar in the kitchen about dear little Ronald's pigeons having trampled on Martha's clean clothes."

She had persistent headaches all through the autumn of 1887, but went gallantly about visiting widows, seeing her two dear aunts, Anna Lowell and Mary Putnam, buying dress material for her daughters, who should have done it themselves; then returning home she entered in her journal: "Traveled about shopping until six, buying a good many Christmas presents. Home footsore, and weary, to rejoice in my blessed children and the beautiful home—with a deep longing for the dear one across the sea, and for the darling who can never share our earthly home again."

Journal of Ella Lyman

December 17th, 1887.—Party at the George Gardners'. The party was a magnificent one and it was pleasant to me to see

so many old friends. I was fortunate enough to have a seat most of the time. All my darling Sue's friends were there, Alice Smith, Jessie Grew, Elinor Curtis, Mea Coolidge, Alice Lowell. I looked at them with tender interest, but oh! with such a yearning heart! I miss her more than ever this year partly because Herbert is gone too.

December 31st, 1887.—Service for the last night in the year. My three daughters sat in the pew with me. May our heavenly Father be very near to them and bless and guard them continually. How my heart yearns for my three sons that they may be brought into the Saviour's fold close to the infinite blessing of God's love. Oh! may God forgive my many failures and many, many broken resolutions and may He help me in all humility to cling to Him—to strive at least not to fall from Him—to religion the rock which can never fail.

The year 1887 was a very full one but the year 1888 was perhaps the busiest of all in my mother's life, and the fullest of new interest. At fifty and in poor health, she met undauntedly the new responsibilities of organizing the King's Chapel Sunday School and of welcoming baby Frank Duveneck into her protecting care as a beloved member of the family. In the autumn of 1887 she found Mr. Foote, the minister of King's Chapel, planning to give up the Sunday School on account of the small number of children, and after two talks with him and Cousin Fanny she agreed to secure both children and teachers, to call for them and take them to church. She engaged Randolph Coolidge to teach and act as superintendent and Mary Sears and me as teachers. By her ardent zeal she persuaded Mrs. Maurice Richardson, Mrs. Greely Curtis, Mrs. John Homans, Mrs. Benjamin Crowninshield, Mrs. Templeman Coolidge, Mrs. B. J. Lang, Mrs. Gorham Brooks, and of course Aunt Sara Blake, to send children, and then escorted the whole flock to King's Chapel.

One day when I was unable to teach, she wrote: "At 2:05 off on my round of Sunday School collecting. We got to church so early that I read to the children a little story to keep them quiet while they all perched on one of the window-seats. I

took Ella's class and found the little boys very charming. Malcolm Lang was especially amusing." My class included Lowell Blake, Ronald Lyman, Edward Richardson, Malcolm Lang, and Gorham Brooks.

During the same month Mamma became much interested in Mr. Foote's plan that King's Chapel should support a nurse to visit and instruct poor families in the care of illness. It seemed very appropriate that after my mother's death a special fund for this nurse should be given as the Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman Fund.

With so much daily household and Sunday work filling her time, it is good to chronicle that Mamma also enjoyed "a girls' dinner party" at Cousin Alice Bradlee's. The party consisted of Cousin Alice, Cousin Louisa Bacon, Lizzie Abbot, Aunt Lissie Sprague, Louisa Minot, Minnie Guild, Mrs. Joe Quincy, Ellen Bancroft, and herself, mostly friends of hers or Aunt Lissie's from early days.

MOVING TO 39 BEACON STREET

January 1887

The house at 16 Mt. Vernon Street, in which my mother and father had lived ever since the autumn of 1858, grew overcrowded by the advent of all the children, and from 1882 on there were plans for moving. My mother ardently desired to buy 7 Park Street, after Grandpa Lowell's death in October 1881, but my father thought it an unwise investment, especially as he had bought the Vale, and the idea was given up.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 26th, 1881.—Most preoccupied and troubled by trying to decide whether to take the Park Street house. I must answer before Thursday. May I be directed to the right decision. There are balancing arguments on both sides and it is almost impossible for me to think steadily about anything now, so recent and overwhelming is my grief.

November 30th, 1881.—Worked at home all day with many interruptions, endeavoring to decide whether we had best take

the Park Street house or not. Sat up till twelve and finally decided that I preferred going to Park Street, but in talking it over with Arthur felt that he thought it unwise to burden himself with so much land. Then sat up till nearly one making up my mind to give it up.

That hour of night alone, struggling with her own intense love of her father's and mother's home and her even stronger loyalty to Papa, must have been hard, but it was wholly a victory. She writes:

December 2nd, 1881.—The relinquishing of the hope of living in my dearest mother's house was a great disappointment to me and the pang of seeing it destroyed will be very great, but I feel that dear Arthur thinks it unwise and too great a burden for him to take, in addition to his other real estate. He felt sorry to disappoint me [she adds tenderly].

Some years later they looked at various houses on Beacon Street opposite the Common and finally lost their hearts to 39 Beacon Street, the William S. Appleton house. It was a rough diamond at that time, as well as an expensive one. Mamma describes it as charming in situation and capabilities but terribly shabby, pulled about and dilapidated.

In January 1886 Arthur had another violent attack of pain, following those in Switzerland in 1885 and not then recognized as appendicitis. My mother sat up night after night with him. Papa's Round Table Club—a literary club at which a number of guests read papers—was held at our house on one of Arthur's worst days, but she went on with it. Julia and I helped to receive the guests and "Ronald, aged seven, stationed himself in the midst and listened to the whole essay." In two days Mamma read the whole of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* to Arthur.

February 7th, 1886.—[After Arthur, Jr., recovered] I went to the Holy Communion. It was most blessed to be in the holy place again, and oh! how I thanked my heavenly Father for



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THE LOWELL MANTELPIECE

From 7 Park Street, now in the west parlor at 39 Beacon Street

having preserved my darling's life. I remember as if it were yesterday going to communion and sitting in the same pew in unspeakable thankfulness the Whitsunday after my dearest Arthur's recovery from diphtheria. Truly the Lord has been very gracious to me. May I learn to bear His will, even when grievous, with faith and submission.

January 15th, 1886.—This is my precious little Mabel's fourteenth birthday. Mabel felt Arthur's improvement to be a special birthday gift. Unspeakable was the gift God gave me in her, my sweet, earnest, lovely, unselfish child. It is so blessed to meet all together in the evenings. Thank God, oh! thank God for my husband and children.

In the early part of 1886 Mamma went once more to dances with us and enjoyed especially a dinner at Aunt Mary Putnam's with Cousin James Russell Lowell, always her great admirer, and a dinner of cousins—Kitty and Augustus Lowell, Ben and Kitty Crowninshield, and Ellen and Robert Bancroft, at Aunt Lissie's at 229 Commonwealth Avenue, "whose table looked like fairyland."

She writes on February 8th, 1886: "Arthur and I are quite exercised about the Appleton house, which is in a wonderfully beautiful situation and very attractive, but they ask a very high price for it and it would cost me many a pang to leave this house where I have been so blessed. Mr. Appleton utterly rejected \$85,000 but might take \$100,000!"

Finally, 16 Mt. Vernon Street was sold for \$38,500, and 39 Beacon Street bought on March 1st, 1886, for, I think, \$100,000. Beautiful as the new house was and much as she came to love the view over the open Common, it was very hard to leave the home of her early married life.

Journal of Ella Lyman

March 1st, 1886.—This day Arthur has bought No. 39 Beacon Street. God bless our new home to us. I had thought it possible that this might be the ending of all our perplexities

and while I was very glad to have so delightful a house, a strange sense of loss and loneliness came over me when I thought of leaving the dear home where I came twenty-seven years ago, where I have been so blessed, where six of my children have been born. God grant it may be for the best. I feel sad at leaving the dear home and half frightened at the additional expense.

March 2nd, 1886.—I lay awake a good deal and when I slept, dreamed of houses, with a *serrement de cœur* at the thought of no more Christmases in the dear old dining room. Sometimes I am pleased with the thought and sometimes more than half homesick for the old times gone never to return.

Read "Brer Rabbit" to blessed Bay.

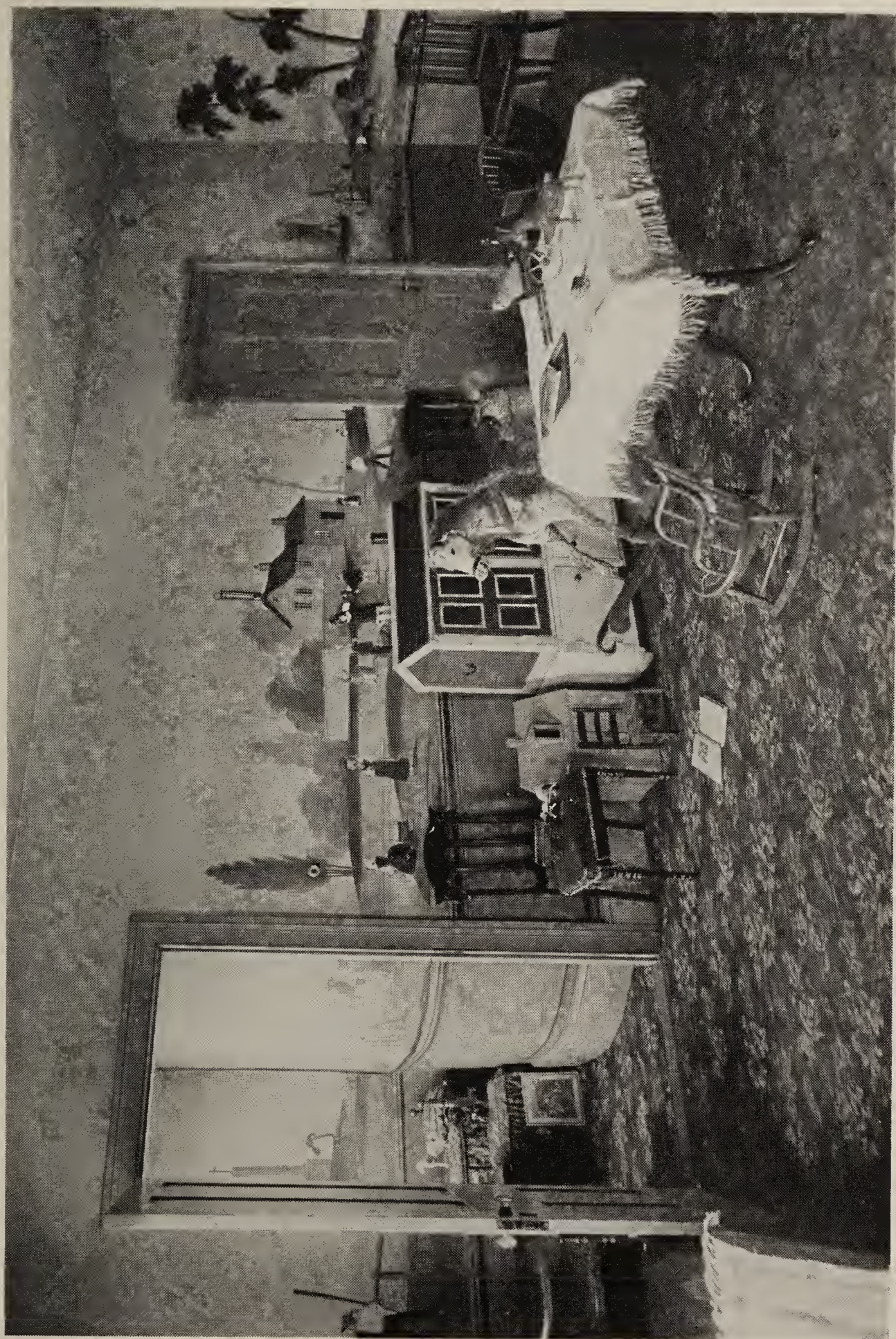
March 29th, 1886.—Sometimes I feel almost as if I could not make up my mind to leave this house and as if I could not take root anywhere else. My roots are very deep at Mt. Vernon Street. It is like parting with an old friend. It costs me more to leave the dear old nursery than any other room in the house for I have most happy and tender associations with it, and I can never have little children again.

April 27th, 1886.—Interview with Miss Simons, a call from Miss Vickere, a word with Miss Bridge and Miss Smith. Eleanor Appleton came. Went to Asylum meeting. Back to Mrs. Appleton's. Everything dirt and confusion. Down town, bought Willie's fender and andirons [wedding presents], rubbers, dress patterns. Back to the Appletons'.

After dinner with girls for their hats, and to Pemberton Square to look over contents of my room there. It is so strange and sad to be in that strangely altered house. The room from which I was married is almost unrecognizable now.

Worked a little at home in north room and in the evening went to some delightful private theatricals. Mr. Robert Winthrop and Tom Cushing, Mrs. Lodge and Mrs. C. P. Curtis.

No wonder that she writes (March 18th, 1887): "A Sunday is a most blessed institution, especially when one is so absorbed



NURSERY AT 16 MT. VERNON STREET



NURSERY AT 16 MT. VERNON STREET

Nina Hopkins, Lowell Blake, Ronald Lyman, and Ellen Bellows, with their teacher

in worldly cares as I am." But all these worldly cares only express what Elizabeth C. Putnam wrote to her, November 1st, 1886, "Your life is full of growing interests and enters (like an ocean into every bay and creek) into the lives of your dear ones. What lessons of love you have taught them; of devotion and of zeal for the right."

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 4th, 1886.—Went to sleep for the last time in the dear old Mt. Vernon Street house with very thankful hearts for all the infinite blessings God has given to us there during these twenty-eight years. May He bless and guide and protect us in the new home where the joys of youth cannot come to us again, but where with His blessing we may be helped to rejoice in the joys of others. Dear A.T.L. very grave. I think he feels as badly as I do about leaving dear Mt. Vernon Street. As I knelt to bid farewell for the last time to the dear and sacred places I have loved so long, very deep was the gratitude for all God has given me there, my dear Arthur's love, and the lives of my darling children.

Dear Lissie came in looking strangely clean and dainty in the midst of all the dirt and confusion.

It was a very slow process to get into 39 Beacon Street, which had been much improved by raising the roof and thoroughly cleaned and cleared of its disorder. So on January 9th, 1887, Papa, Mamma, Ronald and Mabel went to Aunt Sara Blake's to stay and Julia and I to Aunt Lissie Sprague's. Arthur was in the Law School, Herbert abroad.

Journal of Ella Lyman

January 20th, 1887.—Upstairs and downstairs to see paper hangers and carpet-women and old Mr. Spenthof, who was rubbing up Mabel's furniture. Tried to decide with dear A.T.L. about the paper in our room and the nursery paper. Finally down town in a carriage to Gregory's, Lovejoy's and

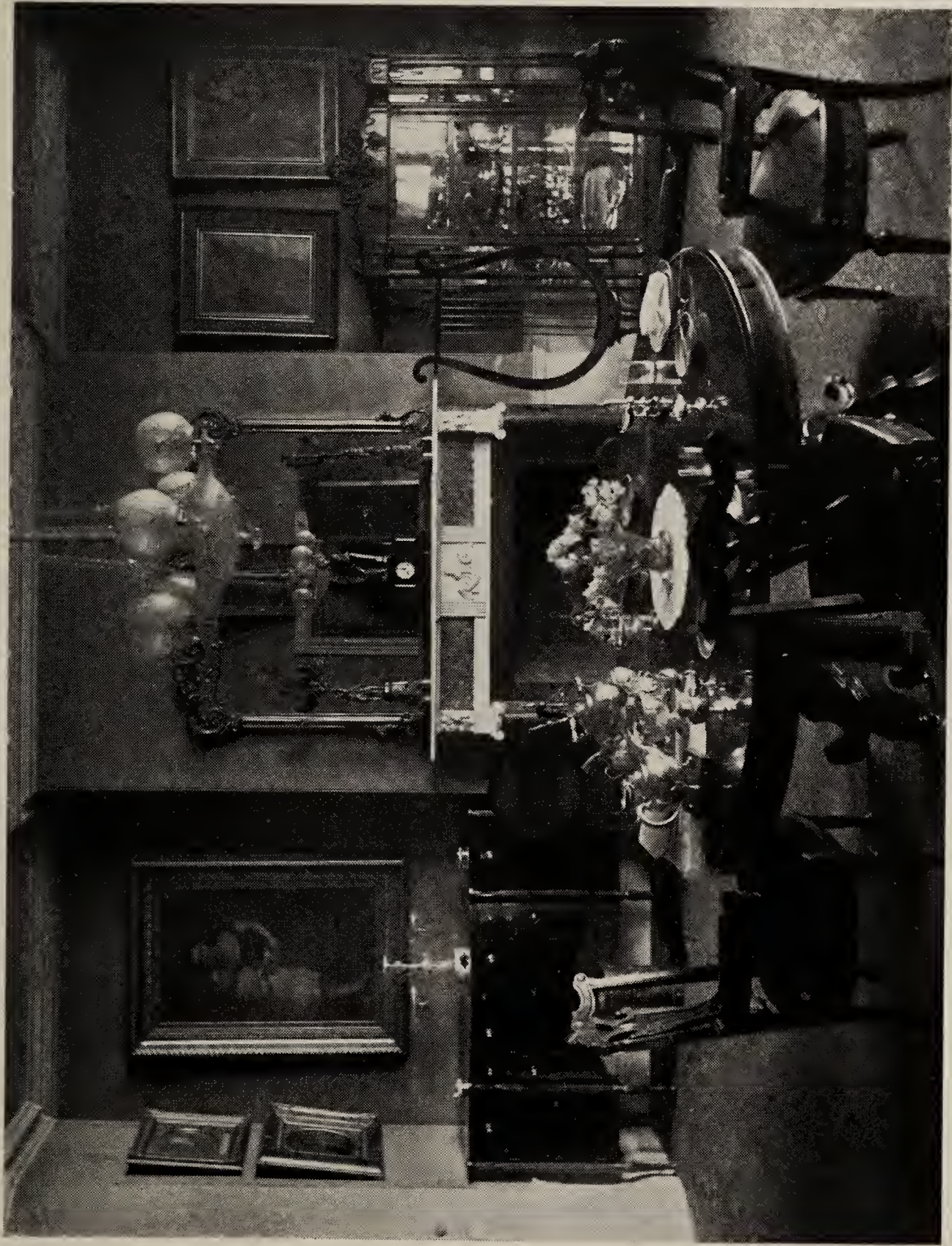
finally McCarthy's. Felt tired and rather confused with all these decisions and the doubt whether my decisions will not prove to be failures. Sara decidedly approved the bright yellow satin at Davenport's that I had always fancied and we decided on that for the library.

January 24th, 1887.—Intensely, oppressively warm. Went to house intending to move, having told all the children to meet us at dinner there. Everything in wild confusion. My room full of workmen, carpet-women, gas-fixture men, electricians, furnace men. We unpacked the bedding, and at last got all the beds made up. But Arthur, Julia, Arthur Jr., and Sara urged me so vehemently not to go that I gave it up—very reluctantly, because I do so long to have all my children near me again, and then I do not like not to accomplish what I have said I would do!

January 25th, 1887.—First night at 39 Beacon Street. Finished packing about 5 P.M. and entered our Beacon Street house for the first time to live. The dear children all gradually joined us there, and before we sat down to our first meal we knelt round the table to ask our heavenly Father to bless us in our new home and to make it a home of love and peace and joy.

Journal of Julia Lyman

January 25th, 1887.—We all met at dinner at 39 and began to live there! I was sorry to leave dear Aunt Lissie and Uncle Frank. They have been so very kind and I felt so much at home there; but it was good to get together again. Before dinner, dear Mamma made a very lovely little prayer, thanking our heavenly Father for all the happiness of our past, asking His blessing on our life in this new home, praying that we might be tender, forbearing, patient, and loving with one another, that the home might bless not ourselves alone, but all who came close to us, that He would be with us in joy and sorrow and at last unite us to the dear ones gone before in the home that passeth not away. This as nearly as I can remember.



39 BEACON STREET DINING ROOM

Journal of Ella Lyman

January 26th, 1887.—We were waked early by the arrival of the many workmen who share our house with us. Tap, tap, tap on the roof, splash the painters, and soon carpet-women upstairs, gas men and furniture polishers added to the hubbub. Tried with many interruptions to count all my blue china with Jessie, for we have unpacked dear Mamma's and have four different kinds. At 11:30 P.M. we all went to the Hunt ball, a gay affair in pink coats.

January 28th, 1887.—Went out to Pray's, where I was unfortunate in matching my border, to Leach, Annable's, etc. Blessed little Bay was at the window when I drove away, the first time I have ever seen his dear face looking out there. When I came home the same dear face still looked out.

Sunday, January 30th, 1887.—We had our first singing of hymns in this new home, in the morning room still in its state of untouched dirt, but when the clear young voices rose together, I felt that we had consecrated our home. Oh! may our heavenly Father keep them all very near in His love, and fill them with earnest desire to do His will.

October 1st, 1887.—A charming letter from Herbert to Ella, written from London. He says: "I have found that Papa has not lost any of his wide sympathies with study, etc., by being in business and I have found out (what I think we suspected before) that he is one of the finest fellows you could see in a short trip. Then we are not particularly unlucky in the choice this fellow made of a wife. She seems to be fond of us and certainly undergoes all sorts of trials for us."

WORK FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS

One of the early resolutions that our mother made and wrote down before her marriage was "to help God's poor" and to that work she gave much time in the last thirteen years of her life. She undertook the work of Director of the Female Asylum (now the Society for the Care of Girls) in July 1881, when Ronald was two years old, and the Widows' Society in

1882. She kept up visits to the Widows and the Female Asylum to the very end. Her journal records her acceptance of the latter:

July 22nd, 1881.—Wrote at last definitely accepting the offer of the Boston Female Asylum. God grant that I may be enabled to do a little good and not thereby in any way neglect my home duties. The thought lest these should suffer has made me hesitate, though feeling sure I should be interested in the work.

The work was at that time individual and detailed. Besides writing the report on her month, Mamma used to go over the whole orphanage house to see that it was well kept. She bought for the children dozens of pairs of stockings and bolts of cheviot to make dresses. She heard the classes recite, and even occasionally "reprimanded the children, an unpleasant task." She, with the other directors, engaged the matron and teachers. She called personally on people who wanted to adopt children, often going into the country to see them. She even took as her wards several young girls and followed their lives when they were placed in homes.

How one of the most difficult of these adolescent girls felt about Mamma is shown in these words from Bertha Champagne's letter to me after my mother's death: "Just think—she done everything she could to make me happy and good. It would help me to be a good girl just to see her heavenly face always sweet and patient and kind to everyone."

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 9th, 1887.—We had two applications for children to be admitted. Mrs. Sherman separated from her husband—a sickly, selfish man—who had never supported his wife, but spent everything he earned on *medicine*, and a widow Mrs. Barton earning only \$2 a week. Her little girl had only one eye. Went far out on Harrison Avenue to see Mr. and Mrs. Pond about their taking their girls home. They are living in

a wretched place and it would seem better to leave the children where they are except that the poor mother seems so eager for them.

April 13th, 1887.—Went to see Mrs. Williams at the Grand Army Post about the Ponds. She thinks they are very worthy people.

April 16th, 1887.—To the Asylum. We had a good deal of conference about buying eighteen dozen new stockings. Went over the house, which appeared to be in good order, and heard the children in school read aloud and recite their geography. I asked them several times what the long words in their reading meant. When asked what proximity meant, they answered, "Oh, something fearful." Went to buy their stockings. Allowed Mrs. Pond to take the children. Accepted poor little Elsie Barton with one eye.

March 23rd, 1888.—Female Asylum. Had a long talk with Mrs. Rich about the punishments and the necessity of supporting the authority of the under teachers.

March 27th, 1888.—Had rather unpleasant interviews with Mrs. Rich and Miss Orcutt afterwards, trying to settle their differences.

Even more, perhaps, than the Female Asylum my mother enjoyed the friendly visits to the old ladies whom the Widows Society helped to support. Not all the members were widows, for the funds were left so that they could be distributed among any worthy elderly women who had seen better days, so the title widow was, somewhat startlingly, applied to a spinster. Of these women Mamma wrote: "We try to help those who have been self-supporting and faithful as long as strength lasted, for whom the kindly visits of those whom they soon learn to call friends make a most needed variety and cheer in their dreary and colorless lives."

In March 1884 Mamma records that in three hours she visited ten widows and climbed fifteen flights of dark inside stairs.

March 1st, 1887.—I went to look up Mrs. Presby of 6

Grenville Place. The poor woman looked ill and very suffering and I should think her a very suitable person for the vacancy. She gave me two references, one to Miss Beck and one to Mr. Hawthorne, her landlord, both of whom gave an excellent account of her.

March 2nd, 1887.—The Widows' meeting. There were two vacancies and I was so glad to have my poor Mrs. Presby chosen to fill one. I took the Back Bay list and I am afraid that I ought to have given it up to Lizzie Rogers, but I did not realize at the time that she cared so much about it and I do like to visit so much!

March 3rd, 1887.—Went to see Mrs. Welch about poor Mrs. Ryan who is very anxious to have a better room. Went afterwards to see Mrs. Ryan, taking her a little ice cream.

March 13th, 1887.—I took a herdic and drove to see three of my widows—poor old Mrs. White very feeble, lying in bed, ninety-one years old; Miss Meribah Hall, cheerful and uncomplaining, though very aged, and Miss Jane Stevens, unapproachable as ever. Went to call on poor Mrs. Ryan. It is really delightful to see her lying comfortably in bed in a large airy room, clean and orderly. Her own furniture was there and the picture of her children to which she has always clung. It was refreshing to see how happy and comfortable she seemed.

June 21st, 1887.—Took Mrs. Ryan a few strawberries, the first we have had.

August 3rd, 1887.—Poor Mrs. Ryan died. Arranged about funeral at Arlington and went with a wreath to her funeral. I shall miss her glad and loving welcome. So the poor worn frame has laid down its burden and the loving soul is free.

December 18th, 1887.—Went to see Miss Kilpatrick at 987 Harrison Avenue. She is still confined to her bed but sits up supported by pillows. Everything about her was clean and nice, although the house is a wretched tumble-down building; her room was not only neat but refined, and her face sweet under the quilted nightcap. She seemed very grateful for the trifle I gave her and pleased with my visit.

February 1888.—I shall truly miss my visits to Mrs. Tyler, which were far more helpful to me than they could have been to her.

December 1888.—At Partridge's we had quite a search for a little rocking-chair for Arthur Burgess, the poor little underwitted boy who is so fond of rocking.

October 7th, 1891.—There were several vacancies on the list, but not a single new widow was proposed. I feel as if we ought to do more to make our society known, so that we might get more of the class of persons who have known better days, who are the kind we want to help. I tried to advocate this and to send out circulars to the ministers of the various churches, but my proposition fell to the ground.

The next extract shows that she did not give up on account of this rebuff.

February 10th, 1892.—We drove to Charlestown to find out whether rents would not be considerably less for our widows could the limits be extended there. Went first to see agent of Associated Charities at City Hall. Went next to a land agent's office.

Having proved her point about the lower rents in Charlestown, Mamma went there again on February 19th, 1892, taking Mrs. Barrett Wendell and Miss Reynolds in order to convert them. They drove almost the whole length of the city, and called on the old ladies recommended by the Associated Charities.

"I am thankful to say that both Mrs. Wendell and Miss Reynolds returned converted to the annexation of Charlestown to the Widows' limits."

Unfortunately, after all her efforts, the vote went against her. "There were eight vacancies—as our number is now one hundred—and nine applications. This was unfavorable to my plan as this time there was no scarcity of applications, as there has been frequently of late. At last, when everyone was tired

and anxious to get away, the subject was brought up. I read the report as well as I could. Miss Reynolds backed me, but we were voted down by an overwhelming majority and I can never try again for years. I was terribly disappointed, for I had it so at heart. It is a great pity for there are many poor women in Charlestown to whom the help would be an unspeakable solace."

March 13th, 1888.—The streets are still very heavy after the snow. Ira [her decidedly lazy coachman] said he was not well and could not drive today, so we were obliged to get a hack and it was very difficult for the horse to pull along. Drove to Mrs. Fay's taking the two bottles of wine, but found her very much worse. I could hear her groans before I was upstairs. She had bad pain in her side and looked terribly ill, and her daughter seemed perfectly bewildered and helpless, complaining bitterly because the doctor had not been to see them again. They had sent for another one. Went out to get some flaxseed to make a poultice and to the directory of nurses, where I got two names. When I returned to Mrs. Fay's the doctor had arrived and was prescribing for her. He said she had pneumonia on both sides and was very ill. He preferred another nurse—Miss Clara Cox—and I was able to get her and I stayed with Miss Fay, doing what little things I could, until the nurse came.

March 14th, 1888.—Another stormy and disagreeable day, snow turning into rain, and terribly heavy driving and walking. The telegraph wires are broken and the mails from New York suspended. After the household matters were arranged, I crossed the Common with some difficulty and took a horse car to Mrs. Fay's. I could hear her labored breathing as soon as I entered the house. She was far worse, not quite unconscious—for she could swallow and seemed to recognize me—and tried to say that she was very sick, but we could hardly distinguish what she said. There is no help for her in this life now. I stayed with her until nearly twelve and then went down to the noon service, where Mr. Winkley preached. Mr. Kerr¹

¹ Sexton of King's Chapel.

showed us the old oak table and the prayer books in the chancel. Then Aunt Anna asked me to go with her to give my opinion about some presents she had seen at Shreve's for Bessie Lowell. It was a great pleasure to go with her and she selected a very beautiful soup tureen. Back to Mrs. Fay's, found that the end was very near, and she passed away at ten minutes after five.

March 15th, 1888.—A bright, clear day at last and I had the comfort of having the carriage again—quite a relief, as I have to be out so much. First to Mrs. Fay's, where her daughter appeared much more quiet and hopeful, saying that she thought she would take a place now to do light general housework. Arranged with her to have the service tomorrow and found they had no money at all laid up. So after leaving Julia at the Gymnasium, I went to Franklin Smith's [the undertaker's] and made all the arrangements—the first time I have ever been inside that dreadful place. I arranged to buy the grave which will provide room for her daughter also, and tried to have everything as she would have liked it. Julia went to ask Lydia if she would see if either Mr. Brooks or Mr. Allen would undertake the service. Then I went to see Mr. Cary, who was out, but his wife said she would see if he could go to the Asylum to practice with the children. To the Asylum to arrange this with Mrs. Rich. Then to old Mrs. Bailey's to give her the widow money. I had only time for one widow call before lunch. Off again instantly afterward with Lydia to engage Mr. Allen, again to Mr. Smith's about the hour and back to tell Mrs. Ewins. Home to drive out with Arthur and try new horse. Dined with Lydia, a dinner party of fourteen.

July 31st, 1893.—I found dear old Mrs. Harris of the Widows' Society very ill, groaning and in great discomfort. It seemed altogether too much for poor little Agnes Guest to have the whole charge of her, so I went to several places afterwards to try to get a nurse and at last secured one. I went to see old Mrs. Baker, whom I found pretty bright and very comfortable. Then to the Asylum to consult Mrs. Treat about Maud Johnson, who has behaved badly and has been given up

by Mrs. Leonard. Mrs. Treat had no advice to give so I went to the Young Women's Christian Association and the Christian Union. In the afternoon I did a good many errands and called on dear Aunt Mary Putnam. I was terribly tired. Went to see Maud and tried to encourage and cheer her and again went to three intelligence offices to find her a place. Consulted Cousin Lizzie Put, went to the State House.

[Mrs. Harris died three hours later.] I shall miss her cordial greetings, for I think she really cared for me.

Went to buy a wreath for Mrs. Harris's funeral. A woman was there so impatient and cross with a little child that it made me quite unhappy to see her. A lady afterwards carried the little thing downstairs for the poor mother, who said she had heart trouble, and I drove them down to Scollay Square, hearing the particulars of a very curious history as I did so.

These extracts show how individually, tenderly, and devotedly Mamma cared for the widows. Mabel's extraordinarily accurate account of what they said when she and Julia visited them after Mamma's death in 1894 and for many years later, showed the women's feeling for her. No wonder, for, as Cousin Cora Shaw said, she not only did double the work of the other visitors but maintained a gentle guardianship over any who might especially need a helpful hand. Mabel wrote:

Mamma not only did more than her share of work, but made many friendly visits besides. As she took different lists instead of keeping to the same one, the number of those whose troubles became hers was greatly increased. It is very touching and gratifying to see the widows' faces brighten when we say we are her daughters, and to hear their simple expressions of love for her and grief in her loss, and to see how fervently her memory is cherished in so many of these poor homes.

Mrs. Ordway said, "I had to lean against that door," when told of my mother's death, and Miss Mary Ordway said, "There was no other lady in Boston so spoken in favor of." Miss Kilpatrick could not speak for weeping the second time we went to see her. Mrs. Demeritt said that Mamma used to

come to see her mother, and that her mother "would be rapturous" over Mamma's visits. "I like Mrs. Lyman and Mrs. Sprague the best of the ladies," she said, "because they are more social." For herself, Mrs. Demeritt said she felt so badly to hear of her death, she felt as if she had "lost one belonging to her." Later, in July 1895, Mrs. Demeritt said, "I must speak to you of your mother. I can't help it. I feel as if I couldn't give her up—as if I *must* see her! She was one you could *reach*, not like most that have money. You could confide in her and tell her everything. I like to see you, to feel as if I had seen a part of her."

Mrs. Baker said, "I'm just as bad as this every time I hear her name mentioned. I can't control my feelings," and (on receipt of a memento), "Was it hers? Oh! I shall cherish it!" Mrs. Whiting said, "She was a lovely woman. She accomplished a great deal in her day. She died young but she accomplished the day's work of an old person. I always loved to see her sweet face. She always seemed to enter into my feelings and sympathized with me so deeply. I was always so glad when I saw her coming. I used to say, 'You're just the one I wanted to see!' The first time I saw her she made a great impression. I said, 'I shall love her!' Excuse me, I'm so old, I can't help showing my feelings. She was so kind and always wanted to know just how I was situated."

Mrs. Holden, who hadn't seemed at all pleased to see visitors, as soon as she heard who we were, said excitedly, "Ain't I the glad person to see anyone belonging to her. Oh! she was the loveliest creature, the best woman ever born!"

Mrs. Friend said (July 1895), "We all miss her. She was one of the best, was *the best* woman ever on earth. She was real good—good clear through, and you can't say that of many."

Mrs. Knibbs said (December 1895), "She was a good and dear friend to me. I said, 'I've lost my only friend.' She was very good. She was a great worker," and cried and said she didn't know what she should have done without Mamma's help.

Miss Mary Ordway said (March 1896), "I don't never for-

get your mother. She was a lovely woman; always so bright, pleasant, and cheerful it would give anyone courage to have her call in for a short time." Years later (1904) she added: "Your mother always seemed so happy."

(Overhead in the horse cars April 1896): Some people were talking about the handsome ladies at the Horse Show, when one said, "The handsomest lady I ever saw is gone now—it is Mrs. Arthur Lyman." She had seen her on some occasion, it appeared.

Someone speaking of Miss Laura Harris said, "There never seemed to be anything bright or pleasant in her room but had come through Mrs. Lyman. She had Mrs. Lyman's photograph and it seemed as though in a shrine, she worshiped it as the Catholics do their saints. She said, 'I don't know what I should do without her!'"

Miss Stowell and Miss Little each told us today (April 24th, 1896) that they went to the service at King's Chapel (Mrs. Trowbridge *walked* from Winthrop to go), and Miss Little said, "She was perfectly angelic," and "She was handsome, your mother was," and showed us Mamma's name written by herself in an autograph book, and the newspaper cuttings about her which Miss Little had pasted into a book. She said whichever of the lady visitors came, they almost always spoke of Mamma and in the highest terms, they all had "but one opinion." She told us that Mamma gave her some tumblers of currant jelly once when she was ill; another old lady the same afternoon told of her bringing her strawberries, and another said, "She brought me roses because she knew I liked them."

Miss Stanwood said that she told Mamma that certain ladies were going to contribute something for her board, and that Mamma said, "Why didn't they come to me?" Miss Stanwood after quoting this said, "That was just like her," and that she had replied, "You have done so much."

Mrs. White (who boarded widows) said in February 1897, "There were many tears shed in this house. She was thoroughly good. She was always a-doing. There ought to have been a *lot* in the paper! She had done so much, but she was different,

so modest, and mild, and lovely." Miss Holt said, "She was an angel as much as anyone could be on earth—very dear." Mrs. Southgate (January 1897) said, "You don't know how many times she sought me out. She was my saviour. I think over every word she said to me."

"I so often think of her, as all do who knew her. She was one of those who will be always remembered," said Miss Vickere, January 1896.

"She was too pure for earth—I never met her equal," said Mrs. Southgate, in January 1896, and again in March: "Oh! what sympathy your mother had! . . . I don't think there will ever be another like her in Boston."

Of Mamma's portrait, Mrs. Southgate, said in March 1897, "I feel like going down on my knees when I see that lovely face. Oh! that lovely face—that pleasant voice! Almost every night when I am here alone I think of her."

"I never met with anyone outside my own family whom I liked so well. She was so pleasant. She told me one day that her husband was very handsome. I said to myself, 'You must be a handsome couple then,' " said Mrs. Friend, in October 1897.

"Oh! your mother was an angel! . . . She used to come in sometimes. It seemed so like an angel. She used to say, 'I love dearly to come to see you,' and she put her arm round me and kissed me," said old Mrs. Melville, in February 1901.

"Her cheerful words in her calls upon my mother used to make us feel as though an angel had called," said Mrs. E. J. Smith, a "widow's" daughter in September 1907, and in 1927 she again spoke fervently of her and said "her musical voice."

"Your dear sainted mother! I think of her—if ever there was a saint on earth, she was one sure!" said Mrs. Demeritt, in September 1912.

CHAPTER IV

Arthur's Engagement and Marriage

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 24th, 1888.—My dearest Arthur became engaged to Susie Cabot!!

This day which ended in overwhelming excitement began quietly and uneventfully. I went out early to the Asylum meeting. Drove afterwards to the Copeland Street Home to see Mrs. Huggins, who seemed as well to all appearance as when I last saw her three years ago. Got the paper too for Julia's bureau. At three we all went to Fannie Brooks's¹ wedding at King's Chapel. It was most lovely and touching. She and her mother walked up the aisle together and her expression and responses were most touchingly beautiful. Julia and I sat a good while with dear A.T.L., who went to Holyoke about four. Then we made some calls, old Mrs. Hall, bright and charming, Mrs. Spooner, Miss Wild, Mrs. Pickering, Mrs. Bangs, and finally Mary Ellen Lowell about her cook Mary McPherson, whom I decided from her recommendation to engage.

A quiet evening occupied with little things, when, after the girls had gone to bed, my dear Arthur, who had not come home to dinner, came in about eleven and told me that he was engaged to Susie Cabot. I hardly could believe it for I had only thought of such a thing a few times. She is a very lovely girl and I pray God it may be blessed to them both.

April 25th, 1888.—I could scarcely sleep all night, trembling and shivering with excitement and no one to talk to. I love dear Susie Cabot, we all love and admire her, and if my dearest Arthur is to leave us he could not have chosen a wife we should more gladly have welcomed. And I must not let

¹ Miss Brooks was totally deaf.

myself dwell on the thought of losing him, on the breaking up of our home. I think it will be for his happiness and his best good. He was very lovely in telling me about it, how high his ideal of her had been, how he thought of her as so fine he could not imagine her marrying him. I could hardly wait in the morning for the girls to come down, and when all had come, Arthur told them and dear Jessie who turned white and trembled. Very soon he left us to go to Brookline and we had to continue our daily avocations as if we were walking in a dream. Ella and I went to White's about her dress, then I returned and went with Sara about curtains, lace, etc., and to Mr. English's to collect the last portion of dear Dr. Bethune's legacy. Julia and I made some calls in the afternoon, and Arthur brought dear Susie in to dine with us. She was most sweet and lovely.

Journal of Julia Lyman

April 25th, 1888.—I was going to rest, when Jessie told me that Arthur had come and wanted to see me. May said Susie was there too. I hurried down and they came out of the parlor to stop me as I was going down the next flight. Susie seemed overwhelmed by her great happiness. She did not say much, but sat by me on the sofa, holding my hand and at times was silent, breathing hard. Arthur sat by looking very loving and happy. She seemed pleased that I could say he might have chosen to please me. "Oh! I am so fearfully happy." "When you think that the very best thing in the world has happened to you." She said Arthur was so single-minded, she never knew anything like it, it was the revelation of a soul. "One would like to be a pretty nice kind of person." "To think of being able to love such a person just as much as you want to!" She said her family were very happy about it. Her mother had told Maggie that Arthur had all the good qualities of John and Jim and something besides. Maggie was especially happy. When Ella came in, there was a very affectionate greeting, and Arthur said, "You two fellows don't seem to find it very hard."

Next came dear Mamma, exclaiming, "My dear little daughter." They stayed to dinner, but unfortunately Papa did not come, for which Susie seemed sorry. That morning Arthur had encountered *two sewing circles* in the train, and when he and Susie were walking on a secluded road between woods, who should drive by but Aunt Anna! Susie was much interested in seeing Arthur's crayon by Rowse, and wanted to see all his photographs. They left soon after dinner; as he followed her downstairs, he said, "Pretty nice person!" It all had seemed most lovely and holy. As Mamma, Ella, and I turned back from the stairs, we all had tears in our eyes. We were most impatient to have Papa know it, but a telegram had said he would arrive at eleven. Arthur was to return at that time from Brookline. We wrote some notes announcing this wonderful piece of news to the family. Oh! it seemed so strange.

Bob came to see Arthur, for it had been necessary to tell him, to prevent his talking at the whist club, from which Arthur and Ella mysteriously fell off (E. to make things even).

When Papa came we ran down to meet him, seeming specially glad to welcome him and rather excited, so that he expressed surprise at our all being up and at seeing cups on the table. We thought Arthur ought to tell him; so we tried to speak of other things, but it was hard work, and in a few minutes we summoned Arthur. After they had greeted one another, Papa, all unsuspecting, bent over his bag, while Arthur stood by silent and we all sat about in breathless suspense. "Well, I've got engaged since you went away, to Susie Cabot." Papa pretended to fall, kissed him, and said he was "very glad." He did not seem greatly surprised or excited. Then Bob came in, and we all partook of cocoa and May came home from the party at Mrs. Cochrane's, where Susie's brother Stevie had been introduced to her to speak of the great event and she had enjoyed herself highly.

April 26th, 1888.—Poor Mamma was used up by the excitement and had a violent headache. She struggled down to see Arthur, but as he was late, gave up. Mamma became better

and resolved to go to Brookline if Papa would drive her in the buggy. Ella and I got there first. Sweet Susie and Arthur met us just inside the door, and we four stood a few moments in a group holding hands. Some lovely roses were on the corner table. On her finger was his seal ring and the guard I gave him! Maggie and Mr. Cabot came in. Mrs. Cabot was laid up with a headache. Poor Mr. Cabot was pleasant and cordial, but one felt it was hard for him. Dear Papa said something about its seeming very natural, when Mr. Cabot said he ought not to praise her, but Susie was a good girl. Papa said, "We shouldn't believe you if you said she wasn't." He said something about Arthur never having been troublesome and having had more advantages than *he* had had.

April 27th, 1888.—Notes began to come, a delightful one from Aunt Sarah, full of appreciation of Susie. "Even my pet Arthur" she considered fortunate.

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 28th, 1888.—A very hot oppressive day but still bright, as all this lovers' week has been. We had a good deal of consultation at breakfast about arranging all our various plans, and then Ella arranged the flowers and enjoyed a visit from Mary Sears while I went with Julia to get a coat at Hollanders. Arthur and George Burrage were at home when we returned, at lunch. I had not seen Arthur since early yesterday morning. He agreed to walk out to the Cabots, but did not seem in any hurry to get there, because of the reception. I dressed very hurriedly and started with Sara and Ella at two. We were the only guests when we arrived and the house was full of most exquisite flowers which continued to arrive without ceasing. George Morison sent lilies of the valley, which seemed particularly appropriate to Susie. She looked very pretty and spoke simply and charmingly to everyone. Fanny and Mr. Foote came and were most delightful in their expression of her worth. John and Lucy [Lowell], Col. Higginson, Randolph and Milly [Coolidge], dear Lissie and Sarah Bradlee, etc. Just at

the end Arthur arrived and they looked very lovely standing together on the doorstep. We went afterwards to Augustus's [Lowell] to see Bessie's presents.

April 30th, 1888.—Aunt Anna Lowell met Arthur and Susie walking in the woods the day after they were engaged. Susie's face reminded her of the beautiful expression of Mr. Stephen Higginson's face, my Grandfather Lowell's cousin. She was so pleased and excited about it and said she felt as if these two last engagements (Arthur's and Bessie's) had been arranged on purpose to please her.

Charles Eliot came to dinner and went to Waltham with dear A.T.L. to arrange about planting to shut out the sight of the railroad and the possible street at Waltham. I proposed to Arthur to use some of my dear cousin Dr. Bethune's legacy for Susie's ring. It was a very great pleasure to be able to do this.

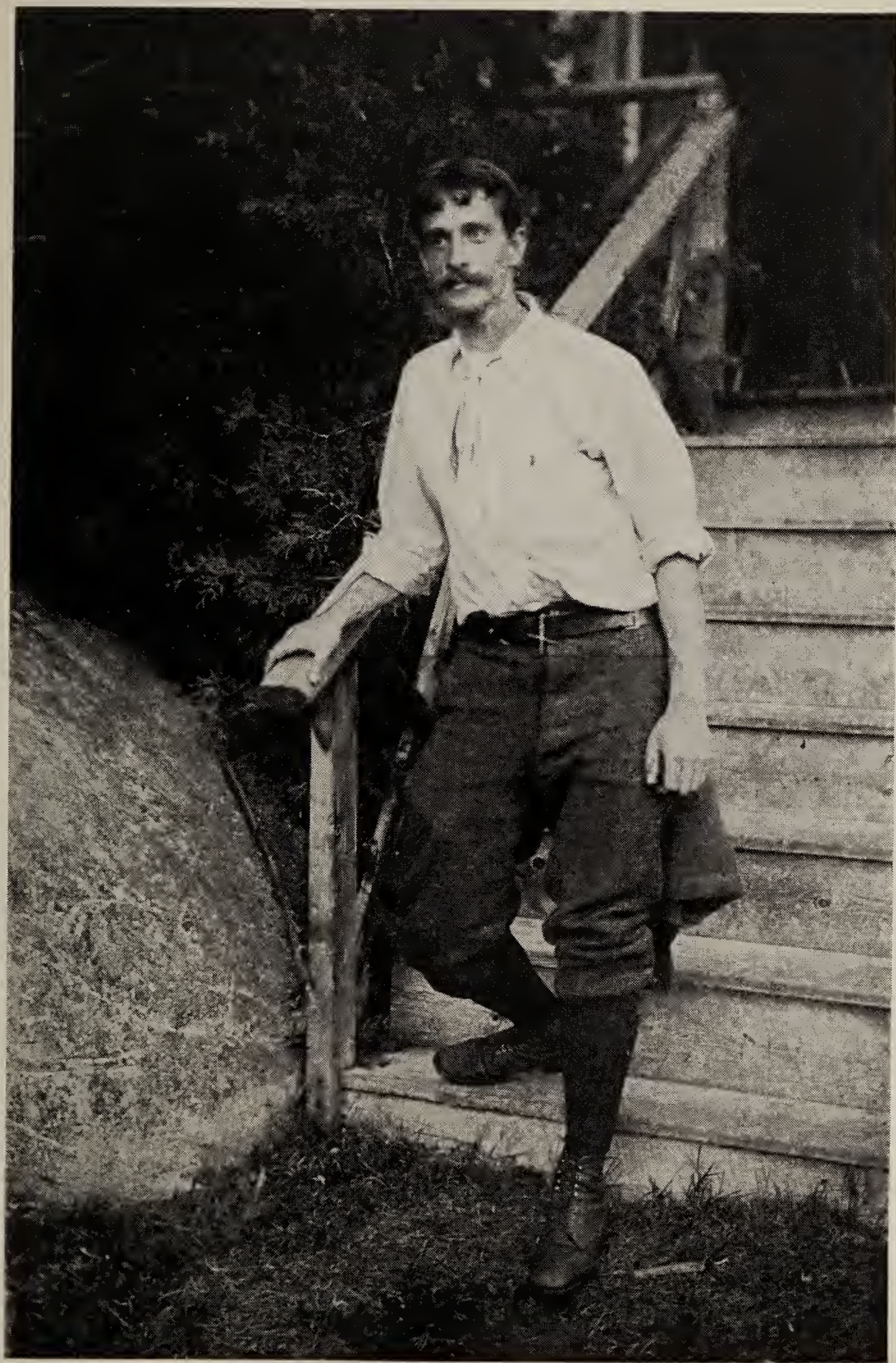
Ella Lyman to Mrs. James J. Putnam

My dear Marian,—I did not half express to you the other day how delighted we all are with Susie and how grateful for our own sakes as well as his that Arthur should have chosen so well. I always used to tell him that I did not fear his choice of a wife because he had made such delightful friends and I think my prophecy was justified. Indeed we all fell in love with Susie the first time she ever stayed with us, nearly four years ago, and I remember saying to Julia that I felt *akin* to Susie Cabot. I am so glad that you have welcomed my boy so kindly and hope that you will like him more and more.

Affectionately your cousin, ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 1st, 1888.—Arthur came home to lunch and afterwards we went to Shreve, Crump & Low's and finally to Kennard's where Papa joined us. Arthur had seen a solitaire diamond pin which he liked very much at Guild's but afterwards found one he thought much handsomer at Kennard's. This one suited him



ARTHUR LYMAN
At the Putnams' Adirondacks Camp

from the time he first saw it and we finally decided upon it. It was put in a lovely little blue velvet box and he carried it away to Brookline saying: "I am glad I have the handsomest one, for she is a pretty fine person to give it to!"

May 26th, 1888.—I worked upstairs in my room part of the morning—then showed Susie all Arthur's child photographs beginning from his babyhood upwards. It was delightful to see her enthusiasm and interest in them. Dear little Ronald found out that Jet had a family of kittens and was overjoyed about it. "I'll tell Susie about that. It pays to tell Susie anything—she takes it in!"

June 19th, 1888.—We were in great anxiety about the weather as the success of a garden party depends almost entirely upon that, but fortunately the day was pleasant, but cooler with a slight east wind. Dear A.T.L. stayed and Arthur soon returned. The grass was mowed on the lawn and the haymakers and haystacks added very much to the charm of the landscape. Lotta Lowell, Susie and Ellen Coolidge with Ella talked together and wandered about. We dined at 1:30, and punctually at four, Arthur's guests arrived. Dear Lissie, Ellen and Rob Bancroft, Col. Higginson and Mr. Waldo Higginson. Nearly 350 people came, some by train, many driving. Susie received them all most charmingly and was very sweet and attentive to all. Some went away before others came, so that we could not leave the east parlor, where we received, until nearly seven o'clock. We had four additional boats on the pond and all were used with apparent pleasure. We had a tent and little tent tables in the garden on the tennis ground. The people walked about a good deal and all seemed to admire the place and grounds. Many were delighted to see the old place again, especially Mrs. John E. Lodge and Mr. Sam Rodman. The young people stayed until after nine o'clock. Dear Lissie passed the night, which was a great pleasure, also Ellen Coolidge, Lotta, and Fannie Curtis.

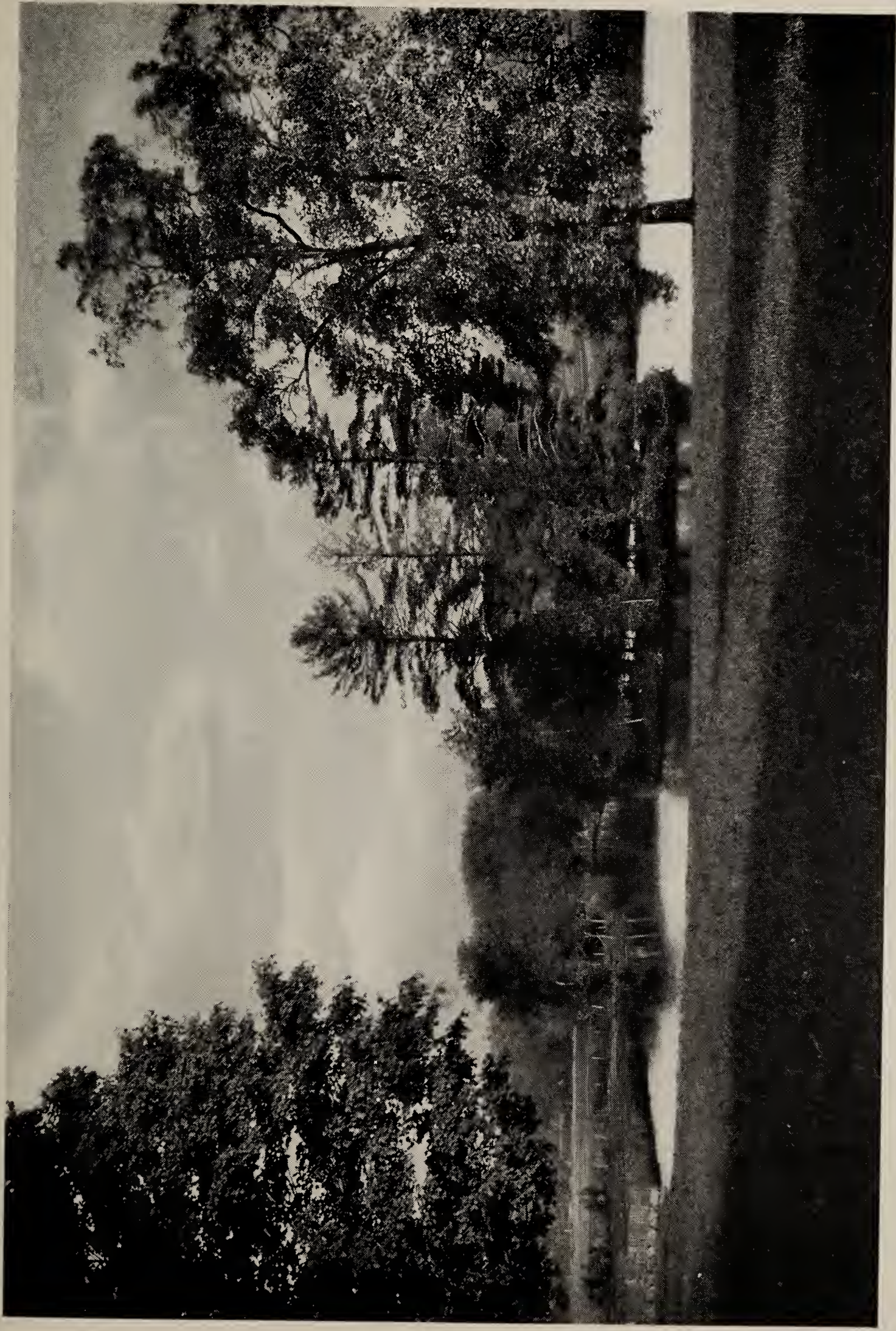
June 23rd, 1888.—An insufferably hot day, 93° on the piazza. The thermometer in my room where we had four win-

dows open last night did not go below 76°. Arthur stayed out, and the lovers had a delightful time, in spite of the heat, on the pond until long after the dinner hour. Susie soon joined Arthur again on the piazza and we saw them no more until tea time. In the morning I struggled to work a little in my room, got out the summer underclothes, etc., wrote to Sarah and Abby and sent Mary MacKensie to Lynn with the Empire inkstand for Sara's birthday; cleared up a little, playing feather games all the time with dear Bay.

June 28th, 1888.—A really cold northeasterly day. We decided not to go to town early as we found that Susie could stay a little later. I was busy in the interval, first in an interesting talk with Susie, then arranging housekeeping with Martha (the cook having had a vacation), and planning strawberries and peas for Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Pyne, and Mrs. Rowell (my widows), grapes and flowers for dear Mrs. Ephraim Peabody and Mrs. Adams. We took the eleven o'clock train to Cambridge and horse cars to the College to hear Charles Eliot speak at Phi Beta Kappa. The address was a most encouraging and inspiring one about the successful results of the Republic. His language and delivery were almost perfect.

July 6th, 1888.—I had a little headache so wrote a good deal of the morning; tried on all Mabel's dresses, worked a little on putting away dresses in the trunk room. Mabel went to ride on horseback wearing her new habit. Soon after dinner dear Arthur appeared. It was a great pleasure to see him. After tea he came in, sat about a few minutes and said: "I suppose I shall have to get married some time, don't you!" He spoke as if they might like to be married in the autumn, would be delighted with the Forest Street house except in winter. I think he would gladly pass his winters with me if I can arrange it with dear F.B. and the baby. [See page 98.] Sat up late talking and thinking about this.

August 14th, 1888.—It cleared brightly today and was fresh and pleasant. My dear Arthur (A.T.L.) had a good night and went to town again. At ten o'clock or before, Mr. Eagan arrived



THE SECOND POND

with the new dining room mirror for Forest Street. This time it was hung successfully and added very much to the brightness of the room. Then I went over the Forest Street house with Mr. Johnson and decided with him about the necessary painting, whitewashing, etc. He was very much interested about it, but said that he had a secret hope that it would have been prepared for Miss Julia, that she was his especial favorite. Jessie came up too and looked all over her beloved house again. Mabel had little Ronald's school while I was gone, and after lunch we worked again on the revising of the card list.

September 5th, 1888.—Susie looked overflowing with happiness like a rose sparkling with dew.

September 19th, 1888.—Drove up to Forest Street with dear Arthur. It seemed so strange to be going over the house with him there where he had lived as a boy from the time when he was eight until he was twenty-one, and to realize that it was now to be his manhood's home. God forgive me that I find it so hard to let him go. I looked over dear Herbert's drawers far more cheerfully than last summer, for now I hope to see him soon again.

September 22nd, 1888.—My blessed Herbert returned safely today.

I little thought when I waked that we should be blessed with a sight of our dear Herbert before the next day dawned. Ira² went home sick and dear A.T.L. decided to drive us to Brookline himself in the afternoon. Julia, Ella, and I went with him. It was almost dark when we got there but dear Susie was at home and most charming, full of sympathy and interest about Herbert's arrival. We saw the presents and poor Mrs. Cabot was unfortunate enough to break some plates. They have some beautiful pieces of silver, and a lovely inlaid dish from Mrs. Walter Cabot. While we were there it occurred to Ella to ask Maggie Cabot to telephone to the Cunard office to see if the Etruria had got in. The answer came that she had been sighted off Fire Island at 8 A.M. that day. I could not keep back my

² The coachman, white-haired, and a good deal of a shirk.

tears. I was so relieved and thankful. After returning in the rain and darkness, we were everjoyed to find a telegram from dear Herbert actually on American shores. He hopes to get here at midnight! George Lyman arrived about eight. He and Frank Boott had not met for forty years! We all sat up until midnight, then my dear Herbert came. Thank God, oh! thank God!

September 28th, 1888.—We played spelling games and twenty questions with Abby in the evening. My mind was perfectly full of unsolved wedding problems.

September 30th, 1888.—Arthur invited me to go up to Forest Street with him and I actually walked all the way up leaning on dear Arthur's arm, and he helping me along very tenderly.

October 2nd, 1888.—Arthur seemed rather quiet and grave. I thought he looked yearningly after his father, who has been a most tender and loving father to him and to them all.

Thursday, October 4th, 1888.—My dearest Arthur's wedding day.

The day was cold, clear and very beautiful. Everything was arranged so that Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth,³ Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Eva Wentworth and Mamie Campbell, Mr. Johnson and all our own people drove to Brookline to see the wedding. Arthur, Ella, and Herbert started at ten. My two boys carried down the valise for the wedding journey. Ella looked lovely in her bridesmaid's dress. Frank Boott, Arthur, George, and I, with Julia, Mabel, Mr. Duveneck, and dear little Ronald followed at half past ten. Julia wore a very charming dress of *vieux rose* from Hollander's, Ronald was dressed in blue velvet.

The church was beautifully decorated with hydrangeas and other flowers. Arthur and Herbert entered from a side door. Dear Arthur smiled at me and I could not resist the impulse of holding out my hand to him. Susie came in a moment looking most lovely on her father's arm, then the pretty bevy of bridesmaids, Ella and Maggie in front. Mr. Brown read the King's

³ Mr. Wentworth was for many years the farmer and Mr. Campbell the gardener at the Vale; Mr. Johnson, the carpenter.

Chapel service. They both answered most earnestly and reverently and the prayer—oh, how I yearn and long and cry out that that prayer may be granted! They walked together down the aisle. May our heavenly Father bless them with the highest and deepest blessings! We followed to the house. The reception was only of near friends and relatives. They left at two, just bidding the nearest farewell, no rice or slippers.

Susie's bridesmaids October 4th, 1888.

Maggie Cabot	Fanny Curtis
Ella Lyman	Dora Cabot
Ellen Coolidge	Ruth Cabot
Lotta Lowell	Fanny Mason
Mary Sears	Hester Cunningham
Nancy Codman	Katie Bullard

Herbert was best man and the ushers were:

Percival Lowell	George Burrage
Ted Cabot	George Cabot
George Morison	Frank Higginson Cabot
Bob Paine	John Moors
Joe Clarke	Henry Cabot
Arthur Denniston	Joseph Lee

Ella Lyman to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lyman

Waltham, October 7th, 1888.

My very dear Arthur and Susie,—Your happy, loving letter rejoiced our hearts. I had told myself that I must not expect to hear before Monday, so that when the letter came yesterday morning it was a great and unexpected pleasure. The memory of October 4th is a very lovely one—everything seemed to me perfect and harmonious—just as you would have wished it to be—just as it should have been for my very dear children.

It seems far away now, almost as if I had dreamed it—but it will be fresh and real again when I see your dear faces in the new-old home. Uncle George and Uncle Frank were much pleased with your message. Uncle George was delighted with Susie. Some time I shall tell Arthur what they all said! Uncle George leaves us tomorrow—we could not persuade him to stay longer—and Uncle Frank will be at Newport this week—so I think it will be a good time for me to make your house look a

little more habitable. The little parlor girl has arrived in Boston and will wait there until the 17th. I enclose a notice from the *Advertiser*. There have been a good many more which I will get for you.

I shall always think gratefully of October 4th because of the blessed gift it has brought us all. Ronald says he shall see a great deal of you. I shall go up to your house, after his visits to the pigeons!

All send warmest love. I already long to see you, and am always, Your very loving MOTHER.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 18th, 1888.—As I was passing King's Chapel I saw that a wedding was taking place and remembering that it was Ellen Hayward's, I went in partly because of the love Sue bore to her, and partly because I longed to pray again for those two dear children of mine. It was lovely in the dear old church and the bride looked most earnest.

November 1st, 1888.—My birthday. May my heart be filled with overflowing gratitude to my heavenly Father in that He has preserved us all another year and has brought my dearest Herbert home again in safety, and that this new and wonderful happiness has come to Arthur. May He make me really unselfish for my children in being rejoiced in their happiness, even when the happiness separates them from my yearning love.

The day proved an exquisite one—warm, almost summerlike, and I had a very happy day. Dear little Ronald not only made me a lovely picture, ornamented with feathers, but he brought in two of his own pigeons and presented me with them. The girls gave me a lovely full-sized photograph of Queen Louise and I had many other charming gifts, but the greatest gift of all was dear Aunt Anna coming over to pass the day with me. She was delighted with the baby (F.B.D.), and after lunch we went up to Susie's house, with which and with Susie she was much pleased. Dear Lizzie Put came out also. Susie and Arthur dined with us.

November 6th, 1888.—Dear Susie called, radiant with happiness. She said nothing could exceed or equal Arthur's thoughtfulness and tenderness, that she thought he must be very much like his father, that he was just overflowing with fun and frolic all the time.

November 9th, 1888.—A very oppressively hot day. Worked in my room, played with dear Ronald, read some of Susie's delightful letters sent to her with wedding presents. I had a quiet morning and we lunched early as we were all to dine at Susie's. We had a delightful time there and it was very sweet of her to ask us. We have not all been asked to dine out together, except at Christmas, since my dear mother died! The avenue was lighted, the house looked beautifully, candle-lighted, and the entry near the curved mirror and the mirror were draped with smilax. Lovely flowers were on the dinner table and all their beautiful silver wedding presents were displayed. It seemed very strange to be sitting in the familiar room at the familiar table as guests, with Arthur and Susie at the head of the table. Both appeared charmingly. I think Uncle Frank really enjoyed it and the dear little Ronald was delighted. Jessie went up to help the little parlor girl and Ronald went home with her, Herbert escorting them. This was a very delightful evening and I am so thankful to see them so happy.

December 25th, 1888.—Christmas Day, and the happiest I have had for years!

It was delightful to have Arthur and Susie with us in all the delight of their first happiness. Then my dear Herbert was at home again. The day was a very beautiful one but too mild to be agreeable, and I had a good deal of headache. The tables for presents were all arranged in the dining room, Susie's with Arthur's, and Baby F.B.D. with his table, as well as Ronald, this year. All were delightfully remembered and my dearest little Sue's table was most lovely. Uncle Frank gave me a most beautiful photograph, but my other presents I did not open then.

Before church Susie told me of her new and blessed hope.

She seemed ecstatically happy over it and said that Arthur was very much pleased and had wanted her to tell me at once. God grant, oh, may God grant that this little soul, made and given by Him, may lead their souls to know and love Him. To church, where Frank Peabody preached most delightfully on the blessed spirit of thoughtfulness which Christmas brings. Uncle Frank was much pleased with Baby's presents. He lunched with us and we went together to the tree Bessie Lyman had. We all dined at dear Sara's afterwards.

CHAPTER V

Frank Comes to the Vale

FRANCIS BOOTT (the grandfather of Francis Boot Duveneck) married Elizabeth Otis Lyman, daughter of George W. Lyman by his first wife Elizabeth Otis, and half-sister to my father. She is the Betty of the letters of 1820. Elizabeth died of tuberculosis not many years after her marriage, leaving one daughter, Elizabeth (or, as we called her, Lizzie) Boott, to be brought up by her widowed father. They lived for many years on the beautiful hills outside of Florence at Bellosguardo. In A.T.L.'s letters from Italy in 1855, he speaks of seeing Mr. Boott and Lizzie there and of how much he wanted them to live in Boston. They came indeed for visits, and occasionally for a winter, but Florence was their home, where they both made many friends. In 1885 Elizabeth Boott married the distinguished artist Frank Duveneck who had been her teacher, and Francis Boott Duveneck, their only child, was born in Florence in December 1886. The records from my mother's diary tell of Cousin Lizzie's death in 1888 and of the coming of the three generations—Francis Boott, Frank Duveneck, and Francis Boott Duveneck—into the hospitable Vale.

March 22nd, 1888.—The day opened bright and clear but before its close was most sadly darkened for us. A telegram came this morning from Frank Boott saying, "My daughter died suddenly this morning. Pneumonia." Oh! how can he bear it—his whole life was centered in her. And her poor husband and little baby. It seems almost as if it could not be true. I sent to Mrs. Walter Cabot and asked her if she would take care of the theatre party we were to have had for Bessie tomorrow. I thought it best on the whole to go to dancing school with Mabel and Ronald because I did not wish poor Mabel's pleasure to be spoiled and I did not tell her about this most sad loss.

Ella Lyman to Francis Boott

Boston, March 26th, 1888.

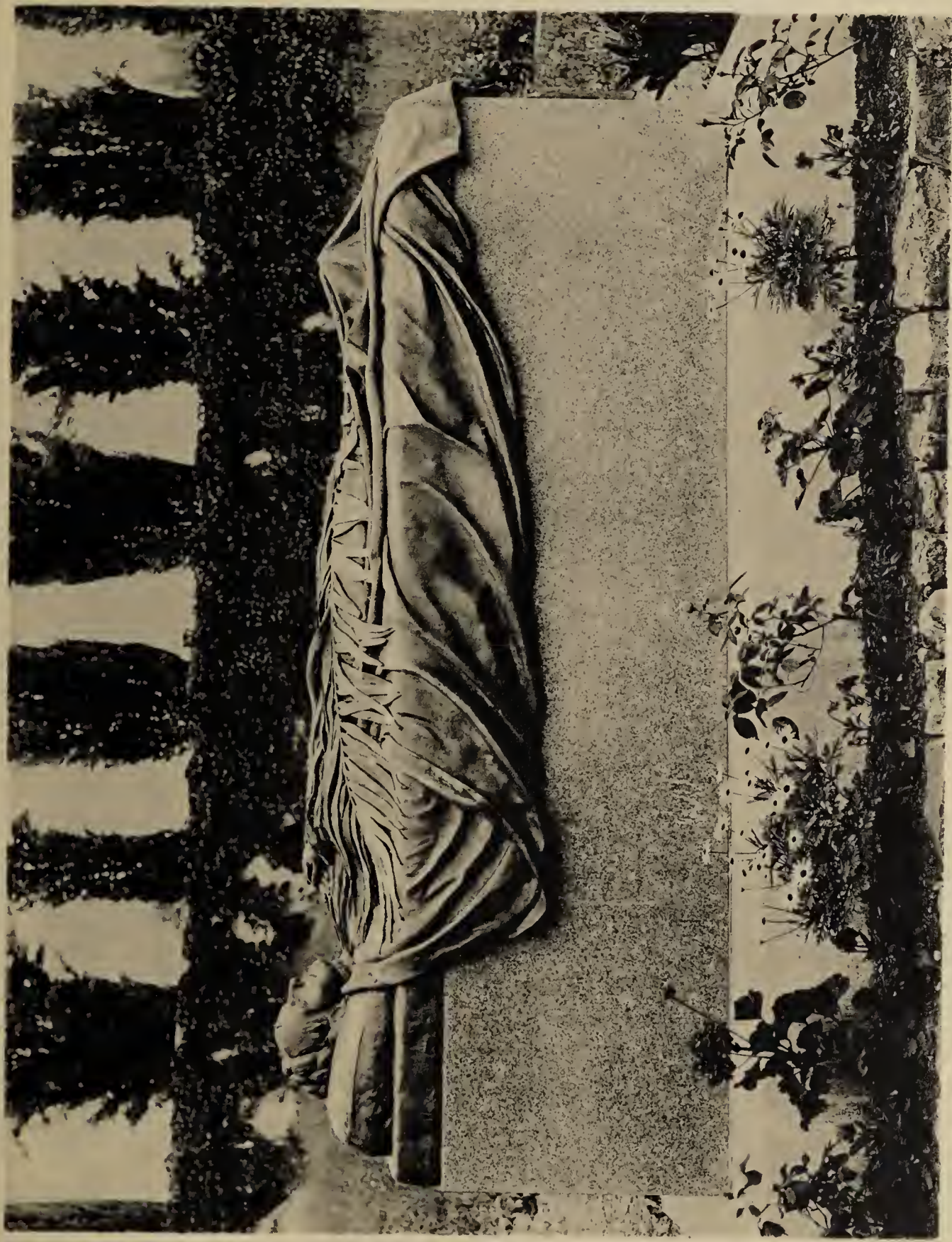
My dear Frank,—How can I write to you, how can I tell you the anguish which fills our souls at the thought of this irreparable loss! We clung at first to a wild hope that possibly there was some mistake in the telegram—it seemed too terrible to believe. Just as her happiness was complete, just as she was more than ever necessary and beloved! Oh, I hope she was spared knowing that she was called to leave you, her husband, and her child! If this knowledge was spared to her we can at least be glad that she will never now suffer as you have done. Any word of attempted comfort is worse than useless. He only Who sends the wound can give peace—and we poor helpless ones who love you so, can only yearn for you and pray that in some way we cannot see, this separation may be borne. Do tell her husband how we share his grief—how lovely and precious to us are all our memories of her. She brought happiness and blessing to all who knew her and few have ever been more widely loved. I sometimes wish we all were where she is now—reunited in a world where there will be no partings.

With tenderest sympathy and warmest affection, in which we all unite, Always your sister, ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

April 2nd, 1888.—Uncle Frank Boott wrote that Lizzie's life was short but very happy and the last two years a fitting close. She was not aware of her coming end and was spared the mortal agony of parting with those she loved.

April 8th, 1888.—Our 30th wedding day. How can we be thankful enough for all the happiness of these long years, for the great blessings which have been given to us. Of course in so long a retrospect there cannot but be mingled much sadness. We can hardly hope to remain together on earth nearly so long as we have been permitted to do, and of the world of older people surrounding us with love and care on our wedding day dear Aunt Anna, Aunt Mary Putnam, and Mrs. Peabody almost



ELIZABETH BOOTT DUENECK
Monument by Frank Duveneck

alone remain. When I inveigh against changes, as I often do, I forget how old I have grown and I ought rather to rejoice that King's Chapel at least remains unaltered and with unchanged doctrine—this is an unspeakable comfort.

April 14th, 1888.—Just as I was on my way out I met the postman who had two letters, one from Herbert and the other from Frank Boott. Frank Boott's contained a short letter to Arthur about dear Lizzie's will, and a long one to me, telling me a little about his plans for the future. He said that Duveneck had assigned the baby to him, that if he were forty years younger he would himself accept the responsibility as he did before, that he should probably pass the summer in Italy and perhaps return home with the baby in the autumn. In that case he asked if he might drop with his "impedimenta" at our house until he could look around him. Sometimes he thought if a haven of rest were offered for the little fellow among Lizzie's many friends it might be right for him to accept it. I immediately resolved to ask him to let me take the baby if Arthur consented.

Went to the Memorial Meeting in Mrs. Whitman's studio about dear Lizzie Boott.

May 14th, 1888.—This morning I received a letter from dear Herbert, rather a lonely one—still in Venice—and the long-expected answer from Frank Boott to my letter to him of April 15th. I opened it breathlessly but the answer was delightful. After sending it I had half feared he would think it presuming and possibly be half hurt, but he seemed relieved and grateful. He said he would certainly take advantage of the offer as far as coming here at once after landing was concerned, that he could not yet see further, but that he could not believe a better fate could await the little baby "than to be under your tender wing." He does not refer to my proposal for himself, but I hope he will not separate himself from the baby, and I should love to have him also.

Ella Lyman to Francis Boott

Waltham, May 27th, 1888.

My dear Frank,—I received yesterday your letter of May 14th, enclosing Herbert's note. I wish he could have been with you when the last sad services took place, but it has been impossible for him to leave his friend Frank Bullard during his illness.

I was so glad to hear such good accounts of the baby and to see the postal cards. They are so well written and expressed that I should think his nurse must be a very superior person.

The thought of losing Arthur from our household by and by, makes me rejoice at the hope of having this new darling to love. I wanted to tell you that I have everything needful for a baby here—bath-tub, crib, carriage, high chair, etc. I am so grateful to you for knowing how much we all want you and the baby. Arthur feels just as I do about it. We thought it over before I wrote, together, and we want you to do just what is best for yourself and the baby, only let us help you in it every way we can. The way that would suit me best of all, would be to keep you always with me! If Mr. Duveneck comes over with you I shall depend upon his coming here also. I have plenty of room you know, and he would feel happier perhaps to see the baby's surroundings, and the place which dear Lizzie loved so much (though sad, so sad without her) would interest him. Give our kindest regards and deep sympathy to him.

When you decide upon the steamer please let me know, and also if there are any especial arrangements you would like made.

You may not perhaps have heard that Edith Storer has a second child, a boy born on the 20th of May at Marietta, Georgia. Lydia and Robert are there. Edith is well, and the baby vigorous.

I think much of you, and how hard it must be at Bellosguardo without her. We shall rejoice to see you and to have you with us. Always your affectionate sister, ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

August 14th, 1888.—Just before dinner dear A.T.L. came in. He handed me a letter from Frank Boott announcing that he had been unable to obtain a passage before September 1st, and should arrive about the 9th, and then another, written three days later, saying they had been able to obtain better passages on the Champagne, sailing August 11th, so that they are already on the water and will probably arrive here on Sunday or Monday evening! At first I feared I could never be ready in five days, but I hope I can. Sarah and Lydia made me long calls in the afternoon.

August 17th, 1888.—The night was insufferably hot, not a breath of air was blowing. I did not get to sleep until very late and waked with a very bad headache which I feared would entirely incapacitate me through the day and how to spare the time I could not imagine, for we had planned to move Mabel today, change the beds, etc. I could not swallow a mouthful and lay down, first in the library where it was a little cooler and then in Arthur's room. Finally after a cup of strong coffee, I revived enough to be able to work and superintend. Johnson and John brought down the beds from Forest Street and carried dear Mabel's to the attic. Then Johnson hung all her pictures and by three o'clock her new abode looked as picturesque and pretty as possible. She was very sweet and lovely about it and declared she almost preferred it to her old room. I felt a little better as the day went on and when all necessary preparations for the Bootts were completed, worked a little on the drawers in the entry.

August 20th, 1888.—This day F.B., F.B.D., and F.D. came to us. After breakfast we received a telegram from Frank Boott, saying that they had arrived safely on Sunday but just too late to take the train. They would take the 9 A.M. Shore Line. We were in such a state of excitement that it was hard to settle to anything. I looked over my camel's hair shawls—finding all right. I went over to the street to make my first purchase for the baby. The afternoon seemed very, very long. We expected

them at four, but they did not come till 6:30. We sat in the east parlor, trying to keep ourselves quiet by reading aloud. Mme. de Maltchycé called about some conferences she wishes to have. Then Sarah Sears came. Finally they drove up—Frank Boott, Frank Duveneck, the dear little baby and Bessie [his nurse]. The baby was tired and went directly to his little nursery.

August 21st, 1888.—Rather a damp day, half cold and half hot. I thought Frank Boott seemed tired. We liked Mr. Duveneck very much. He is simple, almost boyish, very straightforward and affectionate. He went to Boston to see Mr. Clements and to see Carrie Dixwell. Sarah, Lydia, and all the girls called to see Uncle Frank and the baby. He is a very winning little fellow with a sweet smile. He only says a few disjointed words and walks rather unsteadily by the hand. He was enchanted by Ronald's velocipede horse and with Ronald himself, whom he calls Bébé, rather to Ronald's disapproval. I got the little darling to come to me for about an hour. It came on to rain very hard in the afternoon and in the evening it was a deluge in which we feared that Rose's poor kittens in the tree would be drowned. Talked and read in the evening. Dear Arthur went out in the rain to cover the kittens up.

August 22nd, 1888.—A fresh, bright northwest day after last night's furious rain. The little kittens proved to be all right. We had a very interesting conversation with Mr. Duveneck both before and after breakfast. He showed us the drawing taken of dear Lizzie after she died, by his friend Mr. Ritter. He spoke of their engagement ten years ago having been broken off, and said it had had a very bad effect on Lizzie's health. Then he said, "I cannot be grateful enough to you for what you have done for me. At first Mr. Boott thought of staying out there, but I told him it would be a great deal better for him to take the baby home, and he said the Lyman's was the only place to which he should be willing to have the baby go, and then almost immediately, your letter came, and it made another man of the old gentleman." I think he said that he knew there was no place Lizzie would have liked so well. I said I thought it

was very unselfish of him to part with the baby and added, "You must come to see him often, Mr. Duveneck," whereupon the poor fellow burst into tears and sobbed aloud. Not very long after he and Frank Boott went to Boston together. House-keeping, etc., then held the dear little baby while Bessie dined; played pigeon game with Ronald, wrote a little.

September 15th, 1888.—I had a long talk with Frank Boott over the fire this evening. He spoke much of Lizzie, of Duveneck's high estimate of her talent, of her having said she was not worthy to be an artist because she could not find her entire happiness in it. Then I said how I had wanted to ask him to live with us and let me take care of the baby as soon as I heard of Lizzie's death. He said, "I thought of you at once as the person whom I should like to have take him, but when I wrote to you I only proposed to *drop* at your house. It was the greatest possible relief to me when you answered as you did. Ann¹ did all she could to persuade Duveneck to let her act the same part with him as she did with me when Lizzie was a baby, told him how entirely the child would cease to care for him, etc., but he was staunch and after we got your letter, he felt entirely satisfied that it was by far the best plan for the baby.

When I urged him to stay on with us himself, Frank Boott said, "You could not imagine Dr. Bethune without his own house, could you?" but agrees to pass his summers with us. He talked most interestingly also about his early life in Florence with Lizzie. He said that Mary Appleton and his sister Harriet had both offered to take care of her, but that one of the last things Elizabeth [his wife] said was that she thought it would be best for him to take Lizzie to Florence and live with Mrs. Greenough, so he went out there, meaning to live with her, but it did not work and he only stayed with her six months and got along afterwards wonderfully well, far better than he should have supposed possible. Those books of Mrs. Oliphant's, *A House Divided against Itself* and *Harry Jocelyn*, always interested him very much, the situation was so like their own that it

¹ Lizzie Boott's old nurse.

seemed very likely she had drawn the situation from having heard their story.

To have a new baby boy to love was the greatest joy to Mamma who from the age of twenty-one to her death was always delightedly engaged in caring for her children; but anyone can see that with a divided authority there must be many difficulties. Mamma's diary shows with what generosity Cousin Frank Duveneck faced the situation.

November 19th, 1888.—Mr. Duveneck came out to see the baby and I had a very satisfactory talk with him. He began by saying, *à propos* of his going out in bad weather, that I must do as I thought best about it, he had told Mr. B. there could not be two masters. I urged him to make any suggestions he wished, but he said, "No, I do not want to say anything. I want to leave it all to you. If he had been knocking about with us or at my mother's, where he would not have had good care, then if anything had happened to him I should have felt it could have been helped, but now I feel as if he were under his mother's care, for it is just what she would have wanted. If anything happens to him now, I shall feel that it has been in the course of nature." He said he had told Bessie that the baby was to be brought up here with us and that he wanted him to be as much as possible one of the family, that he felt for himself it was better to keep off and go to work and get interested in that and in his friends.

I had a great deal of interesting talk with F.B. (or rather he talked to me) of his religious views, his feeling that he could submit entirely in the events of life because he thought they were all the inevitable results of law, that when people said to him that Lizzie's death was inscrutable he did not feel so, he felt that there was no special act of God in it—for that he should have thought cruel—but that it was the inevitable result of law that we could not understand now with our limited senses. . . .



FRANCIS BOOTT AND FRANCIS BOOTT DUVECK

All through the following years my mother had the exclusive affection of Frank Duveneck's devoted nurse to contend with. She wanted to keep Frank to herself. Once when she went to church, E.L. records: "She shed bitter tears, and embraced him on her return as if he had been rescued from a lion's den." It hurt and troubled Mamma beyond words that Frank was held away from her abounding love and her wise guidance. Then too Uncle Frank Boott expected from a baby of three, the perfected manners and instant obedience of a colonel to a general. At breakfast in the autumn of 1890 Mamma once explained to Frank that having been sick he could not eat a peach. Frank quickly understood and resigned it, but Uncle Frank "entirely disapproved of my having given him a reason. He said Frank ought to obey without a word." A few weeks later he expressed himself as much troubled because baby Frank answered to his nurse a question put to him by his grandfather. "He said he wished we would do something about his manners and that it seemed to him that baby was running wild." Mamma's patient comment is: "God help me to do aright."

But Uncle Frank continued doubly anxious for Frank's health, morals, and even his clothes. My mother mentions in her journal that the decision of the group about *hats* for baby Frank was so difficult that thirteen hats were sent up from the store and four of them bought.

I give here some notes of a letter from E.L. to Francis Boott about Frank, found written on an envelope in her 1891 diary. Uncle Frank was evidently troubled by the disobedience of his five-year-old grandson and wanted him to go to a kindergarten.

"It would perhaps be too much to expect any arguments to change convictions formed during thirty years of uninterrupted care of children before the experiment. I had thought that the same results would be obtained naturally and without suffering in a few months. I am not only ready to try this plan, but should very much prefer to do so since you feel so strongly about it. You will then I suppose arrange everything with Miss G. [Miss Garland, I think] and we will send him on Monday.

But before he goes I think it is only fair to him to say that we consider him a good obedient child now. I have never failed to make him obey me when I have dealt with him alone, and have not had the slightest trouble for weeks together. He seems to me too quite as considerate as most little children, but no one would rejoice more than I should if he should gain all you hope by the change."

It is needless to say that in relation to Frank's upbringing my mother won out. She won Bessie's affection; she won Frank for always. As for Uncle Frank's trust and admiration, they are charmingly celebrated in his conundrum on the name Lowell:

Behold my first, followed by the poor Indian!
 My second, well, that's better let alone.
 My whole's a city's name,—a soldier's, poet's;
 A name that's honored wheresoe'er it's known.
 It was a certain lady's; later, changed.
 Not so her charming nature. Sometimes we
 Called her by her first name, and, when that's heard,
 All Italy knows well that it is she.

On August 10th, 1891, Uncle Frank, Cousin Frank, his sister and brother, A.T.L., E.L., Ronald, Baby Frank and Bessie actually went to Princeton, Mass., for three days. Uncle Frank forgot his valise and two overcoats and had to run to recover them and catch the train. After mounting three flights of stairs to their dreary little room, Mamma had palpitation from the long climb and from hurrying in the heat. The bed was very hard and she could not sleep in the hot stuffy room. Ronald fell out of bed, and a loud clock near by struck every hour. She heard all but two, and got up at six. It was terribly hot and they had to walk to the hotel for meals, but Uncle Frank was carried away with everything. A.T.L. picked flowers, and F.B.D. ate innumerable slices of bread and butter. Mamma tried to enjoy it and succeeded by her valiant interest, as few people could have done when half-sick and sleepless.

Ella Lyman to Ella Lyman, Jr.

Princeton, August 11th, 1891.

My darling Ella,—. . . It is very hot walking to three meals.

I have brought the photographs of all my children up to look at—they seem far away.

Papa is lovely and very uncomplaining, and so kind to Miss Duveneck, whom he has taken on a long walk so as to give me a chance to sit still in my room and write—a chance which I greatly value.

On getting home she writes in her diary, a day or two later: "At home again! How delightful was the half-waking consciousness of being here. How tasteful and charming the house looked, how dainty the meals, how soft my sofa, above all how great the relief to have the journey accomplished and done. The rye is being cut today. Everything sparkles with sunshine and all is lovely."

The following extracts from E.L.'s diary show her happiness in Frank.

November 27th, 1890.—(Thanksgiving) Ronald and Baby were lovely together hand in hand, each with a lady's-slipper orchid for a buttonhole bouquet, Ronald with his crimson velvet and Baby in white. Baby sat between his grandfather and me at his first Thanksgiving dinner and enjoyed it greatly.

August 20th, 1891.—Arthur took Ronald and Baby out. They "got lost in a cornfield." It is just three years today since our blessed little Frankie came to us. Ronald said at dinner: "Aren't you glad you came, Baby?" and he answered joyfully: "I'm glad I came to Lyman."

In June 1892 Bessie went to England for the summer to be with her mother.

Ella Lyman to Julia

June 26th, 1892.

Dearest Julia,—On Wednesday, Uncle Frank, Mr. Duveneck and Mr. Wendel passed the day here, poor Uncle Frank dreading the parting and very nervous about Bessie's getting aboard on time, about the parting with Baby, etc. On Friday when they came for the last time he seemed much better. It was cool as it was on Thursday, his trunk was ready, Bessie's plans arranged, Mr. Duveneck's will made, all arranged as he

wished. Poor Bessie had to leave here at 6:30 A.M. on Saturday morning for the Cephalaria sailed at 9 A.M. They were very anxious to have her pass the night in Boston, but she compromised by giving Baby up on Friday. Mr. Duveneck wanted her to steal away while he was asleep and have no formal leave-taking, but she said she had talked it all over with Baby and was sure he would do far better if he bade her good-by. He got her a little box with strawberries, cherries, and fancy biscuit, ate his supper with her all right, but when she appeared with her hat on and bag in her hand it was too much for the poor little fellow. He pulled at her dress, hid the key of her bag, and clung to her sobbing and declaring that she should not go to see her mother, he would not let her go. Finally she took her things off; he quieted down, let her undress him, and went to sleep. Unfortunately, poor Uncle Frank had stayed to tea and was a good deal upset by all this. He pushed away his strawberries, saying he could not eat them, and finally went away without adding another farewell to Bessie's, a good deal agitated himself, I fear, for he walked rather unsteadily and kept looking back at the nursery windows.

Baby slept quietly all night. I wrote a little note and left it on Bessie's door handle to say so. He did not even hear her carriage come and go, but when he waked and did not find her there he burst into tears saying, "I told her not to go without bidding me good-by!" Ronald ran to the rescue and in a few minutes he had dried his eyes and ran cheerily off with Ronald to his nursery to see which would be dressed first, and he has not shed a tear since. It has been very cool since Thursday. Since Saturday, rain, occasional sunshine with violent sudden gusts of rain so that they have been in the house a good deal, but they have been in fine spirits playing together so happily with the little stables I bought them last summer.

Journal of Ella Lyman

June 26th, 1892.—When I waked this morning baby was kneeling up in his bed smiling at me.

July 18th, 1892.—Looked over the trunk in which my darling mother's and dear Lizzie's wedding dresses and bonnets are. Oh! may God make me faithful and helpful to her blessed little child and grant that he may grow up to be a blessing to his dear father and grandfather who have suffered so much.

August 1892.—Ronald is very lively. He has improved his elastic violin so that he can get a perfect scale and plays "Lord, Dismiss Us." He and Frank have been having musical performances on these instruments. I am audience and ticket buyer usually. Ronald sings and acts Odd Fellows' Hall, dancing and fighting, and Frankie comes in with his deep bass for chorus.

June 6th, 1893.—I wrote to Uncle Frank and I hope he will be relieved to get my letter. Oh, may God help me to be unselfish about dear Baby and to give him up more and more to his father, as he may want him, without a murmur. By all the changes, may I be more and more weaned from earthly things and grow to seek the continuing city.

July 24th, 1893.—I am shamefully homesick for the dear child. I yearn for his voice and after these five years I feel a love for him which is unquenchable. How much brightness and blessing his little life has brought to all who love him on earth, and we may surely hope his dear mother sees and rejoices in him also. We ought to consider ourselves only as instruments in God's hands to do the work He gives us, and then be willing to be cast aside when He no longer needs us.

Ella Lyman to Francis Boott

August 1893.

My dear Frank,—I need not tell you how delighted we shall be to have dear little Frankie with us again—but I do not think the proposal for his return should come from me. As you planned the absence I think the time of the return must be left to you, and to his father. But I think from what Mr. Duveneck said to Frank that he expects to have him come back

soon, for he spoke of the 1st of September and of "next week." I said that I was afraid that he would miss him much more for having had him all these weeks, and he said: "Ah, no, some men did not miss anyone when they knew he was well off—they had not much sentiment." To which I answered that I did not believe he was one of those men!

About Frankie's school—I know he could have learned more last winter if he had had more of the kindergarten methods, but do you not remember how often you have said that you did not want his mind stimulated in the least—and as I knew that you were anxious the year before to have him join Miss Garland's kindergarten I supposed that you, like Edith Storer and Alice Clarke, preferred the modern methods. I never have. I prefer *work* when work is the order of the day, and play in its proper place. My plan for Frank was to have him taught alone this summer either by Miss Burnham or to try to do it myself—for about an hour or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour daily—and then he would I think read a good deal before going to school again which would of course facilitate his progress very much. I do not think Miss G. should be blamed if the children did not learn very much. It was rather a large class. The hours were very short and the children began late and left off early, and many of them were absent. There must be a good deal of supplementary teaching, it seems to me, if children are to be out of town so many months, and I always had that for my children.

Did you know that we heard from a lady in East Gloucester that she "had seen the handsome Mr. Boott at church," and asked what was the "secret of his eternal youth?" I leave you to guess the lady's name.

Of course you will return with little Frankie, and I am sure I need not tell you how glad we shall be to see you.

My mother worked all her spare time that summer in getting children for Frank's school. Six fell off in July after agreeing to join. "It is very discouraging, but I shall try till I have exhausted every acquaintance whom I can think of."

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 1st and 2nd, 1893.—I can hardly adequately describe the pleasure and comfort which I felt on awaking and remembering that darling Frankie had returned. It was delightful to have him again by my side at breakfast.

Uncle Frank spoke again of Lizzie's illness, of how tired and overworked she had been, but of the great happiness of her married life. She had never felt satisfied with her art. "She craved love and motherhood, and I could not suffice to her at all." He spoke with most touching gratitude of my having offered to have Baby come here and "it was so wonderful that Arthur should have given his consent."

Uncle Frank said how well and strong Frank had become. I said: "He certainly has been very happy." He replied: "Wonderfully happy. I don't believe there ever was such a happy childhood." It will always be a comfort to me to remember that he said this.

Many other lovely things he said then and later of my mother, and one of the most moving was spoken as late as 1902 to Mary Sears:

"She certainly let her light shine in the world about her. If it had not reached Frank and me, where should we be now? Who would do for others what she did for us?"

CHAPTER VI

The Brave Last Years

THE FIRST GRANDCHILD

DURING the last four years my mother faced the shortness of her time on earth, especially after the autumn of 1891 when Dr. Putnam told her that her condition was very serious. He proposed an operation in July 1892, but she feared she might not rally from it owing to her heart trouble and he agreed that there was a risk. Risk either way alas! She tried to save my father the knowledge of the possibility of an operation "for it would worry and trouble him so much and he is happy now." She herself found a new and engrossing happiness in her first grandchild. She adored babies.

Ella Lyman, 3rd, to Ella Lyman

Written by Arthur Lyman (in the name of his infant daughter)

Waltham, October 21st, 1889.

Dear Grandmamma,—I came two months ago into a world full of loving people. I found a very sweet, kind person who sometimes holds me and looks at me with dear eyes and makes me happy. She has a name which is lovely itself, and is loved by ever so many people because it is hers. Papa and Mamma love her so much that they have let me have her name. There is another dear person with the same name. I ought to be very nice. With love to dear Grandpapa, ELLA LYMAN.

Ella Lyman to Ella Lyman, 3rd

Waltham, October 24th, 1889.

My sweetest little Granddaughter,—I am so much pleased that your first letter should have been to me, and I want to write you the first you will ever receive. I am very grateful to dear

Papa and Mamma for wanting you to be named for me and their loving wish has made me very happy.

May the loving heavenly Father fill your life as full of blessing as mine has been. May God's beautiful world give joy to you, my little darling, may the tenderest love surround you, and may you bring comfort and joy and gentle happiness, wherever you may go! Most tenderly, Your grandmother,

ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

January 1st, 1890.—I felt a longing to go to church again for I have been through deep waters in these anxious days [of Frank's illness], so I drove to King's Chapel. I can hardly bear to be away at all though the darling is so apparently well again.

January 7th, 1890.—Arthur, Susie, and baby Ella came. My dear trio did not arrive until 2:30. The baby looked perfectly lovely, sweet and placid. What a blessing to have my first little grandchild under my roof. She has grown finely and is so ready to smile and coo that it is bewitching to talk to her.

January 9th, 1890.—I try to stay at home till I feel sure I shall not be needed, and think my best work this winter will be in trying to make my large household run smoothly. It is a great, an infinite blessing to have my children together again.

January 15th, 1890.—I can hardly believe that my darling youngest daughter has attained such an age! A pure blessing she has been to us these eighteen years. I begin now to feel our old age really advancing, grown-up children, all but sweet Ronald, and a grandchild!

Easter Sunday, April 6th, 1890.—Dear A.T.L. bought some charming little card butterflies and put them at each plate, decorating Ronald's whole surroundings. It was lovely having all of them here even to wee baby, our new and lovely gift.

Waltham, September 23rd, 1890.—Sarah Sears asked Abby to dinner, so I decided suddenly to go to town for an hour in the afternoon in order to engage Olive Sidebottom. I sat quietly through dinner as usual and when all had dispersed,

took the 4:45 train and returned at six without anyone discovering my absence. In the evening the three representatives of Arthur's elder brothers and sisters, Frank Boott, George, and Abby, sat peacefully round the fire.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. Henry W. Foote

[Winter of 1890.]

Dearest Fanny,—The little book¹ does indeed come to my heart and my need. I cannot tell you how thankful I am to have it, or what a precious possession it will be to me, to add these words of pure high faith to my daily reading. The years as they pass only make me long more for the time which is gone and realize more fully how much his example, his constant living on the highest plane, and the certainty of his faith and trust have strengthened me during all these twenty-seven years. But I could not but feel how long it was since I had seen you, when Arthur read the announcement of the book, and I had never known you were preparing it!

Dearest Fanny, we must keep closer to each other in this short life. I realize your desire to be as much as possible with your children, but do not cut me off always from those few moments' intercourse after church which were so invaluable to me. For seven months we are necessarily separated most of the time, and in winter much as I long to see you I cannot often go, my life is so full and crowded. But I was sure of at least not losing the thread of your thoughts by those short weekly drives together. I will not ask for every Sunday but do let me go home with you sometimes. Your friendship and love are among my best possessions. Most lovingly and gratefully, ELLA.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine

Boston, February 15th, 1891.

My dear Lydia,—I find it hard to imagine you so far away, amid such strange scenes, while we plod quietly on in our old

¹ Of sermons by Rev. Henry W. Foote.

routine. All are well again now, I am thankful to say. Baby Frank had a bad attack of influenza, but he has entirely thrown it off. We have Arthur, Susie, and baby with us now. They arrived from Mrs. Cabot's on Thursday. The doctor considers Susie decidedly stronger than last winter and she is up and out in the morning now—lying down two hours in the afternoon. The baby is perfectly lovely—such a happy, merry little thing—always laughing, running everywhere. She says only a few words—of which “hallo!” is the most prominent. It is very pretty to see her and Baby Frank together. She admires him very much, while he is rather shy with her—very fatherly and feeling himself much older. “Auntie,” he said, “don’t you think I had better show Baby Ella how to hold her spoon?” He had just acquired the difficult accomplishment of holding his own right, and was very proud of his success. Arthur the father, or the *grandfather*, I suppose we must say now, has been remarkably well thus far this winter. He is as busy as ever but I really think it does not seem to disagree with him. It seems to me that our generation have a much more persistent capacity for work than the younger one. I wonder sometimes whether all the athletic exercises and constant out-of-door life in childhood and youth do not tend to make sedentary life when it becomes necessary very difficult if not impossible.

I went today at noon to St. Paul's, hoping to hear Mr. Brooks, but alas it was for *men* only. We still hear different preachers nearly every Sunday at King's Chapel and there seems very little hope of finding anyone upon whom we can agree. Meantime we have very good preaching and the church not only holds its own but four or five pews have been bought this year.

We have had a delightful old-fashioned winter, bright and clear with a good deal of snow. It is warm again now and the crocuses will soon be up. I wish we could have a long talk instead of this unsatisfactory writing. Very affectionately, ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

March 18th, 1891.—We had our usual hurried merry breakfast, Arthur “last-tagging” the little boys [Ronald and Lowell] as they hurry off to school. Frankie and Baby Ella with their pretty little flirtations and passing of bread love-tokens.

April 13th, 1891.—Took Baby Ella to Aunt Anna Lowell’s. I let the little darling sit in her great-great-great-grandmother Lowell’s chair on the seat worked by her equally great grandmother Amory and then when she went upstairs it was such a pleasure to place her in dear Aunt Amory’s rocking-chair and to feel that her blessing would have rested with this lovely little child.

Arthur’s family left on April 16th, 1891. Frankie said: “It will be nasty without wee Baby Ella,” and Mamma wrote: “Lovely little baby has wound herself very near my heart, but I must try to be reasonable and willing to give them up when they want to go to their own home. There is, I fear, great selfishness in my love. I do so long to keep all my dear ones round me.”

May 1891.—Take owl to be cured for moths, and the squirrel’s tail. See if Herbert’s umbrella was left at Libbie’s. Order gingersnaps. Get astrakan to cover toy dog. Take Ronald’s watch to Stowell. Send Ira [the coachman] up to Susie to take her to drive. Have Ira’s mattress made longer. Tell Sara, Thomas [E.L.’s choreman] will rub her table. Send asparagus and rhubarb to Mrs. Farnham.

May 31st, 1891.—Arthur brought sweet Baby Ella down (just as I was leaving for church) looking very prettily and little-girl-like in a round straw hat, her little bright brown curls hanging down behind. She took my hand and evidently wanted me to sit down at the table with her and let her give Frankie crumbs of bread as she used to in Boston. I was so sorry I could not stay with her. She enjoyed trotting into the old china closet for a cracker, as her papa had often done before her. She played about so prettily, pushing her baby carriage

up and down with her doll in it, tucking it up with a blanket.

July 16th, 1891.—Sweet Baby Ella came running joyfully to meet me, let me take her up in my arms and really clung close and let me cuddle her. What a delight this is.

In June 1891, Mamma urged by Aunt Sara actually thought of taking a few days' vacation herself in the White Mountains with Papa. Her entry about it shows how much responsibility she was holding at home: "It seemed to me almost impossible to leave Josephine [the seamstress] here and her work not arranged, some of my Widows' visits unmade, Jessie liable to be poorly again, Julia so very delicate, the new parlor girl—above all leaving little Frank, which I have never done for a night since he came. I could take darling Ronald with me and perhaps it would be good for him. Sara urged it because she thought Arthur would feel safer and happier if I went and on the ground of my own health. If it would make a real difference in the benefit Sara would derive from it, I perhaps ought to abandon my other duties and go."

A.T.L. thought it safer for her to stay at home, so she did, and writes the next Saturday: "The house is full, but it can never be really filled without the dear owner."

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 13th, 1891.—Papa drove Julia and me through the lovely fields on the other side of the pond. They are beginning to dig for the sewer there on Monday and I wanted to look at the lovely regions before they are cut up. The views of the pastures and distant woods are exquisite and the old entrance across the pond must have been beautiful indeed.

October 4th, 1891.—Arthur brought sweet Baby Ella down and it was a lovely sight to see him sitting on the rug with her, holding her on one arm and looking with such smiling radiant happiness into her face.

November 15th, 1891.—Read to Susie in Chittenden's *Lin-*

coln. The lovely little ever-sleeping baby [Tue] came for her abundant meal, an unspeakable comfort. It does my heart good to see all so peaceful and happy there. Dear Baby Susie grows and thrives apace. She is so soft and sweet and plump, a very placid little baby.

In October 1891, Ronald fell from the pigeon-house loft, broke his leg, and was laid up for a month. "Oh, it is grievous, our little active pigeon who had flown rather than walked all his life!" Ronald could not bear separation from his friends in the loft for long, and before his leg knitted he was pushed up in a wheelbarrow to see them.

Journal of Ella Lyman

Waltham, November 8th, 1891.—Julia and I decided to go to the Swedenborgian Church as we both feared to fall into a lethargy in the Unitarian last Sunday with the furnace, and I do feel so very poorly now that it will hardly do for me to get any more uncomfortable. Charlie has not asked me to give up doing everything or in fact anything. It has become a relief for me to be in bed so as to release my head from its constrained position in holding this weight, but as the day goes on I grow brighter and have more appetite.

November 9th, 1891.—To Lydia's, where we had the pleasure of seeing Mabel's lovely ball dress, white tulle with spangles and pale pink morning-glories.

Order for Thanksgiving dinner:

- 3 lbs. sausages
- 2 roasting turkeys, 12 lbs.
- 1 boiling turkey
- 3 pints oysters
- 2 ducks

November 29th, 1891.—I waked feeling better, my circulation apparently quieter and less impeded. Wrote a note or two, rather a rare thing now since writing has become so uncomfortable.

May God help us to use the time He yet grants us unselfishly and well.

January 9th, 1892.—I put my desk and chest in order. I was in the curious dreamy state I am sometimes in now, like one who sees through a glass darkly. I am really perfectly conscious of all I am doing and able to give my mind to it, but I feel far away.

Far away—that feeling shows how ill she was, she who at every instant was present to the needs of all around her!

She was better in February though hands and wrists were much swollen. She had kidney trouble, too, Dr. Putnam told her. He could hardly hope she would get all over it and evidently thought it very serious. In August 1892 she wrote in her journal: "I heard the saddest news from poor Edith Young. There was no hope. Mrs. Smith said it was a disease of the thyroid gland of the neck and always fatal. Oh, may God help her poor parents! I cannot but feel anxious for I know that I have the same trouble 'though with a difference,' Charlie said. He evidently considers my case a very serious one. Were it not for what he said I should feel better, for the swelling on my face and hands has almost entirely gone, and though I am weak and have a capricious appetite, Charlie said the report of the kidney trouble was better. Profoundly depressed. I should have been thankful could I have lived to help my children, to be with my dearest Arthur, to finish my work with dear little Frank, to have Baby Ella remember me, but I pray and struggle to say God's will not mine be done, and that He will help me to do the best I can each day."

There came more hope and decided relief with the giving of an extract of sheep's glands and I get the impression that 1893 was a better year than the earlier ones. In July 1893 she visited Dr. James J. Putnam (Cousin Charles being away) and got from him much more encouragement.

Journal of Ella Lyman

January 30th, 1892.—My blessed Julia's birthday. She has been an unspeakable comfort and help to me and to all—so

pure, so noble, so high-minded and earnest, and yet so humble and gentle.

February 9th, 1892.—Rested a little and finally decided to go to Lydia's party as I long to see my little Mabel dance, which I have not yet done being too much occupied at our own party and being ordered home so early by the doctor at Sara's. I enjoyed this one very much. It was so cool and pleasant and I had a seat all the time.

February 24th, 1892.—F.B.D. to Dr. Cooke's (the dentist). He behaved very well. He takes a wonderful interest in all the instruments, in the way the chair is pushed up and down, the table screwed round, even the slide wheel.

March 26th, 1892.—Called at Lizzie Bullard's with some Cherokee roses, at Ellen Bancroft's with some butter, and at dear Lissie's with some sausages.

May 31st, 1892.—I have been so happy in my children. I wish I could have them all over again.

July 3rd, 1892.—Dear A.T.L. drove me up to Susie's. Gentle little Baby Tue was sitting upon a rug on the piazza playing peacefully with *one* block. I never saw so quiet and gentle a child. She smiles sweetly when one plays with her or speaks to her.

August 13th, 1892.—Herbert was in great demand as usual by Ronald to go to the pigeon loft, or better still to call on some pigeon fanciers, and by Mabel to ride on horseback. He managed to make them both happy. I should like to save some of Ronald's toys for his children as I did some of Arthur's for his.

August 14th, 1892.—I gave Baby Ella the little toys to play with that Arthur wanted saved for his children in 1872!

August 16th, 1892.—In the afternoon dear Baby Ella's little birthday cake having arrived with three white candles, I drove up there with all her little gifts, the elephant family from Poss, dear Julia's dinner set, a doll from Aunt Mabel, a Noah's ark and silver thimble from me. She was delighted with these things and it was very pretty to see her clap her little hands with delight.

August 27th, 1892.—I had a lovely call from Baby Ella, who looked on with wonder and admiration while Herbert played lively music, and Frankie marched round with a red cap, flourishing a flag and singing at the top of his lungs.

August 28th, 1892.—I walked home through the woods from Susie's today and past the site of our dear old home. The gerardia was growing in wild abundance over the hill where our darling used to play. Dear Jessie is so tender and affectionate—a great comfort.

August 1892.—I looked over my blessed Sue's drawers. Oh! how the last mementos bring her vividly back to me. I can almost see the lovely flushed face, the eager eyes, the sweet smile!

JULIA GOES TO SCHWALBACH

All through the lives of A.T.L. and of E.L., Julia (who often spoke of the privilege of being the eldest child) moved with quiet dignity and inward happiness in spite of wearing ill health. Though she lived till January 26th, 1922, perhaps the year when she went to Schwalbach is the best place to sketch in a few lines for the younger generation her lovely nature.

Julia in her early childhood was a merry and talkative little girl. Her conversations ripple through Mamma's journals. She became less talkative and gay, but she always kept a steadfast serenity joined to quick emotion that would bring a flush of joy to her cheek or tears into her eyes. Aunt Anna speaks of her as mature at thirteen, a wise little girl. She was strong as a child and up to the age of about sixteen, I think. After Sue's death she was never wholly well. She suffered repeatedly from sick headaches, which she bore patiently, lying all day in a half-darkened room until they passed off.

Mr. Foote said of her when she was dressed to go to her last day at school: "Julia looks as pure and bright as a bit of the blue sky." Purity indeed was always one of her characteristics—purity and an inner refinement that was deep as solid mahogany. Her head of rich black hair was held high on her

beautiful throat, not through pride but through a kind of unconscious dignity quite consistent with humility. She held herself morally and physically upright, and she kept all her life a power of righteous indignation, surprising at first in one so modest and retiring. She was quiet in all her ways, moving softly, speaking gently, and acting with decision but calmly. I recall as a source of family laughter Julia's one vehement remark that if the Searses ran down America when they returned from Europe, she would have to shake them. Even more was it a source of laughter (when one of the Searses did thus err) to see Julia, flushed with resolve, approach and seize her cousin's shoulders ever so gently, saying: "I said I would shake you, and I am shaking you."

Self-forgetting love and careful accuracy were perhaps Julia's strongest characteristics. She had a delightful set of friends, and in the happiness of each her cheeks would glow and her eyes light up with joy; for every one of the family at home her love was tender and constant. Her journals tell happily of events concerning them and every event is told so accurately that we can see it happen again. Now it is a Thanksgiving dinner of the three Waltham families, twenty-one in number, and of gay dancing down the long hall at the Vale, now it is the delight of seeing her friend Mary Hill as a bride. Here is a characteristically loving description:

Journal of Julia Lyman

Sunday, November 21st, 1886.—Papa and Mamma to Boston in 8:30 train to try to meet Herbert. As I sat in the library about 10:20 (having thought it too late for him to have come on the 8:25 or 9:15) I heard a step on the piazza, and in walked the dear H.!! He looked natural. Oh, such a joy to see him here again! Ellen went to church alone and we sat round with him. Papa and Mamma got back before twelve. He unpacked and gave us each a delightful and thoughtfully chosen present. He had enjoyed all the music so very much. It was delightful to hear him play again. Before tea we had hymns,



JULIA LYMAN
by Porter

and it was very lovely because Arthur came and sang and we began with dear Ronald's two hymns and then he played be a dog on the floor, part of the time with Papa.

Monday.—We sat in the dining room in the sunshine and Herbert went over his programmes. Beautiful sunset.

Thursday, 25th. Thanksgiving.—Infinite cause. Papa so well. Nearly a year since Arthur's illness and no return of it. Herbert home safe. Aunt Sara so wonderfully better. Prosperity in all the families and among my friends. Only dear Mamma so poorly, but thank God, not dangerously ill. To Methodist church with her, where we had a good sermon. Aunt Abby did not come, so just the three families—twenty-one, gay and pleasant, dancing down the long entry, singing and coddam. At dinner sweet Bay sang several songs and he danced vigorously. Mamma was much pleased that it was so successful.

Julia's teachers spoke of her as a fine student, even a brilliant one. Her chronic weakness which left her unspeakably thin and undernourished perhaps slowed down her expression of ideas, but her accuracy combined with a refusal to accept any statement until she understood it, must always have made for scholarship. In 1892 she and Mabel both got 100% in a geology test at the Institute of Technology.

Julia was especially poorly in 1890 and 1891. She went to New York for electric treatments which began so hopefully that A.T.L. wrote her that it was very cheering to the inhabitants of the Sleepy Hollow Vale, but the hope was short-lived. She came back, visited her Associated Charities cases, studied geology diligently, and devoted herself to Aunt Anna Lowell. Yet she continued to be so miserable that in 1892 Dr. Morton advised the baths at Schwalbach in Germany. Miss Emily Whitney went with her. "The fresh outlook of hope is pathetically cheering to her," Mamma wrote. "How much the poor child has suffered! May I—may we—have strength to bear the separation. I cannot oppose it, for the blessing would far outweigh the pain if it helped her even a little. I fear we both feel that

dearly as we love each other, closely as we cling together, we must part for nine or ten weeks. Everything seems to lead to this and the way seems opened. Emily Whitney will be glad to go with her. Mary Sears will be there to welcome her and to be cheered by her coming. There is nothing at home to prevent. The doctor advises it, and though I can hardly bear to let her go, I can bear still less to urge her to remain when there is a chance of these waters really doing her good."

Julia was wonderfully brave throughout and almost exhilarated by the idea. After she left, Mamma writes: "June 21st, 1892. My darling Julia sailed on the Trave for Bremen. Rose at six somewhat rested and refreshed by God's blessed gift of sleep." They heard ten days later that the Trave had run into and sunk a sailing vessel, cutting it in two. Papa characteristically talked of Julia's violent ways in sinking ships and of Miss Whitney's wickedness in so doing. He with his swift all-seeing eyes had seen a reference to the wreck four days before any of us knew it, but had not mentioned it. The following letters show how deep and tender was the relation between Julia and my mother.

Ella Lyman to Julia

(at Schwalbach, Germany)

Waltham, June 21st, 1892.

My dearest Julia,—My heart is full of love and yearning for you and I am going to send you a few lines although the news will be but a day later than when you left us. Everyone has been so kind and so much interested. Susie brought sweet Baby Ella down in the afternoon. Baby Ella came up into my room to play with her doll in her dear little motherly fashion, and when I told her dear Aunt Julia had gone she said, "Home again soon." She asked for my little comb, as well as the brush for dolly's hair, combing it very skillfully, and getting up to deposit the imaginary hairs in the fireplace, remarking that she could not bear tangles in dolls' hair!

Dear Papa did not reappear until night. I was thankful to

hear a little later news from you and that Miss Whitney met you all right. I do hope her bromide may help her seasickness. At one o'clock we shall be in town, perhaps going to see Papa's bust. I am afraid my heart will be very far away! It seems rather a cooler day but it is early yet. I took dear Papa's often reiterated advice and went to bed with Ronald, so at five I had had my usual amount of sleep, but I did not get up until six, and the birds have been singing and the sun shining several hours. But it is rather dark in my room as I have not wanted to wake the two dear "sleeping beauties," so you will excuse my handwriting.

Ella and Mabel were very sweet and dear Jessie came down to call on me three times through the day to see how I was getting on. We sat in the bow chamber, or rather they made me lie down there after you left, all declaring with tears how glad we were to have you go and what an excellent thing we hoped it would be for you! I am thankful to think this note will find you on dry land again.

With warmest love to Emily and to dear Mary, and oh, so much to my darling Julia, Most lovingly, Your MOTHER.

Waltham, June 26th, 1892.

Dearest Julia,—The girls have arranged to write by the Friday vessel and I am to write by the Tuesday, but the time since you left seems so extraordinarily long that I really cannot wait any longer. Every day I think, "It is time to write to Julia" or "Julia will want to hear," just as if it were any use to write! And all the time that unknown German vessel is rapidly bearing you farther and farther away. But I shall feel better as soon as the telegram comes. I will add a little to my letter on Monday and a line on Tuesday, that you may know of the last moment possible. Dear Herbert returned safely, but very tired, from Bellport on Thursday at 11 P.M., having left Bellport at 6 A.M. He saw a customer in New York, and stopped at the mill. We were glad to glean what little additional particulars he could give us about you. I am afraid you must have had a very lonely time on board, for according to the list there was not a single person you know.

But you will be wanting to know about our doings instead of my wondering about you. All has gone well with us, but it has been a strange week; a week of partings. Even Mabel left us yesterday for her little visit at Magnolia, but she will soon be back. To begin at the beginning—on Tuesday, your sailing day, I drove to Boston with Bessie and the little boys. It was tolerably cool going in but became very hot and oppressive afterwards. Baby had a good many fillings replaced, and Dr. Cooke said he was the best boy he had ever worked for. Then poor Ronald had rather a painful one. At Hollander's, after buying them some suits, we met Ella and Mabel, and all proceeded together to Mr. Duveneck's studio, where we saw the bust,—really very fine. It is a little *over* size, but the likeness is very strong. I feel almost sure you will like it, and Mr. Duveneck has had one cast made for us to keep.

Wednesday was insufferably hot. I forgot to say that Mabel and I were very successful in getting her a lovely Class Day hat trimmed with white roses.

Jessie sends ever and ever so much love to you. She is so interested and travels down to see me many times a day. She says she misses you dreadfully, wants me to tell you that she brings me my hot water regularly and thinks I look better. Poor Mary never fails to put roses on your bureau when she gathers them for the others.

The baseball game on Thursday was so triumphant a success for Harvard that there was no excitement about it. I let Ronald go with the girls as Herbert did not return. Class Day was pleasant on the whole. I thought Mabel looked sweetly all dressed in white, and Ella in her *écru* lace and French hat with *écru* ostrich feathers, but the violent rain in the evening was rather dispiriting and the Paines, who had only an open carriage, were thoroughly drenched.

Richard Cabot is to be here several nights to finish the book, as after July he will have night work at the hospital and will not be able to leave at all. Frank Bullard is passing the night with Herbert. Papa has gone to the Dental dinner, into which

Dr. Shepard enticed him. Tomorrow Ella goes to Miss Shirley's strawberry festival, and I to the Asylum meeting. I must leave a line for tomorrow, so good night, my blessed child, and may God have you in His holy keeping.

Tuesday morning, June 28th. All well today. Papa returned from his dinner in pouring rain but very cheerful. Baby sleeps perfectly. All send tenderest love. Ever your loving MOTHER.

"I felt so infinitely relieved that I went about with a light heart in my heavy and weary body," is E.L.'s comment on hearing of Julia's safe arrival in England. Six weeks later she was rejoiced by the Schwalbach doctor's verdict: "She will regain her health. She will be gay."

Arthur T. Lyman to Julia

Boston, August 17th, 1892.

Dear Julia,—We got the benefit of Susie's letter of August 4th from you, and Baby Ella had her three candles and cake yesterday. Frankie went with me and Ronald to the top of the pastures yesterday and back by Arthur's. He is the toughest kind of a tramp in walking for his age, and he added to the length by attacking every mullein *en route*. I think you have done well to carry through your plans so successfully and that is I suppose what made me chuckle as Susie said. F.B. seems to have had enough of it and returns to England and may return here soon. The absence of the hypnotic magnet has been a great relief. She does nothing when she comes, but everything goes on so much better without her that the sooner the worse.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

September 16th, 1892.—Read aloud to Herbert, trembling with eagerness and impatience to see our blessed Julia. At length she came. After a separation of three months, far the longest we have had in all our lives, for she and I have been peculiarly

united and dependent on one another. I was almost frightened when I first saw her, she looked so very thin, her eyes so brilliant and large, her temples so sunken, and she is very tired. I helped her to unpack. Oh, how joyous a task compared to that of June 18th!

Even the waters of Schwalbach did no lasting good to Julia's health. As time went on she accepted a restricted life though still meticulously following the varied suggestions of her doctors—electricity, rest, raw eggs, relaxing exercises—all with little result. She kept up outside interest in Associated Charity work, teaching at the family-supported Warren Street school and at Sunday School, she judged religious pamphlets for the King's Chapel Branch of the Women's Alliance, wrote letters to invalids (so-called shut-ins), and even collected signatures against cutting off part of the Common.

She could not do a full day's work. All the more she wove her life instinctively into that of her family.

I once saw a fir balsam, balked of light in the forest, turn brown branch by branch still holding its fragrance. Then with a kind of exquisite humility it twined on the ground, a perfect circle of green, hardly higher than the moss. So Julia, unconscious even of the beauty of her humility, twined round the family life a fragrant circle of responsive affection. We look to the sturdy forest tree with awe and wonder—but of her everyone said with tenderness, "Julia is the sweetest person," and their voices expressed a meaning far beyond their words. Little nests, shimmering lights, low shadowed branches—these have no poems written to them; but the testimony of grateful eyes bears witness.

After my mother's death Julia shared with A.T.L. and Mabel the great responsibility of bringing up Frank Duveneck, who was under eight at the time. Julia showed her sweetness and devotion, her patience and skill, in watching over Frank, in keeping the household running smoothly, and in adapting herself to Uncle Frank's habits and desires. Frank became like



Dearest Julia
With her Mother's tenderest
love & grateful thanks
for the blessing she has been

January 30. 1890

JULIA LYMAN

With a birthday message from her Mother

a brother, and one of Julia's great rewards many years later was the joy of knowing and loving his first child.

Even though she was far from strong Julia was down every morning to pour the coffee and when we were at Waltham to see A.T.L. and R.C.C. off for the early train. A.T.L., from a desire to have Richard get enough to eat in a short time, used to advise Julia not to talk to him. Richard's letter to Julia chronicles his appreciation of her.

Richard C. Cabot to Julia Lyman

June 23rd, 1911.

Dear Julia,—You may remember that the "conductor" sometimes warns you (from his end of the table) "*not to talk to the motorman*," but I think the motorman has something to say on that subject himself.

He has blessed you many a morning for your sweet, cheery, wide-awake companionable words—even when he is not very wide-awake himself. Most people would have been discouraged by such silence as the motorman has often offered you in return. He shovels away at his breakfast so unresponsively that you might well have given up the attempt to be friendly and cheerful. But that is one of the wonderful things about you—one that I admire and love—your unending forgiveness of all of us for all of our shortcomings and mistakes—your constancy and loyalty through all.

Your humility and unselfishness will make you scarcely able to appropriate to yourself the gratitude and honor which I wish I could more fitly express but I want you to know that your gracious, patient, hopeful atmosphere often brings the best kind of morning refreshment to your affectionate brother,

THE MOTORMAN.

During the latter part of her life Julia grew gradually stronger and freer from sick headaches. More and more she won and rejoiced in the affection of all those about her. It was lovely to see her happiness and gratitude when her nieces brought their

babies to call on her. A tenderly appreciative family encircled her and as Mary Sears, after Julia's death, exquisitely expressed it, she became more and more like an opening flower. She who loved much received an answering love.

Mary Pratt Sears to Ella Lyman Cabot

January 27th, 1922.

Dear, lovely Julia with her stainless, shining shield. Always to give happiness, always to bring blessing, always to radiate light, never to have hurt a living thing, never to have held an unkind thought—how wonderful to be, to have always been like that! That lovely transparency of spirit, that straight, single gaze, that flowerlike and starlike beauty of soul. I feel that with every added year of life Julia came more and more into her own, was more and more loved, fulfilled more and more the happy power of her own nature, lit with so much of gaiety and joy. Like a lily that bloomed down to its deep heart, like a widening circle of light, more of love and joy would have come to her deep deserving. So the quiet passing, as of tender evening light over a river flowing out to the great sea, seems perfect for Julia, an answering peace for her peace of soul. I felt happy for Julia, but I feel happier for her now in this swift passing into the light and love beyond.

Do you think that the shining spirit of Pessie leads her like a little child, wonder-eyed and humble-hearted, clear of soul, into that life that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, but that is light and ever more light?

JESSIE TOLISON

A great grief came to all the family in October 1892 in the death of Jessie Tolison. She came as parlor girl in 1860, the year after Julia was born, and lived with us until her death. Mamma thought her sweet-looking and efficient when she first came, but she little knew that she had secured a lifelong friend. And as for Jessie, when my mother praised her, she replied: "I'd do a great deal for anybody that I like, anybody that didn't come fussing

and scolding round all the time, and that spoke to you so that you feel at home." Feel at home she certainly did, and more and more as the children came to occupy and content her motherly heart. She mothered us all, and during the last ten years she began to mother Mamma, whom she must have seen first as an exquisite girl of twenty-two with baby Julia in her arms.

The parlor-work could not have been easy. For twenty consecutive years we had a little school in the dining room. It must always have meant a swift, hurried, clearing up after breakfast and another hurry to get things in shape before lunch.

Jessie was always serene and sunny. "Blessed are the peacemakers" was an appropriate motto for her. She had plenty of chance to be a peacemaker in the quarrels of Ira the coachman, Olive the cook, and Mary McKensie the chambermaid. Even the endless company and the month-long visits and late breakfasts of Aunt Abby did not discourage Jessie. Her love and loyalty were too deep-rooted to mind droughts.

On summer mornings when we three younger girls played on the rocks at Waltham, Jessie would ring a tinkling bell. We tore down to the house to find a basket full of goodies—a great addition to our imaginary dinners, which without her help, consisted only of wood and field products, blueberries, the bark of black birch and even sorrel leaves.

At 16 Mt. Vernon Street the sun streamed into the large dining room through three south windows. The chestnut dining table grew larger and larger as children, guests, and additional leaves were added. My mother sat at the head, graciously pouring coffee from the large silver coffee pot tipped with morning-glories, and cream from the silver pitcher embossed with strawberries. Jessie, sweet-looking Jessie, beamed as she passed the cups. Between the windows were two rounded chestnut stands and on one of them stood Sue's colored photograph with a little dish of ferns and berries beside it. She was always with us in memory, the spirited, ardent, loving child who, like both Mamma and Grandma Lowell, abounded in the gift of eager loving-kindness.

Jessie was devoted to everybody but wrapped up in Herbert. When he was in Europe in 1887 she bought him a silver napkin-ring and when Mamma remonstrated with her for spending so much money, she said: "I shall buy it for him if I have to sell my stockings!"

When he had pneumonia in 1892 [diary of Ella Lyman October 3rd]: "Jessie, ill as she is, insists on bringing up his meals, his beaten eggs, his cups of gruel and cocoa. It seems as if she could not do enough for him. She looks at him with much pride and delight as he takes her dainty dishes. She enjoys so ministering to her beloved 'Petty' that I have not the heart to forbid it. Oh! how unspeakably precious is such love and devotion."

As early as 1890 Jessie became delicate and finally after taking many a short vacation, she told Mamma she thought she ought to leave and live with her niece Effie.

Journal of Ella Lyman

I burst into tears and told her that I should never consent to her doing that—that her home must be with me as long as she lived. I told her it was no business tie which bound us. She would not have left us if we had been obliged to pay less and she should not leave us because she could not do as much. She should do no work or a very little work, just as she liked, but I thought she owed it to us for the love we bore her to have her home with us as long as we lived. She seemed pleased and finally agreed to this.

November 27th, 1890.—The dear loving soul was full of interest about the preparations for Thanksgiving dinner and eager to see me in my new dress which Josephine made.

December 1892.—This year will ever be marked to us by the severing of a very precious tie, a tie almost of a lifetime. Jessie came back on June 1st and was far better in health this year than last year, stronger, looking more like herself and growing constantly more healthy and active. After a short walk in the garden she delighted in doing little helpful things for

everyone. Never did she fail while dear Julia was in Europe to ask what news we received and her joy when the news was good was a delight to see. Her care of me since I have become less strong has been like that of a tender mother. She begged me to take some wine and insisted upon coming downstairs every day to pour it out for me so that I might be sure to take it. Never did she fail to bring my cup of hot water, or to stop for a loving and sympathetic word. When Baby Ella had croup she asked eagerly for her. She would often say: "You will get all tired out," and at dusk beg me to lie down and take a little nap.

Jessie drove out for the last time October 8th, 1892. She had a bad cold the next day which turned into pneumonia, but even on the 10th she was carrying Mamma her hot water and Herbert his cocoa. Mamma consented to have a night nurse for her and wrote: "I know I ought not to nurse her by day and sit up all night. This is the first time I have had a nurse for anyone in my household except for myself during the thirty-four years I have been married. I have had the happiness of nursing all my dear ones myself."

Her diary shows that she was often up till midnight with Jessie and sat reading to her or fanning her hot face for hours by day. On the 23rd of October 1892 Dr. Alfred Worcester said Jessie was so well that there was no more reason she should die than that the ceiling should fall on her, but she died suddenly on October 28th, 1892, almost in Mamma's arms as she was feeding her. Dr. Worcester described to us later Mamma's overwhelming grief and then her swift radiance of look as she said to us children: "Dear Jessie has gone to her heavenly home." He said he had never seen so marvelous a change of expression.

In her diary E.L. writes: "A strange, sad and silent Sunday, my hands seemingly so empty and useless after all these weeks of eager care. And yet I know in Whose care my dearest Jessie lies safe beyond all the suffering of this life from which I was so powerless to shield her. 'They shall hunger no more and thirst no more.' "

Susie and Arthur with their unending thoughtfulness sent down little Ella to comfort her that Sunday. The love in which Jessie was held was shown by the loyalty of Mamma's family. Uncle John Lowell, Aunt Lissie Sprague, Alice Sohier, Lizzie Putnam, Aunt Sarah Sears, Aunt Lydia Paine, Emily Whitney, and even Miss Mary Palfrey came to the funeral services.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 31st, 1892.—Oh! it was heart-rending to bear her away from the home she loved so much in the beautiful autumn sunshine. She was laid in the tomb at Mt. Auburn with our darling Sue and Roger, with Arthur's father and mother, and where we expect some day to be ourselves near to the faithful heart which always throbbed with love to us. Her children here, and her nieces and nephews sang "Out on the Ocean," her favorite hymn.

November 1st, 1892.—My birthday, the saddest since my dear father's death in 1881. And yet I am still in my advancing old age most happy, most unspeakably blest. My dearest Arthur well, every day making him more and more precious to me. My darling Julia safely restored to us, Arthur with his sweet wife and little children so blessed and happy, my blessed Herbert restored to health, darling Ella, Mabel, Ronald, and Frankie. God forgive me that any murmur should ever cross my lips. Yet how can I help missing the tender almost motherly love which has never yet failed to greet me on this day when we have rejoiced in keeping our birthdays together. Baby Ella brought a little pink silk bag she had made with her charming little fingers.

On November 4th Mamma gathered together Jessie's little belongings. "There was not much. Her simple dresses, the new one she had intended to have Josephine make, the dear thin ones I had so often seen her wear, a bank book containing now about \$356, the first deposit put in in 1858 before she ever came to live with me, a large sum taken out in 1881 when her sister

died, whose funeral expenses Jessie insisted on paying, her little brooches, mostly given by us, a cross I think of dear Sue's hair, a long braid of Herbert's cut when he was five years old, and one I think of Arthur's, a large basket of stockings and socks which she intended to mend for us, dear faithful soul. Oh! how these fingers ministered for us to the end. The sight of the little things which our dear Jessie used but so lately brings back so acutely the sense of her loss which sometimes seems almost unreal to me—but she is amidst the realities and we among the shadows."

ANXIETY ABOUT KING'S CHAPEL

In the last four and a half years of my mother's life (after Rev. Henry W. Foote, the minister of King's Chapel, died, and the congregation became urgent to secure a settled pastor) a new apprehension about the religious life and preaching at King's Chapel absorbed her.

Journal of Ella Lyman

August 5th, 1890.—Talked with Mary Tileston about the great changes in theology among the Unitarians, a grievous change I think. Our future outlook for King's Chapel seems to me a very dark one. There are only two or three men now in the denomination with whose views we should agree at all. There seems to me an unreality in persons using such services as have been prepared when they cannot add: "Through Jesus Christ our Lord."

May 8th, 1891.—Fanny Foote came in. She was feeling troubled about the Vestry meeting called for Sunday. Some people have begun to be anxious to have a minister settled, and Mr. Jackson wanted circulars sent round through the parish and to have everyone express their preferences. Many members of the Vestry, however, thought this an unwise process and that the Vestry had better select candidates to present to the proprietors. We regretted very much meetings such as these, as there is no unanimity of opinion and no candidate who seems altogether desirable.

January 10th, 1892.—Lyman Abbott preached at King's Chapel. There was an immense crowd,—Mr. Kerr thought a thousand people. The sermon was very fine, the standpoint almost exactly that of the Unitarians of fifty years ago, dwelling upon Christ having come to save men from their sins, not from the punishment for their sins.

February 6th, 1892.—Dear Fanny came to dinner and we had a great deal of interesting church talk with her. She is so lovely, so calm, pure, and high-minded, above all this lower earthly atmosphere, a wonderful peace surrounds her.

During March 1892 Rev. Samuel McChord Crothers was "sounded" by the Vestry as to whether he would become minister of King's Chapel. He refused, saying at first that the obstacles to leaving St. Paul were insuperable. During the next year, however, he preached at King's Chapel, felt strongly its appeal, and was once more urged to accept its ministry. He considered it very seriously but finally decided that he could not conscientiously read the liturgy.

There followed a period of intense anxiety for Mamma. The word "intense" is not too strong, for she cared for King's Chapel (and its creed) as for no other place on earth and felt the church to be in danger. This danger was a double one—a Rapid Transit bill before the State Legislature threatened to take the site for the elevated railroad, and the more radical members in the church threatened to change the doctrines of its liturgy, or to elect a minister who might do so.

Journal of Ella Lyman

March 12th, 1893.—Now that Dr. Andrew Peabody has gone we stand almost alone. I feel as if I should starve for spiritual help.

March 29th, 1893.—Fanny Foote has written an admirable letter to Mr. Crothers explaining the meaning to him of some of the passages to which Mr. Crothers attached a Calvinistic meaning.

April 13th, 1893.—This has been a strange day. I got up intending to work at home and have a long quiet day for the house, but I had hardly begun when Jane brought up a petition addressed to the ladies of King's Chapel and stating that as Rev. S. M. Crothers had refused to become our minister on account of the liturgy, that the time had now come for making changes, that what we had repeated truthfully one hundred years ago was no longer the utterance of our convictions, etc. This petition was addressed to the Wardens, Vestry, and proprietors, and requested that changes be made. I was perfectly aghast at this and resolved to do all in my power to stop it. So I dressed hurriedly, drove to Arthur's office, but he was out, then to Fanny Foote's, who said it was just what she had been dreading. She gave me very little hope of persuading Mrs. B. to withdraw this petition. I went to her and had rather a stormy interview,—she entirely refused to alter the sentence about Mr. Crothers or to repress it. I then went to Mary Gorham, who said she would not make any trouble in the church for the world and withdrew. I went back to Mrs. B. after lunch with a letter from Arthur and we had a pleasanter interview, but she would not promise to give up.

Next day, April 14th, E.L. notes that Mrs. B. withdrew her petition "with rather a soothing note" and that various people had signed it thinking it was done at Mr. Lyman's request in order to secure Mr. Crothers. "Mrs. George Lowell," she adds, "feels just as I do, but she said she should stay by the church and help as much as she could whoever came."

Then came the second Proprietors' meeting of which my mother wrote.

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 8th, 1893.—I felt very anxious fearing that Mr. X might be asked and fearing that if he came he would wish to alter our service, the sacred heritage of 200 years in our church.

Old Dr. Holmes drove up, Mrs. Ware and Mrs. Morse were there. The first informal vote gave

Mr. X	21	votes
Mr. Gooding	9	"
Mr. Tunis	4	"
Mr. Bulkeley	6	"
Mr. Peabody	6	"
Mr. Ed. Guild	11	"

Finally on a formal ballot:

Mr. X	18
Mr. Gooding	18
Mr. Tunis	5
Mr. Bulkeley	1

This proving a tie, the meeting was postponed until the autumn.

May 10th, 1893.—A very hot day. The quarrels among the household servants occupy and waste a good deal of my time. I am also very anxious about the church, its spiritual life threatened now by dissensions and perhaps even by alterations of our service which has been the strength and stay and blessing of our church during all these years. Then also I am very anxious about the existence even of the church which is now threatened by the Rapid Transit bill. I wrote to Henry Lee begging him to help us in the danger which threatened our beloved church. Oh! may God save it from destruction. God grant us wisdom to know how to help it.

Ella Lyman to Henry Lee

39 Beacon Street, May 10th, 1893.

My dear Mr. Lee,—Knowing your public spirit, and your constant readiness to help in good causes, I venture to appeal to you for the preservation of our beloved King's Chapel from the dangers which I fear threaten it through the Rapid Transit bill. If, as it suggests, the elevated road passes by the City Hall on the west, King's Chapel must fall. Should it pass on the east side of City Hall, it would probably be impossible to hear in the building. It seems to me, and to many people of infinitely more knowledge than I am possessed of, that the bill is a very injurious one to the city in every way. For years the most fre-

quented part of the city would be impassable. So far from there being rapid transit there would be no transit at all during its construction. The din, noise, and confusion of the streets would be greatly increased, and the wanton destruction of valuable property—churches, theatres, music halls, etc.—would necessitate an immense outlay beside terrible inconvenience to everyone interested in these buildings.

Is it quite hopeless to advocate a tunnel? Then existing buildings need not be disturbed. The electric wires could be carried underground which would be much safer, and we should be saved the sight and sound of the cars which are so wearing and wearying. In London, even a tunnel for a steam railroad has worked successfully. An electric underground railroad would be free from smoke or cinders and therefore more agreeable to use. It seems hard if all that makes Boston a place worth loving and living in must be destroyed—its historical associations, its beauty, its Common—in order that people who only know Boston as a place of business should get a few minutes sooner to their stores.

I know how through you in very large measure the Old South Church was saved. Surely King's Chapel is equally worth our efforts, for not only is it of equal historic interest—the only unaltered building of early Colonial times,—but it is intensely loved and constantly used by worshipers—whose families in several instances have worshiped there for five generations. It is doing great good also to countless strangers who feel and seek the blessed peace and quiet within its sacred walls.

Hoping you will forgive this long letter, and trusting in the help you have always been ready to give in time of need, I am, with warmest regard, Sincerely yours, ELLA LYMAN.

There is to be a meeting before the Rapid Transit Committee tomorrow—Thursday morning at ten. Cannot people be stirred up to go?

Journal of Ella Lyman

May 23rd, 1893.—I sat up very late trying to rewrite my little appeal for the preservation of King's Chapel. Oh, that it should have come to that!

June 7th, 1893.—My soul is torn with terror about our beloved church, with terror for its outward safety, and the faith, the pure Christian faith for which it has borne witness so long!

June 1893.—The Rapid Transit bill passed the House and Senate with little opposition. This was a terrible blow. Aunt Anna was so sweet and sympathetic. She understands how I feel about it and about the changes, too, in religious thought even within our beloved church better than almost anyone does, but I fear I have troubled her with these things too much and I must try now to bear it bravely and neither worry her or dear Julia, who needs all the strength and cheer she can get.

[The Rapid Transit bill was finally defeated on a referendum at the State election, and King's Chapel saved.]

TREASURES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

Among my mother's greatest refreshments in these last full years were her visits to her two aunts—Anna Cabot Lowell, her father's sister; and Mary Lowell Putnam, doubly related, as being a cousin of her father and as having married her mother's brother. Here are a few words about each from her journal:

Journal of Ella Lyman

February 14th, 1893.—Called on dear Aunt Mary Putnam. I had a most delightful visit. I never saw her more full of animation and she talked most delightfully of the visits at my Grandfather Lowell's in old times, of the men of note who used to converse so delightfully there, of the romantic old place with its stream, its bridge, and ruin, which James Russell Lowell said when he was a child was his idea of heaven, so that when his little brother William died he imagined the heaven he was told about must be Uncle Lowell's place. Grandma Lowell she described as very refined and sweet looking—a great contrast to Aunt McLean. She gave me a little bracelet of Aunt Georgina's hair.

February 21st, 1893.—[Of Aunt Anna Lowell] She is wonderful—full of tender loving memories of the past, yet of

eager, enlightened interest in the present, as young in mind and heart as a girl of twenty.

February 24th, 1893.—Drove to Susie's from the Waltham station in an open sleigh. The country looked so beautifully and the sky a wonderful blue, fading away gradually into a faint blue with a little fleecy moon and the dazzling white snow over everything.

February 26th, 1893.—An exquisite day, bright, fresh and clear, snow on the ground and the Common most beautiful. A fit day for my blessed Ella's birthday, for she has indeed brought light and love to all about her.

March 5th, 1893.—When kneeling at the Communion at the chancel rail, I felt very faint, a strange sort of faintness, as if I might fall asleep and never wake. My circulation is very sluggish and my hands almost purple.

March 19th, 1893.—About seven I waked and soon was conscious of a terrible, constant rumbling and rolling noise. When I got up I found it was from the pumping of an engine—in the direction of King's Chapel. Tremont Temple was on fire. Arthur found there was no possibility of having the services at King's Chapel today and then I suggested holding it in our house. Thomas and the coachman helped me, we arranged about eighty or ninety chairs. The children helped by bringing seats and by trying to meet everyone as they came up the hill to church. We assembled about ninety of our own people and the service and sermon were very impressive. Mr. Crothers said he felt now the individual element instead of the merely historical fact of King's Chapel.

March, 1893.—Frank had to have his poor little defective front teeth taken out and I asked him whether he would prefer to have something to make him go to sleep and not feel the pain, or bear the pain and have the teeth out in a minute. He immediately said, in his deep voice, "I'd rather bear the pain," and he did bear it most bravely. He flushed scarlet and the tears came into his eyes, but he did not utter a sound.

March 21st, 1893.—To dancing school with dear Ronald, who enjoyed himself highly. I was especially glad because he

had been very sad in the morning over not having an immediate promise of a pony upon which he had set his heart.

Went to see Cousin Theodore, who was very sweet and affectionate. He sent word to Arthur that he was sorry he was so lazy and knew he was obliged to work hard to get a living.

March 30th, 1893.—Went to the blessed Communion Service—Aunt Anna with us. It is an unspeakable blessing to have dear Aunt Anna so well and to be able once more to kneel by her side in the place most sacred to me on earth.

After telling of cold and almost purple hands and sudden faintness, she goes bravely on day by day to plan and have made (April 3rd, 1893) a crimson velvet suit for Ronald, and a Queen Elizabeth gown for me for the Artists' Festival. She made a jubilee of this Artists' Festival (April 5th, 1893) and took us all, Julia, Herbert, Ella, Mabel, and Ronald, to be photographed in our picturesque costumes.

April 8th, 1893.—We have been married thirty-five years today. How can we ever be grateful enough to the dear heavenly Father who gave us to one another and has filled our lives with joy and blessing unspeakable in our love to one another and to our dear children. Dear Sara gave me a magnificent hydrangea in memory of the day, and my dearest Arthur gave me a lovely opal ring in the Louis XVI shape surrounded by brilliants.²

April 18th, 1893.—I only saw my dear babies ten minutes, but they were very sweet and Baby Susie much pleased with the tin tea set which I took to her. Baby Ella said: "It is spring and yet you don't come out." Sweet Baby Susie runs about everywhere, understands everything we say, but does not speak a word.

May 4th, 1893.—Ronald, Arthur Dixey, Malcolm, and Lowell acted in "She Had Not Been to Cooking School" at Sara's. It was really wonderfully good. I did not know my own child in a black wig dressed as a girl and his eyebrows very

² Mabel now has this, his last wedding-day present.

black and straight. He appeared also as a negro servant girl and sang "Way Down upon the Swanee River" with great effect.

May 16th, 1893.—Moved to Waltham. Dear Ronald was delighted to go and seemed quite young again, the air of grave responsibility which he has had since he went to a large school seems gone.

[Herbert and Ella returned from Chicago] I felt *rich* when I waked in the night and remembered that my two darlings were under our roof again.

May 27th, 1893.—I looked over the drawers of Grandma Gooll's old chest where my blessed Sue's little toys and books are—the last books she read, the last toys she played with, the last letters she received. It was a sore, sore parting but please God we shall meet again where there shall be no more partings.

July 2nd, 1893.—A.B. preached at Cambridge and held the Communion Service, with absolutely no reference to the Founder of the Feast. He said the verse, the only verse during the service which had any allusion to our Saviour, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." This seemed to me to have a solemn significance as regards modern Unitarianism.

June 13th, 1893.—Went on an excursion to Winchester to the house where Nurse Sharon used to live. I asked with Aunt Anna's permission about the old sideboard which Grandfather Lowell³ brought from Italy, but they had sold it for nothing, for less than \$10 to an Irishman named McGuire more than two years ago. Aunt Anna felt delicate about asking Mrs. Sharon's son to sell it to her three years ago.

Immediately Mamma "tried in Boston to find some clue" of the sideboard. On June 27th she succeeded! She found it had been sold to Mrs. Charles Paine for \$200. It was given by John Amory Lowell to Nurse Sharon, sold by her son for less than \$10, bought very cheap by the dealer William McCarthy, and from him by Jacobs for \$35. Jacobs had it repaired and sold it for \$200.

³ My great-grandfather John Lowell, whose bust is at King's Chapel.

On finding the sideboard, Mamma went to her friend Mrs. Charles Paine and told her of its origin. Mrs. Paine very kindly let Mamma buy it and give it to Aunt Anna, who was overjoyed and showed it to every guest. At Aunt Anna's death, Papa bought the sideboard for a wedding present to me. It is beautifully inlaid and has sliding doors.

Journal of Ella Lyman

June 17th, 1893.—I looked over the dear old Judge Lowell trunk, where my dear mother packed my wedding outfit of linen so carefully provided by her, and her own camphor trunk so full of memorials of her and of my darling little Sue.

July 8th, 1893.—It was my darling Ronald's birthday, and I thank God for every breath he ever drew. His childhood is over now, and while I cannot but yearn for those blessed hours never to return, I can never be thankful enough for the fair promise of his youth and for his upright and earnest spirit. May God help me with all the strength I have remaining to endeavor to bring both Ronald and Frankie, should he be allowed to remain with us, to a knowledge and trust in God and in His care and guidance. May this faith strengthen them and keep them pure and strong and true amid all the temptations and deadly perils to which they may be exposed. I gave Ronald a banjo and have ordered some ringdoves for him and Frankie. Willard and Frank Hunnewell came to pass Sunday.

July 12th, 1893.—Mr. Duveneck unpacked dear Arthur's bust, which is solemnly beautiful.

July 14th, 1893.—The house seemed lonely and deserted, all my dear children except blessed Ronald away—Julia in Magnolia, Arthur in the Maine woods, Herbert at Holyoke, Ella at Lenox, dear Sue and Roger in their heavenly home, Mabel at the Adirondacks, and Frankie at Gloucester.

I walked up to the cow barn to see Ronald's pretty kittens, one lovely yellow one and one white and yellow. I also looked at his pigeons, which seem to be in fine condition this year. There are many lovely yellow ones whom the boys call Per-

squartherums. I also called at Mrs. Wentworth's and Annie Campbell's for the first time this year.

September 17th, 1893.—A.T.L. and I walked home from Edith Storer's through a very pretty path leading to Stratton Rock and through the Paines' place and the Searses'.

Susie and Baby Ella came to call and I was more than ever convinced of her wonderful courage and character. She is indeed a noble woman.

September 14th, 1893.—How vivid still is the longing for our darling child. In the afternoon Susie brought the dear little girls down. They ran to me with outstretched arms. They enjoyed the music box which "Poss" played for them, and played with their dollies, too. How blessed, how wonderfully blessed I have been to have so many dear ones around me.

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Waltham, September 14th, 1893.

Dearest Lizzie,—Thank you so much for sending me the chant I longed to hear again. Herbert and Ella will sing it for me, I know, and when I am gone to rejoin the darling I have not seen for fifteen years today, I hope it may be sung at the service, for surely our "help hath been in the Lord."

Most lovingly and gratefully, ELLA.

I am well, better than usual.

Numerous guests of different hours of rising complicated my mother's planful life, for every day was crammed with kind deeds for others. In October 1893 she writes, "I was sitting five hours at the dining table today for meals," not her meals, but Uncle George's, Aunt Sally's, Uncle Frank's and all the rest, from the early train goers at 7:30 A.M. to the leisurely guests who ended breakfast at ten.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 8th, 1893.—Walked home from Arthur's house through the brilliant woods. The view from Forest Street is most exquisite and the sky and clouds lovely.

October 1893.—Bessie Lyman and George, Jr., telegraphed that they were coming for Sunday. We hardly knew how we could accommodate them at first, as Mabel had Mr. Harleston Parker and Miss Anderson for Sunday. However, we arranged it, Herbert taking George into his room and putting Bessie in dear Jessie's room. Mabel moved down into Ronald's nursery, young Miss Anderson had her room, and Harleston Parker had Uncle Frank's. All these changes and the consequent arrangements and housekeeping matters occupied nearly all the morning and it was a rest to read a little while to Julia.

Ella Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

Waltham, October 14th, 1893.

Dearest Aunt Anna,—I write to say how much I depend upon your coming to us as usual on November 1st. If the day should be stormy, will you not come the first clear day afterward—to crown all my many blessings by your dear presence?

I think you will be interested to hear that on Sunday we mean to have a Lyman gathering of as many as possible of the descendants of Mr. Theodore Lyman, Sr., in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the old homestead. There are 96 living descendants with their wives and husbands and we hope to have a good representation from each of the branches.

If only the storm clears thoroughly away! But the beauty of the leaves is sadly lessened by the wind.

With love to Lucy, I am always

Most affectionately and gratefully, ELLA.

Journal of Ella Lyman

October 14th, 1893.—I made out a list of descendants of Mr. Theodore Lyman. There prove to be now living 20 grandchildren, 52 great-grandchildren, and 24 great-great-grandchildren.

October 16th, 1893.—The day I had so long been looking forward to proved bright in the morning, but alas very soon clouded over and became to my intense disappointment a



THE FIRST POND

dreary, chilly autumn day so that the place was far less beautiful than usual. I was very busy all the morning trying to have everything in exquisite order so that at least the house might look its best, but I had many disappointments owing partly to my own forgetfulness and partly to the ill temper of those who should be "helpers." At two o'clock our guests appeared—52 Lymans in all. Charles Eliot came out, Mary Guild and her husband and Katherine, Cora Shaw, Florence and Bonnie Lyman, Mimi and Harry Lyman, Fanny Foote and her three children.

The lunch passed off well and all seemed glad to meet each other, but just as they reassembled in the library, the chimney most unfortunately caught fire. The room and the east parlor were filled with smoke, pieces of plaster fell and sparks began to scorch the paint on the roof and for a few minutes I, at least, feared that we should celebrate the 100th anniversary by burning the old house up! But mercifully no real damage was done.

Sam Eliot's excellent letter of greeting was read and I was sorry afterwards that we had not asked Frank Boott to prepare a poem and Robert Paine to make a speech! Cousin Theodore was much interested in the centennial and told A.T.L. he wished he could have come. He greeted Arthur as "Skip," his old childish name.

October 18th, 1893.—Uncle Frank wrote a very kind letter about the party and he said the other night (in quoting from Sam Eliot's letter: "Long may the old house stand to be the birthplace and shelter for useful men and gentle women, and to be the home-shrine for all wandering descendants of a good race")—that he was sure it had been a home-shrine to him and to Frankie.

October 28th, 1893.—It is a comfort to me during such anniversaries (dear Jessie's) to kneel each day in her room and lay fresh flowers on her bed. I had a fancy for having her room all white an emblem of her pure white spirit. Oh! I miss her every day and hour.

On my way to Wayland I passed with a thrill of homesickness the lovely Waltham home.

November 1, 1893. [Her last birthday]—My birthday; and how has my heavenly Father blessed us this year that we are still all together united in life and in love in this beautiful world in which He has placed us. How little I thought two years ago that I should be permitted to remain with my dear ones on earth so long. I had many precious tokens of affection. Dear A.T.L. gave me a lovely volume of George Herbert's poems; Julia and May some charming Japanese coffee cups, and dear Ella worked a lovely cushion in ribbon-work.

The crowning blessing of the day came in the presence of dearest Aunt Anna. She dined with us and brought me a lovely engraving of the portrait of Mme. and the little Dauphin, children of Marie Antoinette.

November 4th, 1893.—I decided to go to Boston to church, my thirst for King's Chapel having become quite unquenchable. Julia with great energy, although she had not expected to go beforehand, got ready in a very short time and went too. And we were amply repaid. It was most delightful, helpful, and restful to be in the beautiful old church, the service and sermon helped and refreshed us and we had many kind and pleasant greetings from our near friends.

November 8th, 1893.—The Rapid Transit Bill defeated, but only by 27,000 as against 24,000. Nearly a third of the people did not vote at all! But I cannot be thankful enough that for the present at least this great evil is defeated.

November 12th, 1893.—[Edward Twisleton Cabot, Richard's brother, died on November 10th.] Charles Campbell made a lovely wreath according to Ella's directions, of Irish ivy and Cherokee roses, and we sent it with tender and loving remembrance from all at Waltham. The service was a very lovely and touching one. The music for which Ted had cared—the Largo—and the hymns, "How Happy is He Born or Taught" and "Lead, Kindly Light." The six brothers bore their dear Ted, their joy and their crown, into the church themselves and laid

him gently and tenderly down. Ted's friends, his friends who loved him so much, were seating everyone. Never have I seen a service where all felt so deeply and so alike the irreparable loss.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. J. Elliot Cabot

Waltham, November 16th, 1893.

My dear Mrs. Cabot,—I have refrained from writing although my heart and thoughts have been with you day and night. I feel dumb before so great a sorrow, and know well that God only can heal or help. But at the lovely service on Monday it seemed to me that the thought of Ted was as triumphant and as uplifting as the thought of those noble heroes whom we mourned in their youth so many years ago—his fight was as brave as their fight—his example as glorious and strong. Surely few even in a long life have been permitted so to help and to bless. And if we who knew him comparatively so little feel how much he has brought into our lives, what must it not be to you!

You will be glad that your strength held out so that you could minister to him to the end. I felt when my little Sue went that I held her hand until I could lay it into that of her heavenly Father. Very affectionately yours, ELLA LYMAN.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 23rd, 1893.—Drove in [to Boston] with Ronald and Frank and their ringdoves' cages besides innumerable other parcels.

December 30th, 1893.—We all lunched early and went to the matinée, Mlle. de la Seglière, for which our dear daughters had given their father and me the great pleasure of buying us tickets for a Christmas present. I do not believe dear A.T.L. could have been persuaded to go by any other means, and we enjoyed it very much. Julia, Herbert, and Mabel went too. The play is so charming and the acting so delicate and refined.

December 31st, 1893.—The last day of the year 1893,

which has been full of blessing for our home circle. Our heavenly Father has granted us to live together in love and unity one more year.

Ella Lyman to Mrs. William C. Loring

My dear Mrs. Loring,—I have longed to tell you how deeply I have felt your dear mother's death but I dared not intrude so soon upon your sorrow. I do not know when I have felt a death so much which was not that of a near relative or friend, and I can associate her only with life,—life abounding in grace, beauty, charm, and strength. It seems a strange thing to say, but now I know we are all mortal since she has gone with whom the thought of mortality could have no part. But He is immortal and we can rejoice in the thought of that noble generosity and justice and faithful sweetness transfigured into more glorious life beyond our sight.

If I who knew her so little feel her loss so much, what must it be to you her children to whom she brought light and strength all your lives!

With deepest sympathy, Lovingly yours, ELLA LYMAN.

After Mamma's death we found a pencilled note "To my blessed Julia," written in 1885, but coming in 1894 like a heavenly message. She wanted legacies given to her special friends, to all the household, to her brothers and sisters, to "my blessed Aunt Anna to whom I owe so much." She asked to have all her charities continued and her widows given occasionally a little gift. She left jewelry to her three dear daughters and a loving equivalent remembrance to her three dear sons. She adds:

And may God bless and keep you all, my inexpressibly dear husband and children. May He bless you for all your goodness and loving-kindness to me, forgive me all my shortcomings towards you, and may our home together be as happy in heaven as God has made it on earth. ELLA LYMAN.

Do not mourn much, darlings, we shall meet again.

CHAPTER VII

A Pearl of Great Price

ELLA LYMAN died on March 28th, 1894. She was well enough to give an engagement reception for Richard and me on the 3rd of March, but not many days after she became less strong and Dr. Putnam put her to bed. I remember her saying once during those weeks, "I ought never to have gone to bed. I can keep on a long time if I don't give up, but once I go to bed it is very slow pulling up again." She died suddenly in the night, leaving us the message: "If I am not here in the morning tell them how much I love them all."

It was the time when snowdrops push their way up through the dark earth. She kept all her life the look of a snowdrop—white and pure-hearted, her slender throat bowed in humility, her brave spirit ready to face the winds of winter. Snowdrops were growing just outside 39 Beacon Street and some were sent in by loving hands from Waltham. Tenderly the earliest flowers became hers, tenderly there was sung at her beloved King's Chapel their wedding chant: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength."

When our beloved die we go with them a little way and never quite come back again. Twice in her journal my mother spoke of seeing A.T.L. with a transfigured look. Once again in his deep sorrow the look came. Richard's mother saw and recorded it when, on March 30th at Mt. Auburn, A.T.L. looked far into the heavenly places where his beloved lived in immortality:

March 30th, 1894.—He stood with Julia on his arm, his eyes cast down, his hands crossed on his breast, one foot a little forward as if he were ready to go with her.

Calm strength, loving faith, spotless purity, undying con-

stancy were written in living letters on his face. No self nor suffering were there. He had attained. To see him was to feel the actual presence of the Eternal; to have a new promise of immortal life; to be filled with awe, humility, and peace. It was no ecstasy, it was fulfillment, it was reality. He stood in perfect peace in the holy of holies. He was at home.

Elizabeth C. Putnam to Arthur T. Lyman

63 Marlborough Street.

March 28th, 1894.

Dear Arthur,—Here is Ella's letter of last September. I am sending word about the chant¹ so that her wish may be carried out and I am sending Mr. Lang word about the music.

Annie and I both wanted to go right on to Sara and I have decided to take this evening train. She may like to talk with Ella's first playmate.

They who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars in heaven. It all takes me back to the day you came to carry my dearest friend off to a life rich in blessings given and received. This light shines through the heartache—does it not even for you? Affectionately, ELIZABETH C. PUTNAM.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

April 2nd, 1894.

Dear Lizzie,—I am very grateful to you for your letter and kindness about the chant. I had thought of it but was not sure about it till your letter came.

I am sure she has received much—*that* was largely *her* merit—and she has given everything and to everybody whom she came near to.

I think she has been happy during these thirty-six years, with of course their many interwoven sorrows and trials. If it is blessed to give, she has had a source of happiness rarely equaled. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR LYMAN.

¹ "I will lift up mine eyes," which was sung at their wedding.

Dr. Charles P. Putnam to Arthur T. Lyman

63 Marlborough Street.

March 30th, 1894.

My dear Arthur,—Ella talked about many things on Tuesday night when I was alone with her,—about the moving to Waltham—about Ella's plans—about all the children and also about Frank Duveneck—as if she fully expected to be with us for a long time to come.

But sometimes it would come over her that she was very weak, and then she would say—"If I should not be here in the morning you must tell them how much I love them all. I do not talk to them much about it, because I want to keep them all as happy as I can, but I do want them to know how much I love them all."

Though well I know you do not need to have this message, I am sure she wished me to give it to you for she repeated it several times. Affectionately yours, C. P. PUTNAM.

Henry Lee to Francis Boott

Brookline, April 4th, 1894.

My dear Mr. Boott,—When the sad news came to us we felt, first, for the desolate husband and bereft children, and then acutely for you. It would be pleasant to have a good portrait of the beloved wife, mother, and friend, and I had a longing to be the limner, but upon reflection I recognized my incapacity. I had not enough sittings, indeed I don't believe I ever had a half dozen interviews with Mrs. Lyman of any length, and while these were enough to give an impression, they did not give me an insight into her traits.

A long time ago when Arthur was first engaged, I, sitting in my pew in the south gallery of the Chapel, was most interested in the picture of these two young betrothed people so devoted to each other in the Lowell pew opposite, and that picture gazed at for years until a family had grown up around them—never faded and never lost its charm, and of course I

formed a conception of a very close happy union and it inspired me with a warm affectionate regard.

Some years ago when Arthur had enlarged the old Waltham mansion, he invited my sister Harriet and me, as old lovers of Waltham, to lunch with the family, and a very delightful day we had and very pleasant glimpses of the family. This, and a few interviews at Theodore's home at Brookline include about all my intercourse. The saintlike aspect as if she had won that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, her solicitous kind manner gave all an assurance of her character.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continuall comfort in a face
The lineaments of Gospell bookes."

What you say about the love outpoured upon Lizzie's little boy and upon you is most true. A mother with so many children and consequent cares, stretching out her arms to this little orphan boy and nursing him as one of her own children! One's source of love must be deep to always flow unstintedly to this little stranger as it has for all these years. This occurrence gave me as well as others an affectionate admiration for her and for Arthur too. For him I have always felt a love. Everything he is and does at home (as I hear) and abroad, his high standard, his independence, his modesty, his sweetness, all kindle my affection.

I know that he has resources, that he is supported by his children, that he is strongly interested in several subjects, but he must be now and always very forlorn so bereft, and I feel for him. The crowded church showed how many more felt for him and all the bereaved children.

I have seen in young Arthur the inheritance of love, disinterested love, he has exemplified in his devotion to Ted Cabot, and I hear much good about all the children in this harmonious household.

For a day or two after we heard of this sad loss, I had ringing in my ears, and was tempted to print it in the paper, save that it is too much to say of any one of the children of men,—

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father
Which is in heaven is perfect."

You see, my dear Mr. Boott, that what I could say about Ella Lyman could not be said in public.

Yours truly, HENRY LEE.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

(with a legacy from my mother)

May 21st, 1894.

Dear Lizzie,—Ella asked me to give you this. With what deep affection she regarded you and yours I need not tell you. Those rich and wonderful years which she made so full of good and happiness for so many people, seem at times to have begun only yesterday, as it were, and some day this dark watch in the night may seem as but a moment, and, as she said many years ago, the remembrances of past happiness should give light and joy in sorrow. Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Many years before, A.T.L. had given to E.L. a round onyx brooch with a single pearl. With it he wrote this exquisite message:

My dearest Ella,—I thought you would like this little pearl set in onyx. So, pearl of great price, set apart in the darkness of the world, accept it with my love.

THE CENTRAL FIRE

Each generation must long to pass down to the generations below an authentic living picture of the people they love, who often so tragically become but names and a faded photograph. What was it in my mother that made her unlike anyone else?

I think it was the union of an intense power of loving with a religious faith that made every hour a song of praise to God. On a little table beside her bedroom sofa stood her books of prayer and praise, each covered with firm snow-white paper carefully renewed whenever touched by dust. In those books she read at least twice a day and their words became a part of

her humility and her determination. Few people know now the kind of beauty of holiness that can grow from such real and continuous communion with God. Mamma never ceased to feel her shortcomings, but she went from prayer to action with the great executive ability of the Lowells combined with their trait of firm, undeviating decision. Her love and her faith glowed without dying and so every moment of her day was alive, and each person she met felt the serenity and warmth of her inner life as it looked out of her eyes and smile and sounded in her happy voice. As Mary Sears once wrote: "The thought of your mother brings the tender look in her eyes and the sound of her voice daring to express her faith in the things that are righteous and eternal. I seem to realize more keenly than ever on what foundations of faith and self-surrendering love Aunt Ella's life was built."

Her religious assurance made her a free rejoicing spirit; her love bound her every minute of the day to winged tasks; her beauty, her graciousness, her hospitality attracted all whom she met. What she most coveted and obtained was home life with Papa and her children. She never seemed tired by us though as Cousin Lizzie Putnam once wrote: "She put herself on the floor with each one to play with their playthings, to be a just judge when their small differences distracted them for a time, and to enter into every joy and make it brighter. I remember her on the floor for nearly an hour when Herbert, who was so like her in many ways, was in a little tempest."

Nothing seemed too hard for my mother, too complex, or too great a strain. She had the perfect generosity that wants no one to know that there is any sacrifice involved in its gift. She sent it forth in its full beauty. She hid the effort it had cost. I remember well her saying that in making household arrangements for our guests, we ought not to show the wheels of the machinery by which we did it.

In the last eight years she suffered constant physical discomfort; in the last six her generous welcome to Frank and his family meant many an additional effort to harmonize a complicated household; in the last four years she was tortured by



ELLA LYMAN'S CHAMBER IN THE WALTHAM HOUSE

Now moved to Forest Street, but then in the woodlot

anxiety about the spiritual and physical future of King's Chapel. Yet under every strain she went heroically ahead, silent about her own troubles, comforting those of others. Looking out of the window at 39 Beacon Street, I sometimes saw her wearily come up the steep steps from the Common. Her face filled me with sadness, it looked so worn and anxious. But she never came in dull-eyed or apparently weary, but always with her warm, endearing welcome. She attended to a thousand petty cares and kept throughout her sunny unselfish attitude to each one.

As for us, she was the atmosphere which we breathed, the sunshine that radiated all around us, the root and the steadfast trunk of our lives. She expressed everything for us, we only needed to respond. We drank in her love and were fed by it—that never-failing love with its unfathomable depths of tenderness and warmth. She said one day in a tone of rapture: “Oh! I am so foolishly happy when I have my children and Papa around me.” In that gladness she held us all close to one another and to God.

It was in 1891, several years before her death, that I wrote on her birthday: “One of the saints was born on All Saints’ Day, she who has lived steadily a life of devoted unselfishness, who has never doubted or been dismayed, who has conquered trial and weakness of body by heavenly courage, who has poured forth her love on the grateful and the ungrateful alike. ‘And her children rise up and call her blessed.’ ”

Exquisite and tender-hearted Mamma must have been by nature, yet she herself put her religion as the source of her strength and her happiness. She wrote in August 1888, “I have been wonderfully happy, but my life would have been a burden to me if I could not have sought God’s guidance in my perplexities, had I not been thrilled with gratitude for His mercies, had I not known that when my dear ones passed beyond my sight, they did not pass out of His care, and that He loved them far more than even I could do.”

Some of us rise to religion, as we might now and then climb a mountain, but Mamma was aware of God all the time, aware

of His blessing to her, aware that His will was best. In her letters there is longing (for she loved fervently) but never complaint; there is intense sorrow but never repining.

Cousin Lizzie Putnam felt this deep faith as a special quality. She writes: "Always your mother had a *religious sense* that I did not possess. It seemed like another gift of understanding added to seeing, hearing, touching, tasting, and feeling."

It is as impossible to separate Mamma's religion from the rest of her life as to tell just what water does in the growth of a flower. She herself once instinctively used the phrase: "I thirst for King's Chapel." Like a lily of the valley shaded by leaves of humility her life sprang up refreshed by that fountain of living water—her religious faith. She was ardent, contented, resolute, tender. Every pulsing ray of her intense feeling went out into devoted service of her family, her friends, her church, the poor widows she visited, or the stranger within her gates.

"'God so loved the world that He gave His only son that the world through him might be saved.' I call that my creed," Mamma once said to me. Gratitude to God for this and for all His gifts was constant in her thoughts and acts. She, like my father, was a Unitarian of the Channing school, but both of them were first of all Christians. "The clergyman today preached an optimistic sermon on the strength of Unitarianism," she said once, "and, what is of far *more importance*, on the strength of *Christianity*."

Churchgoing was so much of a real hunger that she thought of it as a duty no more than a healthy person thinks it a duty to eat when hungry. Duty sometimes kept her away from church. I doubt if it ever made her go. She speaks of a fine sermon as "a great treat," and once, when duty took her elsewhere, she writes of meeting the churchgoers on their way to King's Chapel and "longing to join them at that blessed place." Of immortality she most of the time felt not only convinced but definitely aware, and several times in her diary she gives

her evidence—first of all, our abiding, imperishable love for one another which reaches beyond death, and next the strength of character shown under deprivation. She writes of Cousin Theodore Lyman who was slowly being more and more crippled by paralysis: "July 15th, 1890. We had a really delightful call, for sad beyond expression as it is to see one so active and naturally so joyous, a prisoner in his chair and with so many grievous disabilities, yet the spectacle of his patience, his cheerfulness, and self-forgetfulness is a lesson never to be forgotten, and the triumph of spirit over body, a proof of the immortal life."

Everywhere in her incessant stream of activity there runs the quick current of religious zeal. So by a few out of many extracts from letters and diary, I have tried to record it, in telling of her youth, of her quick response to the strong convincing teaching of Aunt Amory Lowell and of Rev. Ephraim Peabody, of her work for the Warren Street School that she and Cousin Lizzie Putnam began together before they were nineteen. But while the school was the permanent embodiment of Mr. Peabody's advice to Mamma, his religious teaching sank even deeper, to spring up again in her a fountain of eternal life. That thirst of her exquisite flowerlike nature was quenched, and she became more lovely than ever.

When Mr. Peabody died in 1856, she wrote on December 24th to his daughter Annie:

Ella Lowell to Annie Peabody

A life like your dear father's is an inestimable blessing to all who knew him. It confirms our belief in immortality, for a soul like his could *never* die, and how could we doubt the true object of life when his life and death are remembered by us. It is wonderful how much good one faithful life may do. His memory is revered and blessed by all, even the youngest. I owe to him a peace and joy and comfort, for which the changing years but teach me to be more thankful.

We children always felt this influence of Mr. Peabody in our mother's life, and knew that it was a great grief to her that she could not be married by him. She kept for years a glove she had worn when she shook hands with him for the last time; his picture was always in her room; she told his son, Prof. Francis Greenwood Peabody, that though she was so young when his father died, she always had guided her life by his precepts.

We should not realize as clearly that Mamma's life was an issue of prayer and definite consecration, were it not for the Resolutions she wrote at special times in her life, as on going to Europe, on coming home and to King's Chapel, on the day of her marriage, and in preparation for the Communion service. Some of these I have already given. As an eighteen-year-old girl she planned ways to follow the path of everlasting life. She would try to go to church twice on Sunday and holy days, to pray three times each day, to read the Bible, to teach in Sunday School, to *prepare* for the Holy Communion as well as to receive it, "to do something for God's poor."

In one of her prayers for gratitude after coming home from Europe, November 5th, 1855, she wrote the beautiful words: "And while we thank and bless Thee, O Father, grant that we may be, as it were, *kneeling with outstretched* arms ready to render to Thee again the inestimable joys and blessings with which Thou hast crowned us." This was her attitude throughout her life even when the giving back was terribly hard.

As a child she strives for diligence, obedience, and thoughtfulness. In her early resolutions (at seventeen and eighteen) she thinks of her dangers as spiritual and worldly pride, day-dreaming, love of admiration, caring too much what others think, want of promptness and energy, uncharitableness, "thinking of my best side and of the worst side of others," being cold, "not being gay enough at Grandma's," not trying to see means of enjoyment and reasons for gratitude in all things. If anyone ever overcame such faults by the grace of God, she did! Not one trace of any of them seemed to remain.

In 1861, after her marriage, it is for help in other ways that she prays, especially for courage to find fault when necessary, for

help to remember that "a Christian life for myself and for my children is alone worth the living."

On her birthday, November 1st, 1876, after the loss in February of her new-born baby, she writes: "May God help me to dwell upon the future hope of reunion with my little baby, rather than upon the loss of his sweet presence by the way. As I gratefully lay down my youth with a heart filled with the remembrance of the happiness with which He has crowned my days, may I strive to accept all coming changes cheerfully, knowing that all is in His hand; may He strengthen me to do all that in me lieth for each of the dear children He has given me, for dear Arthur, and for all. May He forgive me my innumerable and infinite shortcomings and keep the remembrance of them vivid that I may be truly humble in mind and in heart, trusting only in the strength which He can give." At thirty-nine, when many cling to youth, she gratefully put it aside.

As the great experiences of marriage and children came, her religious life met each with prayer and thankfulness, and King's Chapel became more and more the place for renewal of her strength. Aunt Anna Lowell once described Mamma's absorbed reverence in beautiful words: "There on a little footstool near the head of the pew had sat Ella during the service meekly bowing her head, and looking like the very emblem of holy love and trust."²

Ella Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

(In relation to teaching at King's Chapel Sunday School)

Waltham, August 9th, 1888.

Dearest Lizzie,—I think I could copy your sentence word for word and agree with it. "Things are and ever will be as they actually are, no matter what we think about them. Our beliefs do not alter facts, and therefore I am willing to trust what I cannot measure by rod or line." I feel that we agree much more nearly than you think we do. You have much more real faith than I have ever had. You are far more willing to

² Journal of Anna C. Lowell, June 11th, 1868.

acquiesce in all God's dealings with His children. Your vision of the eternal life is much clearer. As Mr. Foote said once in speaking of you, "We shall be very fortunate if we see her vanishing skirts before us in the heavenly world!"

You can do unbounded good with those young girls in King's Chapel. Just what we need there is your living earnest faith in the work awaiting them. You can make them in their turn, at least to some degree, missionaries to the "désherités." Why may not those souls, precious, if they *are* few, prove reapers in the great harvest? Do not abandon them, I beseech you. I know you did them real and permanent good, and they are just at the most important age. Their lives turn on the influences they have now.

I do hope you will come out again, and I will promise not to talk theology. Indeed I only intended to ask you a question for my own guidance. May God help us all to do the best we can, and in our own place, trusting the results to Him.

Bits about King's Chapel run throughout my mother's journals.

April 12th, 1885.—Mr. Foote preached on the 110th anniversary of our reformed Prayer Book, which was published four years before that of the associated Episcopal churches. He spoke earnestly of the *trust* we had in possessing this treasure.

December 5th, 1886.—We were early in the dear old church. It was an unspeakable pleasure and refreshment to be there again after an interval of seven months, the longest time, I believe, that I have ever been away from church in K.C. The service was most comforting and helpful.

April 27th, 1890.—I finished reading the King's Chapel records at last, the church and vestry records during dear Mr. Foote's ministry. How they bring back the days that are gone never to return. So many names of these loving the church even as I do now—gone from it to the heavenly temple, even the young minister the thought of whom we never associated with age or death, reunited to his congregation there.

November 23rd, 1890.—I decided to go to Boston with Julia

and was amply rewarded by hearing a soul-uplifting sermon from William Everett. After speaking of the terrible prevalence of doubt now, he advocated as the only sure help and strength: "This is life eternal that they shall know Thee and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." He spoke of Christ being sent into the world with the divine message which made the promises sure in just the blessed way which so strengthened our early religious faith. If we could but find more of it now!

One of my mother's last letters was written in the support of her beloved King's Chapel.

Ella Lyman to Rev. Philip Moxom

39 Beacon Street, Boston.

February 23rd, 1894.

My dear Mr. Moxom,—I cannot refrain from telling you, although I well know it is too late, how deeply grieved we are that we had no opportunity to lay the call of King's Chapel before you. The attachment to the Church is very great—and we have held firmly together and now it has seemed to us that you were called of God to strengthen and uphold us.

All my life long I, with many others, have loved that Church as our lives. We have worked for it all these years, and I did so long to leave it safe on firm foundations before I go. This, as far as I can now see, you alone can do for us, for never before has the Church been so united. The very few persons who were not in favor of your coming are not influential men—of these only four families are churchgoers, the others owning pews which they seldom occupy—and they would have fallen in with the majority. Of this large majority we had become assured, when on Monday morning we heard through the newspapers that all hope was over. Could you have taken time to consider our call and to realize how fervent and warm was the desire to have you for our minister, perhaps our sore need would have appealed to you. I cannot help thinking that it would have been a place where you would have felt free,

happy, and absolutely independent, and as Dr. Lyman Abbott said to me once, "With the right man King's Chapel would be a magnificent preaching station." Our people are perhaps not very demonstrative, but they are loyal through and through, and every minister we have had since the Revolution has died in office.

The fact that you cared for our service was a great happiness to us because we feel that the Church's best life is wrapped up in that. Our position, though a very independent one, is also lonely for so many of the modern Unitarians have gone far beyond us and our simple Christian creed. But as it was not God's will that you should come to us, we must go on praying that He will guide us and continue to keep us faithful and united. Sincerely yours, ELLA LYMAN.

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

After our mother died a flood of letters poured in, so many that it would take fifty pages to print them. I can only put together a fragment of what they said. Everyone saw her charm and sweetness: "a lily among flowers; a pearl among gems," Mr. Richard S. Greenough called her; everyone felt her warmth, her graciousness, her quick sympathy, her delicate consideration of each person, the compelling power of her loveliness. Many of the letters speak of our mother's beauty, that look on her face which seemed to set her apart in a holy atmosphere. It is shown in almost every photograph, in the starry-eyed child, the chiseled face of the young girl, the eager, consecrated mother with her babies. Her face shone with spiritual loveliness.

Annie Sears wrote of her photographs: "The two lovely photographs of Aunt Ella will be a continual inspiration to me. When I am worldly-minded they will tell me of the pure in heart, when I am hard-hearted they will speak to me of tenderness, when shrinking and with struggle I go about my duty for duty's sake, they will reveal to me that real goodness loves its duty and never counts its sacrifices as such."



MRS. ARTHUR T. LYMAN WITH RONALD

Rev. Edward J. Young wrote: "No one could look upon her lovely face without seeing the heavenly and Madonna-like disposition which was behind it. How quickly she responded to every case of suffering and sorrow, and how ready she was to do something to relieve it! Her very presence was a benediction, and her smile carried delight and sunshine with it. Above all, her religious faith and trust was the crowning excellence of her character, which seemed the very embodiment of the Master's teachings. She has not only 'been with Jesus,' but she daily walked with him, and like Mary of Bethany she would have been one of his chosen and intimate companions."

Mrs. Elliot Cabot saw her but three weeks before she died, and beheld as always her spiritual beauty: "Her face that day was like a beatified spirit, filled with love and light and heavenly peace. I felt as if I had been in the holy of holies, and humbly grateful for it. I remember that same look in her face from her girlhood; she never lost it and it always set her apart from other people."

The clearness with which her soul shone through her hazel eyes called out words like these from young and old: "No one could cross her path without being better for it," "I used to come away refreshed and brightened for the day," "A mere word with your mother was going into a higher atmosphere," "I felt the beautiful unselfishness of your mother's life shining about her like a glory."

Those who knew my mother in daily life recognized with wonder her well-balanced judgment, the loyalty with which she literally never lost hold of anyone she met, her open-hearted generosity, the unfailing devotion by which she lifted the burdens of everyone about her, her tenderly adoring feeling for babies, her amazing energy in pursuit of her object.

The deepest seers knew that it was because she lived a hidden life of religious devotion that even a chance meeting with her was like a benediction. They felt the serenity, the unworldly peace that dwelt within a nature sensitive and intense, a peace born of conviction and incessant prayer. Many of her friends

use the word "shining," and no wonder, for to see her was to catch the light of which Beatrice spoke: "Marvel not that I flame upon thee in the warmth of love, for my eyes are illumined by the divine light."³

Her sister Sara Lowell Blake wrote: "Just think what it is to be able to say with absolute truth that you never knew a person—whom you had known intimately for so many years—say or do one unkind word or even thoughtless deed.

Even the people who only saw her once felt the power of her loveliness. One does not need to imagine any change in her to fit her for her new life and it will resemble the old one. She fulfilled the law of Christ in bearing others' burdens.

If we suppose a heavenly being to be put on earth in human relations—daughter, sister, wife, mother, friend—in what way could the angel have acted or spoken differently from your mother? I can see nothing."

Those who knew her as helpers in her household could not help loving her. The maids talked to one another about her, and the jolly darky Susan Roy quoted the stiff New England cook Olive Sidebottom as saying: "Isn't she the sweetest lady you ever saw!" Three years after her death a not-too-faithful coachman declared: "There is not a week or a day that I do not think of her now." "I never knew anybody, I never met anybody, I never saw anybody that could manage children like she could," said the seamstress.

Even the official reports sound a note of tenderness.

Meeting of Widows' Society, May 29th, 1894

Since our last meeting there has passed from earth one of the most tenderly cherished of our Board of Visitors, as well as one who has been among the longest in carrying on the work of the Society. Mrs. Lyman was missed from the March meeting, as failing strength had then obliged her to drop from her busy hands the unselfish labors which have marked the pathways of her devoted life. The month had nearly ended when

³ Dante, *Paradiso*, Canto V.

she took the brief step which bore her from the earthly to the heavenly mansions and quenched the bright light which had dwelt in her home and radiated from it in all directions, where poverty could be relieved, or suffering and weariness soothed by her warm sympathy. As we remember the many fields of her ministrations, where she ever brought help and gladness, we too must bear a large share of sorrow at the loss of her constant and friendly presence at our meetings, and can look with pitying eyes into the homes of the beneficiaries, where she was known by all, and where not content with performing doubly the duties of a visitor, she seemed to maintain a gentle guardianship over any and all who might especially need a helping hand. May the memory of her faithful and loving work in the cause of God and mankind be always with us, and give us new inspiration in our efforts for this Charity which she held in such deep interest. CORA L. SHAW, *Secretary*.

The Female Asylum resolutions speak of

“Her welcome presence and the conspicuous example of her scrupulous and conscientious fidelity to duty . . . Resolved: that we have always held in high estimation her tenderness, which never degenerated into weakness, her charity, which with a true realization of the offense, yet threw its mantle over the offender, her clear and unclouded judgment and her gentle firmness which was not to be moved from its own standard of right. There has been withdrawn from us a pure and elevating influence and the high and rare atmosphere of a life that was *in* the world, yet not *of* it, and ‘whose holy springs were hidden and divine.’ ” ANNIE L. SEARS, *Secretary pro tem*.

The following inscription written by Mary P. Sears was put on the tablet (bronze with a design of Easter lilies) placed in December 1901 by the trustees of the Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman Fund in the room of the Instructive District Nursing Association. To this charity most of the income of the Fund is yearly given.

*In grateful memory of
Mrs. Arthur T. Lyman*

She gave to human need,
to human suffering,
a deep, tender, overflowing sympathy,—
the steadfast, uplifting, holy love
of one whose life was hid with
Christ in God.

Of this inscription Mary wrote: "I should like to have the lines suggest the joy in the Lord and the unfaltering human love which are so deeply wrought into every thought of Aunt Ella. If only it might do something to make real to the nurses the purity and the beauty and the faith of her lovely loving spirit. Oh! how starlike such a spirit shines forth in a world where there is so much weakness and pain and wrong."

Two letters about my mother beautifully describe her heroism and her charm. The first is from Susan C. Lyman:

As I go on in life I think more and more what a wonderful person your mother was—and what a heroine she was—what a great life she lived. No one was ever more intense, nor gave up more completely and went through a thing more unselfishly. She bore everything not only without a murmur but with that heavenly smile. That ecstatic, exquisite look could come only from drinking at the fountain of life. The helpfulness of one who in her daily family life with all its duties, was so ideal, so pure and single-minded seems to me to be the most practical and the most constant help that one could give another. I feel as if she had left all the possible channels of love more open, freer, and with almost infinite possibilities of becoming larger.

Mary P. Sears, who never forgot the days of my mother's birth and death, wrote:

There are certain delicate shades of tender colors that always bring with them to me a vision of her. I like to think of that phrase, "the beauty of holiness," for Aunt Ella, the grace of goodness. It must have been because her goodness was so great that it was always so beautiful, so rounded, and so har-

monious; charm and insight all enwrought, so wholly lovable and loving. No other face seemed so like what one could dream of for Mary of Bethany's, who had chosen the better part, as your mother's. I always see her eyes when I think of Tennyson's line, "Her eyes are homes of silent prayer," and then how wonderfully, how practically and devotedly she fulfilled all the duties of the Martha side of life. I used to look into your mother's eyes and realize the spiritual tenderness and strength, the power and the reality of a spiritual life—that was in the world and was the best thing in the world and would be forever—to feel it, see it, love it, meant to go back and live with faith.

It was the self-forgetting, living, spiritual quality of her inner life that made all contact with her an inspiration to faith and nobleness, it was this that expressed itself in what she said and how she said it, in what she did and in the way she looked; it is this that makes the thought of her such a living power, for this quality of life is what is eternal.

Mrs. G. Howland Shaw to Arthur T. Lyman

23 Commonwealth Avenue,
April 8th, 1894.

My dear Arthur,—I cannot say anything to comfort you in this, the saddest blow of your life, but you have always been near to me from our earliest days, and I feel so deeply what has gone from you, that I cannot be silent as I think of the beauty of Ella's person and character and the manner in which she touched every side of life with an angel's silvery wings. No one has ever seemed to me quite like her, no one so entered her home, her church, her friends rich and poor as did her benign influence, and all with the sweet and gracious ease that seemed no effort, but part of the atmosphere in which she moved. One of our visitors among the poor wrote me, "There is no one that ever had anything to do with the poor but what knew Mrs. Lyman," and it was indeed true, but sad indeed for the many such who will miss her sympathy and interest far

more even than her generous gifts, and yet we cannot but look still higher in thinking of the beautiful spirit taken by a brief translation to some nobler work that God prepares for those who while yet on earth seem almost within the golden gate. Such souls assure us of the heavenly kingdom and enable us to live in blessed memories of the past and deeper faith in the future.

With your devoted children, dear Arthur, and the thoughts of this lovely life which cannot be far off, may you be sustained unto the end.

With love always yours, CORA LYMAN SHAW.

Rev. Charles Gordon Ames to Arthur T. Lyman

12 Chestnut Street,
March 29th, 1894.

My dear Mr. Lyman,—The very sacred shadow that has fallen on your home and on your life is like the night-side of our planet,—it opens mortal vision to the vaster universe. How surely and swiftly your own spirit has ascended to keep company with hers! For you cannot think of yourself as an inhabitant only of the world she has left. The everlasting gates are lifted up for you as well as for her.

“Till death do us part!” How far away it seemed when you two repeated those words! But already the parting is a thing of the past; and she has left death far behind. . . .

Not henceforth in the walls and rooms of the dear home from which she has vanished, but in that spirit-home of wisdom and love, you are still to live together as fellow heirs of the grace of the Father, whose house of many mansions is yet but one house.

CHAPTER VIII

A.T.L. at the Vale

STARS SHINING IN THE DARK

IN THE darkness of a watch in the night, but in a darkness lighted by memory and faith, A.T.L. took up resolutely his life. In August, 1894, Mrs. Elliot Cabot wrote of him: "He looked so strong, and his smile was as sweet as that of a child with the sadness all put out of it in an absolute unselfishness." That autumn Mary Sears described him in sentences that mingle in one his undaunted gaiety and his chastening sorrow: "He nearly always says something bright and awake to the living world, even while he looks sad. His smile is sweeter than ever, if that is possible." Yet in the spring after my mother died there were evenings when after the day's work was over, he walked to and fro unable to think of anything but of her loss. That restlessness in him was overwhelming, for except in these tragic hours and weeks I've never known him to be unoccupied—or unhappily occupied. Even then we children putting forth all our lures, and aching to fill a tiny bit of the void, could usually catch his interest by our need of him or by tales of our friends, and in the midnight sky of his sorrow a star shone forth: she was still the centre of the household. How little he said! But once to me on the morning of her death: "If we cling together perhaps her spirit will come back to us." It did, I think. He looked through the darkness into her light as one looks into a sombre forest and sees the sun striking in deep to illumine a bare twig, a gaunt rock, a climbing fern. With her light he shone.

The very day of my mother's death he turned to help Aunt Sara Blake (also lonely and brave after Uncle George's death). Of her Aunt Mary Putnam wrote in 1884: "Dear Sara, what a noble, beautiful soul she has, what strength, what tenderness,

what simplicity of truthfulness in this heroic woman, so lately a charming, original, interesting child." It was good that Papa had Aunt Sara to cherish. She was away with Lowell, who had been ill, and the suddenness of my mother's death was a shattering blow, for 37 and 39 Beacon Street held inseparable sisters. Papa wanted her to come to us, to stay with us during the first days. Then he went back quietly to work. He was twenty-five when he married; he and Mamma had thirty-six years together, and now he was to spend twenty-one years without the beauty of her daily presence and her ardent expressiveness. It was like him to become more tender, more protecting, more expressive, and even more gay because of her abiding life. As Aunt Sarah Sears wrote to him: "The presence of our dear blessed Ella is always around you. We can never see you without seeing her."

I would like to be able to give a picture of my father during these years, but to describe A.T.L. is as difficult as to put a sunset into prose. As rose, violet, gold, and tender gray meet together in a sunset, so eagerness and tenderness, flashing wit and keen observation stirred in him—not separate but all there at any moment.

His nature was quick-moving, shy, elusive. To write him down in words is like pinioning a swallow. In quick turns of thought, in swift-winged action, always evading the obvious, he was swallowlike. He thought like a flash, he flew swiftly round an idea; he made its many facets sparkle before you had more than seen its prosy reality. His mind was crystal catching lights, unblurred by self. Nasturtiums grew in brilliant profusion over the inside of the greenhouse. He did not see them just as nasturtiums. He saw them as a bridal arch. "Now if only R. would get married, I'd let him be married right here. It's a great pity to let these nasturtiums go by."

He was of any age, every age. No, that is not true! He never was old, he never was middle-aged, and he grew steadily younger as more grandchildren came to be his natural comrades. Put him with old people and either his darts of wit renewed their youth, or, if they were irretrievably old, his mental



MRS. GEORGE B. BLAKE
(Sara Putnam Lowell)

gaiety played round them as a collie plays round a sedate owner. But with children he was at home. Bits of silver-papered chocolate appeared out of mysterious closets, chestnuts were found in their season, flowers were nipped from their stems, a heavy red leather-covered book of Audubon's animals was carefully lifted off its shelf—carefully, for he combined in an unexpected way gaiety and prudence. He could be both careful and care-free. In his care of us on the physical side he was almost dangerously prudent, or rather such extreme prudence became a danger for those who followed it on an awkward leash and not with his swift skill.

A.T.L.'s playfulness of mind frisked like a chipmunk around events. Henry Adams¹ says the American mind likes to walk straight up to its object. If so, Possie was un-American. He wrote no poetry, but his imagination played round and about even a simple fact. He illumined an everyday incident—the coming of a guest, the opening of a flower, the flash of the scarlet tanager in an apple orchard—by seeing it gaily, indirectly, many-sidedly, adventurously. Taught by him the heavy-footed facts of life learned to fly.

It was this way of flying, vanishing in and out like a bird in deep leaves that made people find him hard to follow. It is not easy to follow a humming bird. "Did you really mean that?" I've heard one of the family ask him when he made a bewildering remark. "I always mean what I say," he would reply with a stern twinkle, "but sometimes people don't understand what I say." Perhaps one found out later what he meant, as the Englishman finds out the American's joke; but again and again I've seen puzzled folks watching his very lips to catch the low-toned whimsical words. Understanding came only by practice.

It was like him to want to share, yet to do it in so shy a way that it took a Lyman-trained ear to hear what he meant. Even his orders were shy and murmured without a direct glance. I've seen the broad-shouldered six-foot Swedish farmer listening puzzled and intent to the words of his boss and trying to work them out in a definite direction—to plant potatoes in the Cold

¹ Henry Adams, *Education*, 369.

Spring pasture or to cut down an oak in the Underwood. The farmer always understood in the end. How he understood I never quite knew, unless it was in the same way I understood—through the insight of affection. But he did not come to ask again about an order and, extraordinary as it may seem, he never made a mistake. Yet sometimes as Papa spoke I could only think of what Ronald, Jr., said when Charlotte was born. “I thought she’s come before today, coz I prayed God to send her yesterday—but I guess He scarcely heard it, for I said it *very* softly.”

Speech—except in sudden gay fountainlike spurts—never seemed like A.T.L. When on very rare occasions he tried to make a public speech, it was far too interrupted and enigmatic to carry. Expression went forth from him always, quivered like an exquisite thread in sympathy, looked through his intent eyes as he thought, flickered in amusement or in aversion round his lips when he disapproved.

Some sentences in a letter from Richard describe A.T.L.’s delicacy of feeling and his unending youth, and give the pet name of Poss, by which his son- and daughters-in-law were wont to call him. This name (originally Brer Possum) came from Ronald’s early readings of Uncle Remus.

Richard C. Cabot to Ruth B. Whitney

at the time of her engagement

You will soon learn which of “Poss’s” tones means, “Ruth, I am talking to you now,” even when he doesn’t look in your direction or use your name, and you will learn what a wealth of loyal and generous affection he tries to convey by a swift side-long glance, or a half-embarrassed handshake, or a flower on your breakfast plate. He is delicate, exquisite, elusive beyond anyone I know. His affection, his generosity, his helpfulness are shied in your direction like a sheet of mother-of-pearl, the thin, invisible edge towards you. The glint and splendor of it dawns on you later. For every overt act of kindness and help there are ten which he manages more or less successfully to conceal. Often I have thought that he did not hear or did not notice something

that was said in his presence, and later I have found that he heard, noticed it, thought and acted on it.

He certainly has the secret of perennial youth. He is bright, fresh, crisp enough to make us all seem worn and stale by comparison. His love of you will make him interested in all that happens to all your friends even those he knows only by name. This is part of his insatiable interest in all that goes on. He will be shut out of nothing. He never has had enough. No child has a fresher, more unspoiled curiosity.

This perennial youthfulness, this elusive, never-forgetting beneficence, is the keynote which he keeps sounding through the various ups and downs of the family mood, and on the whole he manages to make it the dominating note. His personality is the savor of the family and makes the strongest impression.

DAILY FESTIVALS

Life to A.T.L. was not daily toil but a series of tiny festivals. There was the feast of breakfast decorated with the exquisite latest opened flowers he had picked five minutes before in the old garden; the festival of return from Boston, his eyes sparkling with the adventure of someone's romance picked up in dull places like office and train; the feast of lunch, where he might skillfully throw with a fork to one of the family a second help of chicken which landed invariably on the proper plate; the pilgrimage festival of a trip to the pasture after lunch; a call on the "gypsy men" who were spraying caterpillars in his wood; the evening festival of reunion with returning sons, and an absorbed reading of, or rapid quotation from, the "*benighted Transcript*."

Outwardly his days were regular and simple, outwardly but not for him, or for us when he rose shining. How beautiful was the feast of breakfast, that meal often treated as dull, hurried, or irritating by the commuter and his sleepy-eyed family. A.T.L. left for Boston by the 8:32 train or earlier. He was fleet, but he was never hurried. At twenty minutes before eight he drew on his long rubber boots if it was raining, took his umbrella with the big lapis lazuli knob and a pair of scissors, and

slipped quietly into the garden. He must have flitted among the shrubs as swiftly and softly as a butterfly, for he came back in five minutes with many kinds of flowers held between his fingers to keep them separate, and new kinds every day. Then he went about the plates arranging a few flowers pointing outward or, sometimes, on a birthday, making a complete circle of gay colors. A Scotch briar rose, a lily of the valley, or a sprig of heliotrope for Mamma in the early days it might be; a lively colored zinnia for the youngest child; three chestnuts in their season for me; a thistle for May because she was so gentle; the fragrant white English violet in early spring for Julia; but yellow violets for Richard because they came from his Brookline home.

As the family leaked down gradually, there were exclamations of pleasure over the flowers, to which he listened silent and smiling. Then collecting a bit of paper on which he had made notes in lines slanting across the page, giving a mystic word to a keen-listening child about something to be done or avoided, gathering up a coat, buttoning on his cuffs—left off on account of the wet flowers till then—he was off just in time for the train—never late, never much early, for he invariably knew exactly what time it was, having set his watch by the 6:50 whistle.

He always enjoyed the trip on the train, for it meant having a chat with Arthur, Ronald, his friend Mr. Page, or one of the Paines, Seares, or Storers. If no one of them was on board, he sat down behind somebody who was reading the *Herald*. He had a copy at his office in Boston, and would never buy an extra one on the train, but greatly enjoyed reading over the back of the neighbor in front of him. "It is very provoking," he used to say, "that man will insist on turning over his newspaper just when I am in the middle of an interesting subject."

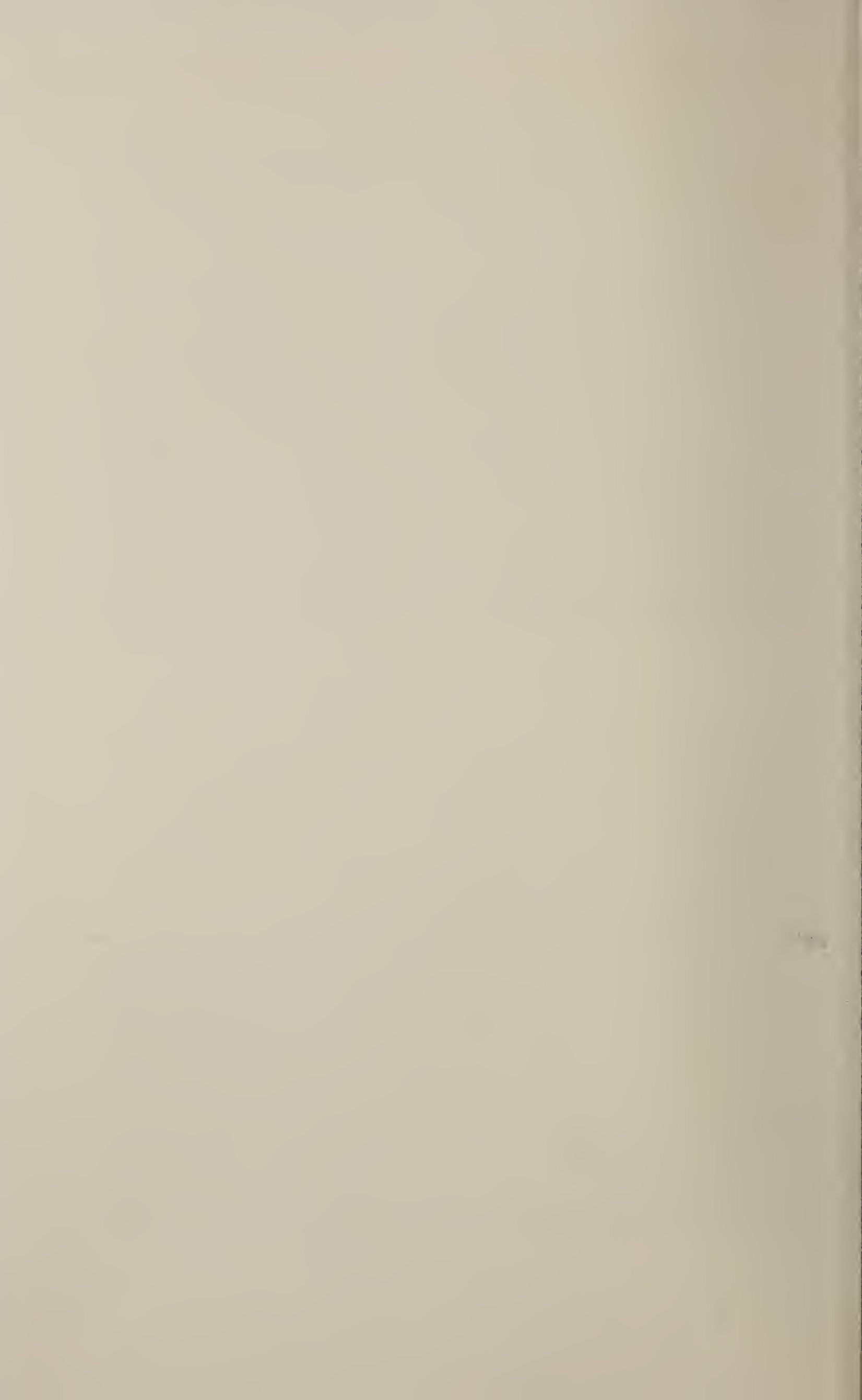
His office desk was piled mountain-high with documents of all kinds—items of news, advertisements, letters, flower catalogues, legislative bills, appeals for money. There was no delay in answering, but he kept them. I suppose that on account of having many interests of his own and all the interests of his chil-



THE GARDEN AND BEECHES



HAYING AT THE VALE



dren, his grandchildren, and all their friends, almost any item looked as if it might be turned to account to give someone pleasure.

In the left-hand drawer there was a revolver, carefully marked: "Look out. This is loaded." A.T.L. was the gentlest, most tender-hearted of men, and it was startling to find this fierce weapon near him. I think he had taken into account the danger of half-insane cranks coming armed into an office, and believed he could protect those about him better if he could fire at need. It may be that his life had been threatened. He would not have told us, I think, if it had been.

There were many visitors at the office—those asking advice, seeking to interest him in investment, consulting with him about King's Chapel, asking him for money, or trying to sell him something he did not want. For these last he invented a remedy. He could always do two things at once, and when a very time-consuming vendor came to call, A.T.L. kept on writing letters. While writing his mind was alert with repartee to the seller of wares: "Well, I'll buy your book if you'll sell me the time to go with it," or "Don't you want to buy this calendar of *me*?" He had a varied collection of things from pencils to a quartz amethyst that, as he said, he used to try "to get off" on brokers who stayed too long.

To people who came for advice on difficult business or personal problems he listened unweariedly, for A.T.L. really enjoyed the spontaneous use of his mind. He did not always know what his mind would turn up and he could sparkle and crackle over its unexpectedness like a fire with dry brush thrown in. Some folks smoke under thinking; he flamed into sudden light.

So work was to an extraordinary degree play to him, play of fancy, play of wit, play of wisdom, playfulness with people whom he met, playful scorn of some newspaper item, playful kindness to some employee.

A.T.L.'s business ability was closely connected with his foresight. He anticipated hard times and good times. During hard times or panics he seemed serene as a sheltered pool when the wind is blowing wildly outside. When times were still hard and

it looked dangerous to invest he saw the moment and went ahead. "Possie took his nerve in both hands when he bought the Whittendon Mill," Ronald said, but Possie did not make a mistake.

Waltham and all its interests were very dear to him. When the mill there was in a critical condition, he suffered as I have rarely seen him, under the fear that he must throw many operatives out of work by closing it. In order to keep it going he took great personal risk of disaster by endorsing the mill notes.

I see men at fifty or at sixty utterly weary of their work. But in spite of anxiety there was not a single day in all the years that he seemed weary of business. Perennial freshness was in his love of it. Wearing it often must have been, but not wearying to him. For he never lost the eagerness and hopeful outlook with which a youth faces his work. It was never stale repetition. Each day came to him lighted as with a new sunrise.

Except when off on a summer vacation in a distant place, he went to his office in Boston practically every week day but Saturday until his last illness, but he came home on the 1:40 train for a late lunch.

After lunch he went to walk with one of the family. That statement sounds routine and prosy, but it was far from routine to go with him. The start was uncertain and had to be watched as a cat watches a mousehole. He never asked you to go with him though he always wanted you. He never told you when or where he was going; but you knew he knew and that he had very likely planned a visit to a special flower, or to Arthur's, to Ronald's, or to Aunt Sarah's, who so loved his happenings-in, with a bunch of grapes "as a visiting card," and all the bits of news to glean and tell. His English spud came along to dig up dandelions or scratch the backs of the pigs or cut carrot tops for the cows. Mary Sears wrote once a few words that bring back just how he looked "coming down through the afternoon sunlight of the woods with the bright and lovely look of all the wood-world on his face." His spud was so characteristic a part of his equipment that I made a jingle about it at a time when all the farmhands were asking for increased pay.



ARTHUR T. LYMAN, SARAH P. SEARS, AND GEORGE T. LYMAN

Even the Spud Strikes

"Oh! Mr. Lyman," said the spud,
In his rather steely way,
"I've served you for so many years,
Won't you increase my pay?"

"My boarding-place is excellent
And greatly to my mind;
My hours of work are less than eight,
You are so very kind.

"But all the things you make me do
I really blush to tell,
For I am English, don't you know,
And quite a howling swell.

"I like to dig in Underwoods
The thistle and the weed;
It makes me think of Scotland dear,
And of the banks of Tweed.

"It is a signal honor
To be fitted to your hand;
To go with you on every walk,—
It makes me feel quite grand.

"I like to visit Ronald,
And see sweet Charlotte smile
When you give her bits of chocolate;
That really is worth while!

"But oh! the things you make me *scratch!*
The yellow pussy cat,
The Enki dog and Puckie dog—
I draw the line at that.

"I like to cut up apples
And feed them to the swine;
But as for scratching piggie's back,
I really must decline.

"I can't bear caterpillars
Or any other worm;
And as for slashing tentworms' nests—
It simply makes me squirm.

"So, Mr. Lyman," said the Spud,
In his somewhat wooden way,
"I've served you for so many years,
Please double up my pay."

In the autumn of 1908, when he was seventy-five, I described in my journal one of our afternoon walks:

Autumn at Waltham is luxuriant with the kindly fruits of the earth—grapes and golden corn, red roses, violets, and the scattered gifts of falling nuts. There has been day after day of clear sky and of the companionship of my beloved father. I see him in motion always, his head turned a little to catch glimpses of what is behind and around, his alert ears intent like a squirrel to hear each sound of the world whose every interest is his. His step is swift, called to by what is ahead, led onward by plans. He lies in ambush, listening for chances to spring out with deeds of kindness.

It is hard to follow his quick pathway unless you know his haunts. It may be back of the farmhouse where a new trench is being dug, with eager little Swedes and a collie watching; into the greenhouse with the scissors and the round straw basket to cut blue and silvery-green grapes, still fragrant of their spring blossoms—here you may trace him. A few white and crimson roses drop gently over the grapes, a leaf or two encircles them, and as I delve under the glass sashes to pick early violets, he has vanished.

I find him in the henyard showing little Ronald the great fluffy hens who stride with long awkward tilting steps and stifled exclamations up to his box of corn. Even to the hens their tenderly bounteous owner shows individual kindness. The stupid ones who miss each grain in the scramble have special bits thrown their way, though with a word of scorn at their slowness. The cows and the pigs who grunt a rough cordiality are not forgotten, and it is a touch of personal disappointment if they don't like what he brings. The farm is rich in tributes to its inhabitants; the cabbage and radish field that lies open to the sky is full of men digging supplies for the winter feast. The cows, he says, also love the radish tops—tender, purple-toned leaves—and don't often get them, so we carry the cows a foretaste of good things to come and are satisfied with the thanks of their long, slow-twisting tongues as they lick in our gifts.

There are days when he sights wicked intruders, in the shape

of small boys with boots, and blackbirds with bills, but even then he has a kindliness that underlies severity. The blackbirds have to be shot or frightened away, and he looks very military with his shotgun as he hides in the tall corn and awaits them; the boys trampling on the mowing are a nuisance because "they will have feet," yet he can't even speak harshly, but only a little enigmatically, in reproof to them.

As we come back to the garden he finds Pat Welch and asks him to dig up some rhododendrons for Ronald and Elizabeth who are away and plant them by their front porch quickly before they come home. He cares at just what angle the shrubs should be planted, just how deep and wide the ground should be dug. "I wonder if they will see them at all," he smiles with characteristic skepticism of us blind mortals. There was never anything *he* missed seeing. From the Deer Park we turn homeward again and at the garden gate he stops to cut off for Ruth and Herbert, who have just arrived, some branches even of the sacred, red-berried hawthorn that he knows it may "shock the family" to have him pick. His walk ends as it began, with gifts.

A.T.L.'s walks often included visits to the Waltham trees. The sentinel pine and the purple beech by the peach wall, the English elm and the swamp white oak on the lawn, the white oaks in the Underwood, and the hemlock were special favorites. The purple beech, planted by "the old gentleman" [his grandfather] was almost dearest of all. One of the last weeks he went to count the rings on the great branch of the beech that had split and been cut off. To count these rings would give him a clue to its age, which he was keen to know, for as Julia said: "He couldn't stop caring for the place. I do believe when he gets to heaven he'll want to ask Grandpa Theodore the first thing when he planted the beech tree."

And yet much as he loved the trees and especially the guardian white pine, I remember well his look and words one winter's day after a heavy snowstorm when Mr. Higgins, our carpenter, came in to Boston, saying that the tree was split, branch after branch, and, as he thought, ruined.

"Oh, it's a real calamity," Julia moaned. "It is *not*," he answered with almost sternness in his tone, so rock firm was his sense of values. That same afternoon he put on his long rubber boots, and went right out to Waltham as to a friend in trouble. His last walk out of doors was to see the pine cemented, and he often spoke like a good physician of its gain in vigor after he had turned the drainage from the farm its way. But characteristically he would say that since the lower branches were broken off we could see better the rhododendrons on the hill above.

For the really distinguished Waltham trees his love and interest were keen. The others he wanted to cut down. I once counted eight reasons that he gave for cutting trees:

They obstructed the view.

The family burnt so much wood.

They interfered with each other.

They shaded the house.

They harbored too many gypsy caterpillars.

They were innovations—the place had to be "restored."

They were dangerous, likely to fall on somebody.

Landscape gardening required their removal, as proved by Charles Eliot's book.

When I was a child I once told him that his only fault was that of cutting down trees. I remember his replying: "Well, it's a good thing to keep one fault." When Arthur tried to save a maple A.T.L. wanted to cut down, he answered: "Oh! it's only a two-legged little thing."

After his walk, and as it grew dark he settled down in the library in the wheel-back Sheraton chair beside his table, in the drawer of which he kept some newspaper scraps and letters he wanted to show us and his buff leather journal. Usually he wrote only the date, a line giving the weather, and a word of what was happening on the farm. There was never a day missed in ten years except when he was away from his beloved Waltham. Wind, rain, sun, and heat he records, seeing them good or strange or interesting as compared with other years or merely as telling a story of living days. Eagerness is always there be-



THE WHITE PINE



THE ENGLISH ELM

hind the word, and so when he writes: "April 30th moved to Waltham. Thermometer in cellar did not go below 32° all winter," or "July 2nd. Icehouse Plain meadow mowed," the words celebrate.

With a special sign \surd he notes our comings and goings and those of all the Walthamites and their guests. These too are facts never sentiments in their form, but to those who know, the very facts have in them the touch of a protecting hand, the quick vision of a welcoming love.

He always read the *Transcript* in the evening and often the *Nation* or the *English Spectator*. Then he turned to books on history, religion, agriculture, politics. Beside him on the little table in October 1915, the last month of his life, were the following books, so like the range of his interests that they call up a picture of the evening festival of his reading:

Proceedings, Massachusetts Historical Society
 Harvard Graduates' Magazine
 Farquhar's Flower Catalogue
 Harvard Theological Review
 Votes for Women, by Samuel McC. Crothers
 Life of Disraeli, by Monypenny
 Report of the Harvard Class of 1853
 Drama of the Spiritual Life, by Annie L. Sears
 Theodore Roosevelt's Autobiography
 The Immanent God, by A. W. Jackson
 Labor Legislation, 1914
 Fungus Diseases of Plants
 Corporate Promotions and Organizations
 Some Aspects of the Tariff Question, by Taussig
 What Men Live By, by Richard C. Cabot
 Work of the American Ambulance
 History of Twelve Days—July 24th to August 4th, 1914,
 by J. W. Headlam.

Gaiety held in him even to the locking of the many doors of the Vale at night. While he went about, flashlight in hand, through the winding passages to the kitchen, he talked away

with animation, luring after him, a few feet behind, a listening son or daughter as a light lures a moth. So the day ended as it began, a festival illumined from his lighted soul.

GAIETY

A.T.L.'s humor was unique. It is difficult to recapture its liveliness when one can no longer see the light in his eyes that made his sayings sparkle. But I give a few written down at the time. Part of his gaiety was the sudden addition to an ordinary statement of a whimsical point of view. In June 1915, after a long drought that hurt the farm crops, there was a heavy beneficent downpour. Said A.T.L., with a look of amused regret: "Arthur's three dogs came down here all wet through—perfect waste of rain."

Looking once at a settlement of small houses in Waltham, he remarked: "For ten years those folks drank too much, and no houses were built. Now they've stopped drinking and you see that row of houses. Evidently they drank a whole house in ten years."

He suggested to Mabel one day that she should call on some stranger. "But I don't know her from Adam," said Mabel. "You will just as soon as you see her," was A.T.L.'s quick answer.

A deer wandered down even into the garden at the end of the peach wall. "Come out quick, Possie, and see something beautiful!" whispered Ruth. To her amazement, A.T.L. exclaimed with roguish sarcasm: "Oh! the wicked brute. Why didn't I bring my gun."

In November 1914 he wrote to an annoying publisher who had sent him (to different addresses) seven advertisements of a single book: "My address and *that of my waste-paper basket* is 50 State Street."

He was eager to have his little grandchild Ruthie, aged four, come to stay in 1915, but her coming was delayed by the anti-suffrage meetings her mother was managing. Disappointed by the many postponements, A.T.L. declared: "If Ruthie comes,

I'll teach her the tango and the bunny hug and dress her in yellow (i.e., suffrage) flowers from head to foot." That hardly sounds like a man eighty-two years old!

The Suffrage issue always diverted him and he refused to take either side. So when Ruth came the last week of his life, he was much amused to find the Virginia creeper turned half red and half yellow—half anti-suffrage and half suffrage, as he put it—while he picked a spray for Ruthie to give to Ruth.

With children he was always tenderly gay. They felt it and made him their confidant.

June 15th, 1915.—Ruthie: "I've got something I must tell to Possie."

She stood silent.

A.T.L.: "Bark it out!"

Ruth still silent.

A.T.L.: "Open your mouth and be a cat!"

June 14th, 1915.—He had always wanted to know just how old the great purple beech was, but had no record. Nevertheless he reported one day: "Mrs. Sargent asked me how old the beech was and I told her one hundred and ten years, three months and eight days. That was yesterday. Today it is one hundred and ten years, three months and nine days."

A.T.L. was a lover of beauty and did not like the modern art, that often seemed to him to pursue the hideous and grotesque. In 1914, while driving to the station he passed a black-and-white bulldog with a huge patch of black including his right eye. "That dog," said A.T.L., "is ugly enough to be sent to the Art Museum."

Speaking of a certain Mrs. R., who was universally considered plain, he remarked teasingly, "Mrs. R. is a perfect beauty," and when we all exclaimed, he added, "Well, I just heard somebody say so." (Himself, of course.)

Often his wit characterized a quality of the person. Of an elderly lady: "Florence is a queer bird. Sometimes she's quite romantic and sometimes she's as cold as the end of a dog's nose."

He invented endless humorous names for people. These be-

gan in the days when we were little pitchers and had over-long ears, and may have been meant for real disguises, but they continued as plays of fancy either on the sound of the name or on some trait of the person. One of the group of names used for a disguise was calling our Aunt Abby Lyman, *Doors*. There was another Abby (the Lowells' faithful maid) whose last name was really Gates, and as Aunt Abby was not *Gates*, he called her *Doors*.

Miss Martha D. Higgins, our Irish music teacher, whom he could not persuade to sign her whole first name on her bills but only her initials M. D., he always called Mad Dog Higgins; Miss Rose Lamb's character was startlingly altered by his calling her Miss Roast Lamb. One very much befurred lady he always called the Seal, and two pale young damsels seen in church, The Moon-faced Girls. At the same church there was Cigarette Bright rarely parted from that article, and he liked to speak of the neighbor Mr. Stone's children as the Pebbles.

For men in public life of whom he disapproved, a slight twist of name indicated character. Wickersham became Wicked Sham and President Wilson's son-in-law McAdoo was "Cock-a-doodle-doo." One of the most elaborate changes was that of Episcopalians to Pussycats or even Furry People, the link being that they were followers of Pusey (Pussy) and therefore furry.

My father never acted in private theatricals, but he acted daily in private life long after he was eighty. I can see him now, his left profile grave as courteously he listened to the exaggerated tales of woe given by some elderly spinster sitting next him at table, while the right side of his face, visible only to us children, twinkled with merriment and made a running comment on her narrative.

Occasionally A.T.L. would act out a short scene, usually one that had happened long before. If he had a new hearer he never minded how often he repeated a scene such as this: The peculiar and emotional head of a boys' school occupies the pulpit at King's Chapel. A.T.L. illustrates the gathering flood of feeling which makes the headmaster rise higher and higher in the

pulpit till he nearly touches the sounding board. His coat begins to slip off, his thin hand points upward like a spire, though occasionally, unlike a spire, it is drawn down to wipe his brow and lips. But when the liturgy reaches the words, "a blessing on all colleges and seminaries of learning," emotion is deliberately too much for him and his voice squeaks off into a tremolo sob. There A.T.L. joyfully left the personification.

Sometimes his dramatization would be for a sentence only with a piece of news teasingly held back, as it was on a June day in 1914. At breakfast Papa announced in an oratorical voice to the table: "This is the great day (pause) of the eruption (pause) of Richard Sears into Cohasset."

In the autumn of 1915 (he was then 82), he spoke one night of "common" people. Then he pretended to be shocked. He had made a fearful mistake to use, in relation to people, the word common which he knew Richard Cabot disapproved. Instantly he covered his abashed face with his napkin, took the attitude of falling over, bending sideways almost to the floor in his dramatic presentation, so much so indeed as for a moment to startle the family.

The quickness of his mind was wit without a barb—instant seeing of the fantastic or amusing relation of words and ideas, yet never bitter, never unkind, never impure. He might occasionally stab with his piercing fun a wholly unknown or public character, never one known.

I add a few more bits about him from my diary:

Said Julia one day at Waltham (1911): "That hall carpet is getting very shabby. Don't you think it ought to be changed before the visitors come?" A.T.L.: "Tell them to 'Look up, not down,' Edward Everett Hale."

On Thanksgiving day, 1911, we were driving along Commonwealth Avenue and saw a fur-muffled figure in the distance.

R.T.L.: "There's Mr. Amory Lawrence going out to drive."

A.T.L.: "That man in all those furs! He looks like a muskrat set up on end."

October 1913. Ten solid days of rain and fog; A.T.L. still scintillant; all the rest of us soggy. "If the cows eat grass in the pastures on a day like this, it will water the milk."

After the sinking of passenger ships by submarines in 1915, my father said: "The Germans seem to be the very devil—oh, I beg the devil's pardon for calling him so bad a name!"

THE FLOWERS OF LOVING-KINDNESS

Everyone spoke of A.T.L.'s innumerable kindnesses. But kindness is the wrong word. It suggests doing for your kind, being benevolent, giving to the poor, the sick, or the needy. His gifts whether in deed or word were notably individual. My mother worked with great loving-kindness for the Widows and the Orphan Asylum. It was true of her to say: "She made the widow's heart to sing for joy." But my father's gifts, like everything he did, were each personal and singular, often accompanied by humor.

Kindness alone is sometimes too bare to be easily received, but with A.T.L.'s kindness went gaiety, appreciation, self-withdrawal, rejoicing in the fun of it. His bounty was not like a melody but a chord. The quality of a chord was true also of his humor. It almost always had more than one significance and was not just the funny story so unrelated that it is forgotten next day. His humor often expressed lifting power as well as wit. It too was a gift.

Kindness, too, suggests that somewhat mild and prosy person, a cheerful giver. If the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, how much more must He have loved A.T.L., who never sank so low as to be cheerful, but was a delighted, an inventive, a sparkling-eyed giver. He gave indeed as an ordinary citizen gives to many good causes—the Massachusetts General Hospital, the Museum of Fine Arts, the Institute of Technology, the Instructive District Nursing, or the Children's Aid—but beyond that his gifts were birdlike, winged things darting down as if from the sky.

You could not divide A.T.L.'s gifts into the large and the small, though of course there were large subscriptions and little ones. His kindnesses were not generalized; they were distinct,

unique. The least was as piquant and original as the largest—perhaps more so. One spring day in 1914 it was Emily Storer's trouble about moles. They had eaten her most cherished flower bulbs, she told him. He heard her story, half-amused, wholly alert to help. In five minutes he had found a mole-trap and was off to her aid.

Another time it was what we call a great need. An American hospital was opened in China to train Chinese doctors. He asked Richard eagerly about its value, listening intently, as he always listened, to Richard's answer, but saying only yes in agreement. Later we found, through Cousin Charles Eliot, that he had equipped a whole clinic.

I find in my mother's diary this entry:

November 13th, 1887.—Mr. Young preached and spoke of the generous action of the delegate [A.T.L.] in taking upon himself the whole money pledged by the Waltham church at the Saratoga Convention in aid of the Charleston church destroyed by fire, "only one of many generous acts for which the church is indebted to him."

At the time Herbert was first made treasurer of the Merrimack Cotton Mill, the Y.M.C.A. at Lowell almost forced the Lowell mill treasurers to subscribe largely toward their fund. Herbert felt obliged to give \$1,000. The very next morning Possie met him in the office and handed him a check he had just made out to him for \$1,000. It was characteristic of his *instant* response, that very *present* help in trouble that few men have swiftness of soul enough to give.

When Dr. Worcester called to see Papa, he told us that Papa's first greeting was apt to be: "Well, what are you up to now?" with a twinkle blending sympathy with disapproval of Dr. Worcester's self-forgetting generosity. So at an important crisis Dr. Worcester told Papa of his hopes for a nurses' training school. Papa worked on the Committee to raise money and when \$20,000 was raised, authorized them to go ahead although the total cost was \$30,000 more. A mortgage was taken on the building and when it came due Dr. Worcester asked

him how it could be met. "It has already been paid," Papa said. He had paid it himself.

Again and again he gave to the Waltham Training School, so often indeed that he sometimes murmured that "It might not be quite fair to the family"—as if he ever could be other than surpassingly generous to us. "Come to me when you are in a hard place," was his word to Dr. Worcester and year after year he gave in thousands.

If the French word for gift, *douceur*, had its literal meaning, it would have been like the gifts of A.T.L., they were so gently given and so full of sweetness. He met the Dean of Radcliffe one day, pleasantly as anyone would, but the parting was like him alone. He slipped into her hand \$1,000 for a student loan fund, with: "You'll find some girls working harder than they ought to because they are poor."

When we came to our Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner he was there at the entrance of the dining-room door, barring the way like the manager of a box office. But his sternness was sparkling with fun; his entrance fee a gift from himself, not a payment by you. "Have you got your ticket?" he would say, and he slipped into each one's hand a \$10 gold piece. "Are you fond of birds?" he would inquire, as he slid across a gold eagle.

He was always delicate in his ways of giving, but especially so when he felt the possible sensitiveness of the receiver. Then his full, exultant ingenuity came into play.

After Herbert's marriage to Ruth a new and strong attachment sprang up between Papa and her old friend Mr. Samuel Page—"Poor Page," as he called him. In the word "poor" was enclosed both his perpetual tenderness and the sense of faithfulness, as when we speak to a friendly dog. Mr. Page, a skillful architect, never pushed himself forward and business gradually left him. Pessie always wanted to help him and found a way. In 1911 he got him to design a little porch for the gardener, Mr. Angus. "Fine view across the Common," Papa told me, delighting also in the satisfaction of the Angus family, who at once took up their abode on the porch, and gave him pleasure every time he passed their shy and smiling red heads. I came



39 BEACON STREET DINING ROOM

out one day in July 1911. It was just after Aunt Sarah's death, but he did not speak of that as we walked by the Angus cottage. "Poor Page wouldn't take any pay for drawing plans for that porch. I gave him a gold piece with an Indian's head on it. I told him I always hated Indians and wished he'd get rid of this one for me." Not only Indians but many flowers and grapes found their way to Mr. Page, who like A.T.L. took regularly the 8:32 train to Boston.

"I started with three big chrysanthemums this morning, but I met poor Page and by the time I got to Boston I was stripped of every one of them." It was rare indeed that A.T.L. was not stripped of his flowers. Some days he would come home without any and say he had been "boy-cotted and girl-cotted." Once it was the darky boy in the elevator of 50 State Street to whom he gave shyly two rose-colored camellias—bits of the South, the boy's own country.

Often the flowers were a greater gift than he knew. One evening a tired and disheartened woman came to pass the night, and later she wrote to me: "Oh, I just loved your father. He made me have faith in people again when I'd almost given up trusting them. He was so kind. The night I passed at Waltham, I'd picked a few flowers, but when he saw me in the morning he said: 'Those all the flowers you've got?' and he turned up his collar and went right out in the rain to get me ever so many more."

Toward youth he was peculiarly generous. He wanted to speed it on its way and took every chance to help. He paid tuitions for young men and followed their work eagerly. Fred Faller, an Irish boy whom he early took into his office, asked once: "What church does Mr. Lyman belong to? I want to have the same religion he does."

Alan Gregg to Mabel Lyman

October 25th, 1915.

You perhaps know how fine a friend and helper I had in your father, you know how much I shall always owe him that

I never could have repaid, and you perhaps can see how anxious was my hope that he should live to let me show in work what his confidence had allowed me to be and do. He wanted me to go ahead into the Medical School, he wanted to help me to be what I had alone desired since I can remember wanting to be anything—and as soon as I realized his overwhelming kindness and confidence I tried to make it a rule to redeem that confidence and to pass on that kindness. I still am trying, and it is only as I succeed that I shall feel myself honest and in any way worthy of your father. . . .

The only way I can think of to make his loss seem less unbearable is to remember his gentle wisdom, his understanding love of others, his interest in whatever is good—and try to keep up these instincts that were so natural with him.

A.T.L. gave two scholarships of \$5,000 each to Radcliffe College, and they bore the name of her he loved best. He gave to the purchase of land, to the halls of residence, and to the Loan Fund. Even more he gave to his ever-loved college. To Harvard he gave from the first year of graduation to the last year of his life.

A.T.L.'s little gifts were always individual in their manner of appearing. Sometimes his gifts of gold had surprising titles. When Arthur was married Papa gave me a ten-dollar gold piece as a "retainer" and with no further explanation. Or on a birthday the gold might be what he called "a pedestal" on top of which was a jeweled brooch for Julia or Mabel.

There was one Christmas day when Cousin Robert Pratt failed to give to Arthur T. Lyman, Jr., his customary money present. Now A.T.L., Jr., was in college and had pledged ahead that expected money. On hearing the sad incident A.T.L., Sr., put on his hat and coat and walked with Julia down Marlborough Street to 57. When he was nearly there he took out from his pocket a handful of gold pieces and deliberately put them on the sidewalk, as deliberately picking them up again. "There," he said gravely to Julia, "you saw me pick up that money on the sidewalk, didn't you?" When he reached 57 Marlborough

Street he gave the money to A.T.L., Jr., saying that he had found it on the sidewalk, so that presumably Bob Pratt had carelessly dropped it there. Thus he saw, caught, and helped the flying interests of each of us.

Ronald once said most discriminatingly that "Father was a fine eavesdropper." He listened to what people needed long before they appealed to him, and the presents he gave when asked were less characteristic than those he had devised when no one could have thought of asking him. His spiritual gifts, too, had a quality of surprise, due to his having overheard your need before it was spoken. Suddenly you saw an open flower where you had not noticed a bud.

The understanding of an unspoken need was bound up perhaps with his extraordinary fairness. Elizabeth said that one day at King's Chapel the minister preached on the sin against the Holy Ghost, the unpardonable sin. When she spoke to Papa of her interest in the sermon he went on talking of his belief in what was the unpardonable sin—imputing wrong motives to people. That he never did this is a keynote of his character, and surely it helped him quickly to understand. He understood instantly almost before your sentence was finished and he never forgot.

This discernment was due partly, I think, to the whole-mindedness of his listening. Most of us are contented to listen with a quarter of our attention and feel really polite if we listen with seventy-five per cent. But he listened with one hundred per cent of himself, eagerly thinking with you, for you, beyond you. Most good listeners face you when you speak. But he listened with his whole self while his eyes were turned away. He was very still and concentrated in listening, his face cameolike except for the lighted eyes, the least sparkle of a smile. He heard not only every word but every idea, every tone. He never looked puzzled, nor bored, nor merely civil. He always cared.

Sometimes I felt that these manifold interests were almost nearer and more lasting to him than to the apparent owner. And is not that divine? Oh! to see him come into the red music room at the Vale where Richard and I were reading, shining eyed, a

tiny smile on his lips. He had found some fact he knew we would care to hear or a magazine perhaps that he slid toward us: "Interesting article in that."

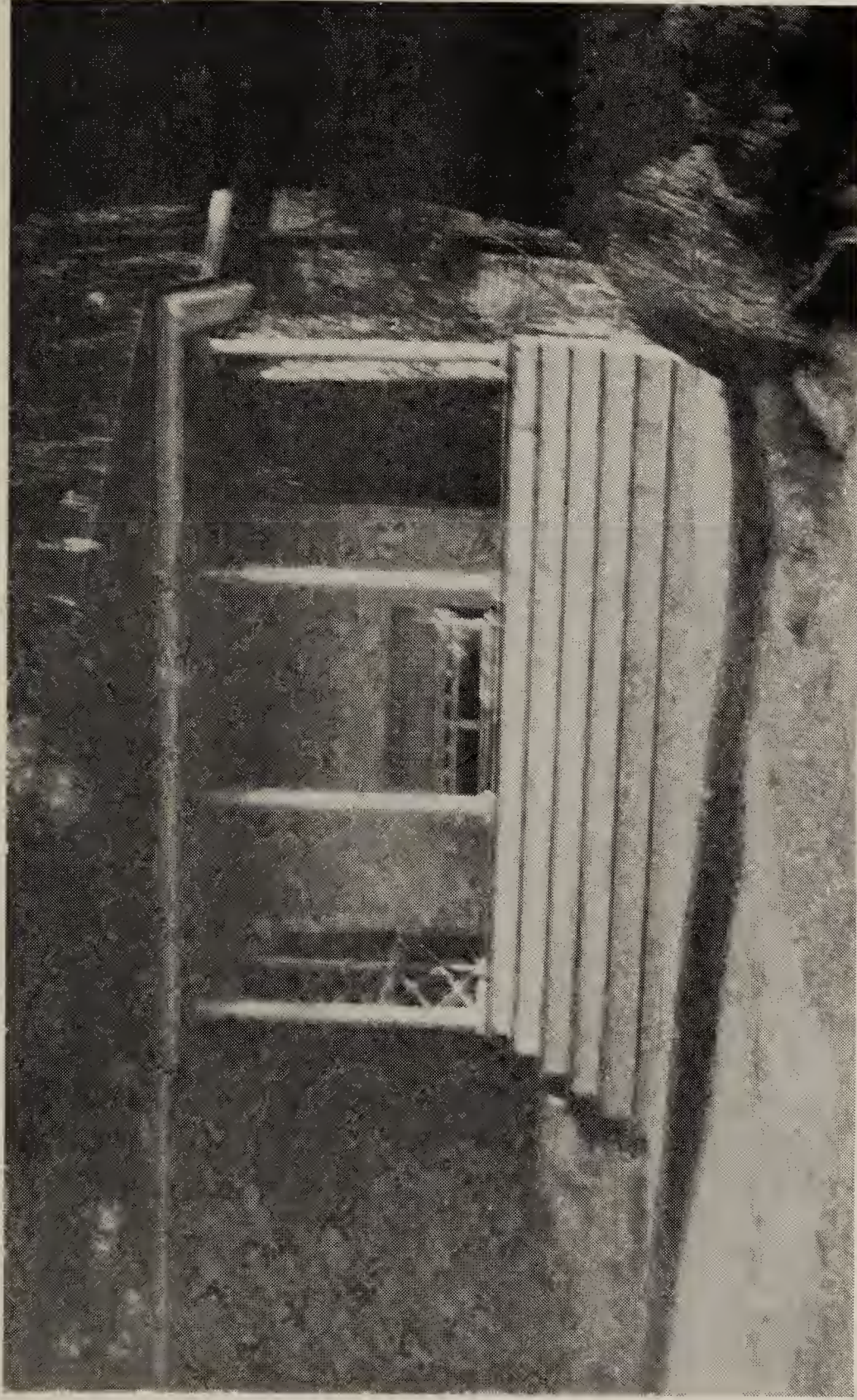
He came with a touch of shyness, childlike, gay shyness as if perhaps he ought not to interrupt, mingled with radiant and quiet delight in what he had found for us. He always made me see, really see, how it is possible for God to love each one of us with very special love, to feel the preciousness of our plans more than we can feel them for ourselves.

I remember the intensity of continued interest with which he helped me about my first public speech. It was to be in Philadelphia, among total strangers, and formidable. He kept talking about the outline of it. He thought of new similes to illustrate it. He made it seem all worth while.

The same tender thoughtfulness went into everything he touched. "You might like some ferns in front of 190, if it's too shady to grow flowers. Pat can put some in when he is planting the bulbs at 39." Every fern was chosen by Papa from the catalogue as a hardy kind growing well on a north exposure.

A.T.L.'s gifts were robed by his foresight, his sense of fun, and above all by his protecting and furthering love. I think the element of protection grew in him when Mamma died. He spread wider the shelter of his arms because her enfolding love was no longer about us. Tenderly and gaily he welcomed Elizabeth. She felt the saying true of him: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." And so he did, not only into his discerning appreciation but into his guardian care.

I remember vividly one autumn night in 1913, when Ronald was away and Elizabeth dined at the Vale. She said that she needed no escort home to the Deer Park where, as Papa often put it, the Dear Parkers lived. But it was dark and foggy when Elizabeth started home at ten o'clock. I went with her, almost feeling each step through the arbor and up the steep bank, among the rhododendrons. "You musn't come back this way alone. It's really dangerous going down the steps," she said. And then we walked along speaking of Possie's perennial youth of soul. "He's much the youngest of all," she said; "I never



THE ARBOR AT THE VALE

tell him any of my hopes and ideas that he doesn't understand." In the distance toward the garden we saw a flashlight. "Oh, he's coming, the darling; how wonderful of him," she exclaimed and ran down the path to meet him, surrounding him with wreathed love and appreciation. "You are our rescuer, coming through the dark with your light." It seemed symbolic of his ever-present help to all of us, quiet, ready, far-seeing, lighted with a torch of wisdom and steadfastness.

A.T.L. not only guarded us—he watched for every chance to further what we cared for, whether or not he liked it himself, and to further the interests of our friends. Now it was a girl he had seen only once who was baffled over an account book that would not behave decently and in order. A.T.L. spent an afternoon putting it straight and showing her how to manage it in the future. At another time it was a college student trying to earn an extra penny by writing the "Pleasantries Column" for a newspaper. For months he collected every joke he could find and sent it to her. Or it was a baseball lover, and A.T.L., who ordinarily took less than no interest in baseball, at once cut out items about Red Sox and swiftly learned the chief players' names. Ronald, Jr., was given a bicycle, at which Ronald's best friend Hulver, the Swedish farmer's boy, looked wistfully. It was not many days before a bicycle appeared at Hulver's door.

A.T.L.'s gifts varied from a tiny box plant sent to a garden lover, to an enchanting, glittering brooch or ring that (when he asked you to choose it with him), you supposed was going to someone else. Not for a minute was A.T.L. one of those rather trying people who shake off your proffered thanks as if they got wet under them. He exulted in thanks; he waited impatiently for the letters that should contain them, he chuckled over them when they came or crowed like a rooster. Then as likely as not he read the note aloud all wrong. "I thank you not at all for your hideous brooch and shall wear it just as rarely as I can," etc., while we stood round pleading: "Oh! Possie, what does it *really* say?" and he replying sternly: "Do you dare to doubt my accuracy?" would fling the letter across to us.

He gave each of us, when we married, our house or its

equivalent in rent, and he kept the cellars of each full of coal, sending us only a general message that Batchelder was filling up 39 and might as well do ours. Throughout his life, as Julia said when she was a little girl, "Papa's work was to please his children," and he surely did.

When, after his death, we chose among his personal possessions something loved because like to him, the clear traits of his nature guided us. Things that measured accurately, like a rain gauge, a watch, a thermometer; anything that increased his wonderful seeing, like field glass and telescope; things that meant forethought and hospitality like grape scissors, or even a tobacco jar, for, generous giver, he gave the cigar he despised to those who liked it.

THE UNION OF SOCIABILITY AND INDEPENDENCE

A.T.L. was really nourished by people. He was interested in everyone, even "queer birds," and people who were "rather fascinatingly ugly." People were daily bread to him. He would not have been himself without them. He needed them, and although he had many and ardent tastes—love of books, of politics, of flowers, of business—they were all enriched for him by people who, as far as I remember, never fatigued him. A.T.L. was brought out by people, but not essentially changed except by my mother. He was too independent and (as I have grown more and more to see in lingering by his side in these years of reading his letters) too closely related to God as an adviser. Loving people did not mean being pulled along by them as a partisan. He felt people in himself as sun and water; he sometimes wilted and drooped a little when they went. But he did not feel himself in them. He was not dragged out of shape by sympathy. As I look back, Mamma stands apart as the one who changed him, and he, who was clear-cut in ideals and plans, never tried directly to change us. He suggested, he did not command. When he cared very keenly that you should accept his counsel, he followed you as you left the room.

I think he spoke most naturally when walking—murmuring what he wanted you to take in. At those times his eyes varied their direction. Almost never did he look at anyone for more than a second when speaking to him. He looked straight ahead into the distance, and he listened to what was said independently of facing the speaker. But when he wanted to persuade you of something he felt important, he watched you and his eyes penetrated and held you. "You and Richard ought not to do so much for people. It may be good for your character but it is bad for them." When on the other hand he approved, he showed it not by a loud voice or ringing words, but by a look quick, shining, glad. Then as quickly he turned away.

His compliments were rare though one always felt his approval, conveyed across by tone more than by word. Yet sometimes he gave direct compliments in an indirect way. In March 1914 we were dining at 39 Beacon Street just before a lecture Richard was to give on "Miracles." Papa began dramatically as if introducing Richard to the audience: "There are some things people call miracles that I don't believe in, and some things they don't call miracles that I do believe in. The speaker tonight is a text and an illustration of the last remark."

A.T.L.'s independence was marked, but not in the least aggressive. He had a rare combination of modesty and freedom from the influence of public opinion. I think it would not have mattered to him if nobody agreed. He was looking in a different direction. "Because I look beyond and listen elsewhere," Maeterlinck makes Joyzelle say when she alone refuses to condemn her lover whose guilt seems evident. I am sure A.T.L. was listening when he expressed unpopular views—few men could listen so intently to any speaker—but he also listened not to men but *elsewhere*, to the truth, to the right. You could see it in his look—not at the speaker but away with a shining clear-cut look like the crescent moon in a dark blue sky. He listened to his guiding sense of truth. It was like him too to look *beyond*. He was never pinioned in the minute. The same watchful prescience that saved his life when the Lynn train was wrecked,

kept him far-sighted in business; almost gay when misfortune came—steady through mill strikes, daring in investment, confident even when religion seemed shaken. Like his great friend and cousin, Charles W. Eliot, he never expressed a discouraged opinion. He looked beyond; he listened elsewhere.

It is an illuminating fact that A.T.L.'s very independence made him one who could be depended on for wise counsel. Prof. Barrett Wendell beautifully expressed this quality in a brief letter to the Massachusetts Historical Society in November 1915:

“It was in his official character, as President of the Boston Athenæum, that I saw him oftenest and most. At first sight, his extreme quietness of manner and his gentle reticence of speech were not impressive. All the deeper one found the impression he finally made. His unobtrusive presence was always and faithfully watchful; when the moment came to state a fact, he would state it so simply that only reflection would reveal to you the precision and the grasp of the mental processes needful for this excellent condensation; when the moment came for advice or for decision, he would give it just as simply and just as admirably. Above all things, the years made one feel, this man was of the few who can watchfully wait and bravely act. Few men, I think, ever were more true to the duty which life placed before them. Few, when called upon to think or to do, can ever have been found less wanting. He had the self-mastery, the courage, and the deep simplicity of a great gentleman. More than many lives eminent in history, such a life as his justifies our country.”

In this happily-worded paragraph, Professor Wendell has expressed a number of my father's qualities—his watchfulness, his simplicity, his self-mastery, and his courage. The word deep is the true one for his simplicity. It grew out of his independence of popular opinion and judgment. Our life was always kept essentially simple, as was his own dress, or his carriage. I think no family was ever more unaware of the existence of money than ours. The Waltham place was an inheritance of sentiment

and to be kept up in much the same way as one would dress a child warmly. The gardeners, the farmer, the carpenter were personal friends who belonged on the place, not luxuries. They had free houses on his land and every now and then he would tell us he was going to "double the rent" if they did not do better. The home of John Kelly, devoted Irish helper, was built for him on the Forest Street land, and there he brought up his numerous children in what Papa called the Kelly Mansion, whose rent doubled many times amounted to zero. All my father's relations to the men on the place were as direct and friendly as if they were part of the family circle. Naturally they responded.

At 39 Beacon Street in the surroundings that Mamma had made appropriate to a rare Colonial house, the same essential simplicity held. Mrs. James Parker wrote in 1916 of "the wonderful man whose home it was, and who made so happy and so welcome all those who came within his doors. I remember above everything how he, surrounded by so much that was beautiful, costly, and of great value, maintained the perfect simplicity and gentleness of manner which put everyone at ease."

His personal simplicity of dress or conduct never changed with years. He wanted no one ever to wait on him. Every day he went to Boston by train, and walked or took the electric car to his office. Julia once offered to send in the automobile and the chauffeur William Rich to bring him out. "If you do, I'll discharge him!" The last autumn when he was eighty-two, he, once, drove up from the Boston Station to his office, but not because he was tired: "Arthur came in the train today and he didn't seem to want to go in the cars."

COURAGE

The words "a heart unspotted is not easily daunted" seems the essence of his independent courage. He was not spotted with self-interest, vanity, fear of abuse, or outward failure. Faith and humility gave him courage and a kind of serenity like

an Indian summer day, warm, mellow, bright-colored, shining clear, yet ready for the winter, ready for small annoyance, most beautiful of all under sorrow.

A great test of character is the meeting of a misfortune, an annoyance, or a crisis. One of the lighted memories of A.T.L. is the way he looked or spoke when something unpleasant had happened. The new emotion in his face made it all the more beautiful and sculptured. If it was an annoyance rather than a grief he looked amused and witty words fell from his lips. Once when he had lent his automobile equipped with new tires, to transport a young mother on a long journey home with her new baby, two tires were punctured. A.T.L. merely commented: "That fat Sears baby burst two tires on the car."

We were picking the first fragrant white English violets on the back avenue one 19th of April when we suddenly saw smoke rising over the farmhouse. In a few moments we were there. The ox barn, where two horses and four fine old oxen were kept, had deliberately been set on fire, and the poor animals were too frightened to get out. It was like A.T.L. not to express in word or look any regret, any reproach, any impatience, any anxiety. He looked only more animated and his lighted eyes were more beautiful than ever. He was all decision. He directed the stream of water. He watched the wind. He decided when saving the ox barn became hopeless and then he deliberately turned the firehose away and on to the pigeon house, which was saved. This fire was comparatively a small emergency, but it helped me to see him in action. I knew then what he would be in a great emergency of war or panic. He was like the happy warrior described by Wordsworth:

Who, doomed to go in company with pain . . .
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.

In November, 1886, my mother wrote in her journal: "One of the barns burnt with tons and tons of hay, over \$1,200 beyond the insurance. Dear A.T.L. was wonderfully self-possessed and calm, coming back to his tea as if nothing had hap-

pened." When the celebrated Haunted House in the Underwood pasture used as a haybarn was deliberately set on fire by boys, he wrote to me: "The ghost did not put it out this time."

These were relatively small troubles and were met with his invariable foresight or with gay renouncement when foresight failed. But there were griefs too great for gaiety and foresight to subdue. Under the weight of sorrow some of us become skeptics and deny, some stoics and harden our hearts. He was lifted at such times into an almost dazzling beauty of tender kindness.

Aunt Sarah Sears died July 23rd, 1911. In my diary I wrote a few days later: I see A.T.L. with marvelous courage holding his head above the rushing waves where he faces loneliness and death. I see him sustaining his sinking spirit—more than that, moving buoyantly forward—on mere shreds of human interest—Frank's vacation, Ethel's cows, little Julia's collection of flowers. As when Mamma died, he grasps almost with clutching eagerness these floating trifles which most of us would fling aside as useless. But by their fragile aid he rises high above the waves. They are not little or weak to him. Delicately, with careful fingers, he expresses his loving-kindness in a completely worded recipe to drive off mosquitoes in our Adirondack camp. I'd rather have that little paper written as he lifts himself from depressing sorrow by the staff of kindness, than Carnegie's check for a thousand dollars.

For he, almost alone of us, acts the truth that every human being in his littlest needs and his most trivial interest is God's child and therefore of surpassing value. No help is too little to give, no question too trivial to answer, no subject too trifling for his pursuing, creative interest. He knows that they are not little after all. He can rise on their tiny pinions because every one of them bears for him the flying meaning of God's love.

Mary Sears in her inseeing tribute spoke of A.T.L. as by his humor, "putting you straight with life." It was supremely true of him that he used not only his untarnished mind and his rock-

built faith, but his quick humor to see life whole, not twisted by thwarting events big or little. Here is one small example. He was greatly annoyed by his half-intoxicated gardener whom in kindness he would not dismiss, and yet who spoiled his grapes and greenhouse flowers by leaving them white and sticky with mealy bugs and aphids. A.T.L. tried advice and suggestion in vain for years. At last he consoled himself by saying: "Charlie Campbell is useless as a gardener, but he's a perfectly fine entomologist."

One winter the superb hedges of slow-growing box eighty years old were ruined. The box by the southeast peach-wall had all to be cut down and tiny shoots were planted in its place. A.T.L. very quickly named a compensation: "I used to have the largest box hedge in America; now I have the smallest."

Before I realized how strong was the equilibrium of his soul I used to think it strange that he had more than one point of view even at funerals. He spoke of them as missed opportunities for talking with the family assembled, or called the black-robed mourners "all crowed up," or laughed at a pious lady who *added* the combined terms of mourning for distant relatives to make sure that she had worn it long enough.

Like Charles W. Eliot, who deliberately wore a red necktie to his wife's funeral, I think A.T.L. felt that the sombreness of black expressed only one's grief, not one's rejoicing love and one's steadfast faith. There was radiance back of his sadness. There were windows open in the house of tragedy. He did not forget God, and his vision of a right universe was shown in his gaiety even when pierced by sorrow.

We loved A.T.L. for the quick, clear-rising fountain of his joy and readiness for life; even more for his transcendence of death. No one can ever forget his look, flashing pure insight into sorrow, of complete, radiant victory in the presence of death. In that look is a message swift as light and convincing as truth—Death hath no more dominion over us. My mother called it a transcendent look, and so it was.

It seemed part of his delicate reserve and of his extraordinary

freedom from self-pity that he never spoke of his own death or of growing old. His contemporaries did in his presence and he sat smiling or looking out with far-seeing eyes beyond the narrow vista his comrades saw. Some years ago he used to say jokingly that it never had been proved that all men were mortal. A great many of them were still living.

Once in the autumn of 1915, speaking of a man who had asked him to become a life member of an Association, he said: "I told him I am not just the right age to join as a life member." That was all—and it was said with no sadness, almost with humor. It was characteristic of him not to measure life in terms of time.

CHAPTER IX

Letters and Speeches on Politics

THAT Arthur T. Lyman was immensely interested in the welfare of the nation we saw in several of his letters from Europe as early as 1856, when he was only twenty-three years old. I found among his papers this letter to the *Boston Courier* written a few years later, in 1860. It is so vigorous in its assertion that we need not only principles, but men who incarnate those principles, that it is worth keeping long after the special issue has passed:

Editors of the *Boston Courier*,—As there seems to be some chance that by various intrigues Mr. Burlingame may secure his renomination for Congress in the 4th district in opposition to the real wishes of the voters, it behooves all who wish this district represented by a man fit for the place to see to it that the scheme now on foot shall not succeed. Absurd as it may seem now, it is nevertheless true that Mr. B. was re-elected four years ago simply because he was involved in a not too creditable quarrel at the time when Charles Sumner was struck by Mr. Brook. All were well aware that he was utterly unfit for the place into which he had managed to get in the Know-Nothing times. He was elected in 1856 and 1858 out of spite and anger, but such passions are now quieted and there can be no doubt that it would be a cause of rejoicing to nearly all of the Republican voters of the district if he were out of the way. Two years ago the pill was sweetened by the statement that he had agreed not to stand again if they would only send him just once more.

This is a matter of important public interest, and yet who would think of employing Mr. B. in any private business where discretion and knowledge were needed, and that too at a salary of \$3,000 per annum? How unjustifiable then to send

to Washington to represent this district which is so deeply interested in commerce and manufactures one who is so little competent to vote or speak on such matters.

He appeals to the workingmen. By what right? What labor did he ever perform? And what does he know about those things on which their prosperity depends? Nothing. An idle and boasting stump-speaker does not represent the large class of industrial and intelligent mechanics who live in this district.

Some will say, we go for principles not men. Then by all means don't vote for the present incumbent, for principles will not support themselves, there must be well principled *men* to carry them into action. What we want now is *men—men*. Therefore instead of the fallacious saying of "principles not men" should be substituted "men of principle."

Of malignant vituperative and violent rant we have had more than enough. Such things are of no avail against wrong and are very injurious to the peace and prosperity of the country. There can be no doubt that the Republican voters of the 4th district do not want to vote for Mr. B. but they will not vote for a rank Democrat such as was put up in '58.

The state of the case is simply this—it is acknowledged on all hands that Mr. B. is unfit for the place, yet he may manage to secure the nomination; if the B and E¹ party will put up a liberal and strong candidate, the Democrats ought to vote for him to defeat Burlingame, and many Republicans will vote for him both for this purpose and also to elect a good man who can properly represent a district so much interested as the 4th in the honor and prosperity of this country, the United States.

A REPUBLICAN.

Dr. Alfred Worcester tells of an incident showing A.T.L.'s interests early in the seventies, and giving a picture of his first encounter with General Banks.²

There was an early town meeting in Waltham to vote on the question of tearing down some houses of the Boston Manu-

¹ Probably Bell and Everett.

² This account was written down June 1923 from Dr. Worcester's talk with Mabel.

facturing Company, then on the Common. Dr. Worcester (though thinking himself too young to be taken seriously) spoke in favor of leaving the houses, in order to secure the rent, since the town was poor. General Banks, eloquent and gorgeously sentimental, refuted him with words of patriotic appeal. He said that Waltham was too beautiful a place to have its Common desecrated in such a way. And then when the tide seemed strongly turned against Dr. Worcester, a quiet low voice in the back of the hall spoke of the great cost to the town of having to part with these houses, and advised waiting. "The young gentleman [Dr. Worcester] who spoke in favor of keeping the houses is right," Mr. Lyman added. Whereupon the debate swerved again, the Chairman appointed Mr. Lyman, General Banks, and Dr. Worcester as a committee of three to advise on the situation, and when they talked it over, General Banks was converted by what Dr. Worcester called "Mr. Lyman's quiet strength and power in council."

Arthur T. Lyman to the Tribune

Waltham, May 24th, 1886.

Editor of the *Tribune*,—The masses of toilers never had less reason to complain of the division of the joint product of gold and brawn, as you call it, than the past year, when, as a rule, there was little or no profit for capital, while in many cases there were heavy losses. You omit one element of equal value to the laborer and the capitalist in the production of wealth, i.e., managing and directing skill. A good manager at the head of a shop or factory or railroad, does as much to increase the wages of the laborer as the interest on capital. It is like the difference between a good tool and a poor one.

The strikers have made two mistakes, one outrageous one, especially for a country like this, i.e., using violence to prevent other people from working in the places they had voluntarily left, and another in acting under a delusion as to the profits of trade. This last is similar to the mistake of the merchant who asks for his goods more than buyers will pay. His sales

stop, his goods stay with him. Since the strikes and the advance in wages, goods, generally, have fallen in price, business has been checked and depressed and a year which opened with good promise has been blighted. [signed] MIDDLESEX.

Though usually voting the Republican ticket, A.T.L. was always a fearless independent in politics as in everything else. In 1888 he made one of his few long speeches, supporting a Democratic low-tariff bill. The speech aroused much "abusive comment" among his comrades in the highly protected New England industries and led to an invitation to run for Congress. Here are some characteristic extracts from his speech:

Protection or Freer Trade

This country has reached a position where the words of Webster spoken in Faneuil Hall October 2nd, 1820, are strikingly applicable. The protective system he said was "a policy which . . . could not be followed without great national injury nor abandoned without extensive individual ruin." The people have permitted the high duties to exist and the protected industries have grown up by force and unnaturally under them. The unnatural and over-stimulated condition of highly protected trades made higher and higher duties seem necessary. With rare exceptions and for brief periods, the protected industries have not been as profitable as the natural ones; there is then no justice in calling the protected manufacturers "robbers" any more than the operatives employed by them or the masses of the people who voted for the laws. Like most robbers, the protected industries are just now poor and discontented. But they have had their vision obscured perhaps, so that they imagine that the prohibitory system is of as vital consequence to the whole country as it seems to be or really is to themselves.

I had supposed that China was the most populous country in the world, but evidently that is a mistake. The population of the United States must outnumber the supposed aggregate population of the earth. Every industry that has received the

nourishment of protection employs (at least when its tariff wall is threatened) hundreds of thousands or millions of people. It would seem from the accounts in good Republican papers that the removal of the duty on silk, or wool, or ants' eggs would affect disastrously all the people in the country and deprive them of all means of support and of all purchasing power.

So far no one has ventured to assert that the Wilson bill has withered the Indian corn in the fields, or driven the fishes in terror from our coasts. An enthusiastic protectionist trade paper of Boston admits that taking 25 cents per bushel duty off apples will not hurt the apple orchards of Massachusetts or the consumers of apples, if they are entitled to any consideration, and that tallow will undoubtedly still be produced in the United States.

It should console itself by the reflection that dandelion root at 39%, Cayenne pepper at 33%, vinegar at 29%, and fire-crackers at 40% have still preserved the kind influences of the McKinley bill.

It mourns over the reduction of duty on potatoes, apparently forgetting all the factory operatives of Massachusetts who in good seasons will in any case be supplied by native potatoes, but who are by a high duty forced to pay needlessly high prices when the potato crop of New England fails. This example illustrates many cases where our tariff duties act in the same prohibitory and oppressive way in which the corn laws of England acted.

That the wool manufacturers are suffering severely at this time is undeniable. It could not well be otherwise in the transition from taxed to untaxed wool. It has been said that they have been drunk with thirty years of protection, and I have answered, "Yes, but these years have left them with delirium tremens and they need careful treatment." They have been recklessly treated with a silver cure, like the rest of the community, and the combination of excessive protection and inflated depreciated currency has brought the country to a disaster such as has not been experienced for more than half a century. When the

woolen manufacturers applaud a resolution urging the protectionist members of Congress not to assist the government in its present financial difficulties, one is not struck with their patriotism, and when they declare that the threatened tariff legislation is the sole cause of the present depression, one is not impressed with their honesty or their unclouded intelligence. When their policy is declared to be to avoid all amendments to the woolen schedule but to oppose as a whole a bill which it is generally believed will pass both Houses, one feels that they must be under the dangerous spell of Republican politicians, like those who said, "Leave the Mills' bill as it is; it is better for the elections."

Now these present difficulties are very largely the results of Republican politics and Republican economic legislation. It is perfectly notorious that the protected interests labored for years to abolish the taxes on whiskey in order that it should be impossible to reduce the duties on imported goods. Much of their patriotic outcry that the country needed a great navy was inspired by a desire to get rid of the surplus for the same pious purpose. The abolition of the duty on sugar had more reference to the votes and tariff taxes than to relieving the people from the burden of war taxes.

So inveterate is the craze that the tariff is the cause of all our woes, that when I said the other day to a very intelligent man engaged in the worsted trade, that though the tariff changes were of course seriously affecting certain woolen goods, yet they were not the only cause of our present troubles, and of course had not caused, for instance, the failure of the Union Pacific Railroad, he said, "I don't know about that." Well, I wrote to the Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means that though I did not believe that the impending tariff changes were the cause of the ruin of railways, of the failure of crops, and of the eclipse of the moon, some people seemed to think so. I suppose even a Republican will not object to having such articles of faith put on the free list.

The extremely low price of wheat has more to do with the

stoppage of sales of manufactured goods than the proposed change of tariff duties, and the price of wheat has not fallen because of a fear that the duty on wool would be removed.

The reckless expenditure in this country, both public and private, the excessive production stimulated by enormous tariff duties, and the disastrous experiments in inflating and depreciating the currency of the country are the chief causes that have brought about the present depressed state of trade. My long experience in the cotton and woolen industries of Massachusetts makes me aware of the dependence of some of them on tariff duties and as these have been forced into existence by war taxes and a long course of protection and prohibitory legislation, I contend, as I have always done, that they are entitled to consideration in any change of duties that the public welfare may require. If a farmer cannot use his fields profitably in raising corn, he can (with only the loss of a season) change his crop. If he cannot sell his wool, he can turn his sheep into mutton, but the loom that cannot weave, the costly wool-combing machine that must stop its marvelous motions cannot be changed or eaten or given away, and the spinners and weavers who have under force of the tariff law gathered around the mills, must turn with great loss and difficulty to other work. They will suffer because these industries have not grown up naturally.

It will be said that we have only to continue the artificial system. But there is a limit to the time that an infant industry is entitled to protection in order to become self-supporting. Old age comes before maturity in many such cases. There is a limit to the capacity of bubbles under continued inflation. This nation has burst its bubbles; this nation, though a prodigy of resources and energy has failed like others in the attempt to lift itself by its own boot straps.

What then should be done? What should the nation do? What should the manufacturer do, and when should action be taken?

What I have said will show that I believe that the nation should with due care, but without hesitation and with fixed determination, abandon the protective or prohibitory principle

and return to freer trade. The general principles of free raw materials and of reduced duties must commend themselves to the American people.

Nearly all will agree that free trade is better than no trade at all and as in many lines there can be no trade of any value until this question is settled, I believe there is an almost universal and a very strong feeling in favor of prompt action. This painful and disastrous delay is ruining many people. The country can bear any settlement; its prosperity is not bound up in the difference between forty and fifty per cent and the great beds of iron ore in the West will laugh at the anxiety of the protectionists, and the cotton of the South knows that it has the world's markets and the world's good money waiting for it.

Let there be then prompt, united, and resolute action in passing the Wilson bill through both Houses.

A Manufacturer's Opinion³

Mr. Arthur T. Lyman, the Treasurer of the Lowell Carpet Company, has written a letter to the morning *Times* of Lowell, in which, referring to the reduction in the rate of wages that has been made in his mill, he says that this is due to the present uncertain condition of affairs, to the dull trade, and the lowest prices ever known. The reduction was proposed in the interest of all concerned, especially to supply work during the present crisis. Wages may hereafter be the same, or lower or higher, but in his opinion, except for the state of transition from heavily taxed wool to free wool, the impending tariff changes have comparatively little to do with present carpet sales or carpet wages. "I think," he adds, "we should have gone on with little or no stoppage of work if it had not been for the disastrous breakdown of last summer all over the country. This affected interests quite unconnected with the tariff." Mr. Lyman is a practical manufacturer, and has, what some of our manufacturers lack, the courage of his intellect. He has made a great success in his business by his clear knowledge of the conditions under which it has to be carried on, and, although

³ Copied from newspaper clipping, 1888.

he is one of the protected manufacturers, he is a man who has sense enough to understand just what his interests are and "sand" enough to freely express his opinions.

Ella Lyman to Ella Lyman, Jr.

Waltham, July 25th, 1888.

Dearest Ella,—Miss Bridge has been passing the day here and Ethel came to tea. We all walked up to the summerhouse in perfect darkness to see the moon rise. It was perfectly lovely. Now we are settled down cosily in the library—Julia reading *John Ward* and Papa cutting out abusive clippings from the newspapers.

August 5th, 1888.—A mysterious visitor drove up in a hack after five, whom Ronald thought looked like the newspaper man. It proved to be the reporter, and he has been waiting an hour and a half to interview Papa, who can nowhere be found. He says it is about a letter in the *Journal*, which it is very important Papa should answer tonight. More abuse, I suppose!

Arthur T. Lyman to Anna C. Lowell

July 30th, 1888.

Dear Aunt Anna,—I am glad you like those disturbing letters or talks [on Free Trade], and am much pleased that you approve of them. They have made a good many people foam at the mouth, but I believe the course I urged was the wisest and safest for our industries. But the political bosses set the tune and the manufacturers generally bawled out the chorus that they would stand by each other, thick and thin, just and unjust, reasonable and absurd. Their indefensible position, as it seems to me (looking at the interests not only of the manufacturers but of the whole country) is likely to bring on a real free trade discussion, which is just what they should avoid in the interest of protection. The present duties are not the result of any theory but a necessity of the costs of the war.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Though A.T.L. held no political office, he served on Governor Rice's staff from 1876 to 1879; presided at a number of political meetings at Waltham, and, as said above, was twice asked to run for Congress in 1888 and 1890. My mother gives a brief account of the first time he was asked to serve:

September 21st, 1888.—Arthur has been called to take the nomination for Congress from the Fifth District as a Democratic candidate, to run against Banks. A delegation waited upon him before breakfast. We talked long about it in the evening and I tried hard not to influence him against it. Of course the breaking up of the family would be a terrible thing to me, but I told him I would not be narrow-minded enough to oppose it if he felt that he wished to accept the nomination for public reasons, or even if he felt that he should enjoy the work. But there were so many heavy reasons against it, the strain on his health, the pecuniary losses at a time when Arthur's marriage requires more expense, Herbert's work, the dear little baby whom F.B. would not like to have live in Washington, etc.

For these reasons among others my father refused to be nominated for Congress, though I think he would have enjoyed running against Banks, and as conditions then stood he would certainly have been elected. His interest in politics and in legislation continued constant. Arthur once said that A.T.L. read from beginning to end all the long, complicated bills of the Massachusetts Legislature, especially studying those concerned with business or affecting Waltham.

Journal of Ella Lyman

November 3rd, 1888.—Rally at Waltham for T. W. Higginson. When Mr. Higginson alluded to dear Arthur's knowledge about the tariff question it was followed by great applause.

A second invitation to run for Congress came in 1890 from the Democrats.

Sherman Hoar to Arthur T. Lyman

131 Devonshire Street, Boston.

September 10th, 1890.

Dear Mr. Lyman,—At the Democratic caucus in Waltham last evening a very general desire was expressed that you should be the candidate for Congress this fall. The same desire is expressed elsewhere. The results of the Republican caucuses in the district show a decided preference for Fox, of Cambridge, and, unless something new turns up, I think he may be nominated. Banks is the other possibility. Against Banks I think you could make a very good showing with the chances slightly against defeating him. Against Fox I believe you could compete successfully. I should be glad to do all in my power for you both in the Democratic Convention and in the district, and I personally hope you will allow the use of your name as a candidate. I will do all I possibly can if you are the candidate.

Now I desire to ask you to allow the use of your name in the convention. I certainly hope you will give me a favorable answer and I ask for an answer at your earliest convenience. I am impelled to write to you not only because your name has been suggested by such men as Mr. Endicott, Col. Lee, and Mr. Brimmer, but also because the Democrats of our city of all classes and conditions desire you to be the candidate.

Yours very sincerely, SHERMAN HOAR.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. Robert Treat Paine

Boston, December 17th, 1890.

Dear Lydia,—I enclose a scrap from George about snowy owls and the anticipated cold winter, which may console you for the past rockings on the Mediterranean and the sunny listlessness of the Nile. William Towne I met walking stiffly and full of salicin (72 grains a day) and I told him he ought to call on John Storer.

The pricking of the Baring bubble caused great disturbance in the stock market here and the difficulty of getting money for any purpose on any security for the past week has hardly

been equaled here in my time. It came at a time when very great sums of money in actual bills and cash were needed to ship to the South for cotton, and the \$60,000,000 paid out in August and September for bonds had vanished and did not appear in banks anywhere. The pensioners held much in their pockets and the Poles, no doubt, much in their stockings. Some people withdrew gold certificates in large amounts and locked them up under a silver scare probably. A great deal went to raisers of cotton and corn, etc. Still all this happens every year and the vanishing this year is not readily accounted for, although the Secretary of the Treasury and Senator Sherman both admit that the relief and needed elasticity should come through a national bank circulation, which might flow in many small streams or large, just where it might be needed, yet both fear the clamor against the banks and seem ready to yield to various unhelpful follies. Poor old Ben. Harrison may be with you on the Nile or rowing up Salt River for all we know. He was lost in the cyclone of November 4th with many other Republicans and friends of the now much cursed McKinley bill. The people have evidently taken it in. Still we are indebted to it for an advance of 10% in carpets, which for this six months, as we have free wool, will be a clear gain, if it holds, as I think it will now, as orders have come in freely and there is decided relief in the money market. There have been some failures in business, but not very serious so far except in a few cases where the concerns were and had been insolvent and were brought down by the money squeeze.

The tariff bill and its uncertainties cause much trouble and take up time, but its sting was in good measure taken out by the crushing condemnation of the bill at the elections. Everybody admits that the tariff bill did the work. Some think that the people do not understand its effects, but most people think they understand them too well. Sherman Hoar has naturally smiled on his uncle and it is a satisfaction to Mr. Fairbanks and myself that Greenhalge was beaten in the districts where the Lowell and Bigelow carpet works are situated. Then Lodge barely escaped and I think the election bill is knocked down over

his eyes. Living here is easier than it would have been if the crowd of industrial robber barons had carried the day.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman Cabot

Waltham, November 8th, 1894.

It has been snowing nearly all day and the last snow is still on the north side of the cedars and hemlock and the scene is of midwinter. The elections are a tremendous overturn—this was to the point in New York State and City and in Colorado and Kansas, but elsewhere the revulsion seems rather silly though natural. It is about the reverse of the '90 and '92 election. It makes the future rather confused when such changes occur quickly, but the new Congress does not meet till December '95. The tariff will stand till Cleveland goes out at least and the currency will puzzle both parties.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mary P. Sears

Dublin, August 16th, 1895.

Dear Mary,—I suppose I am indebted to you for the Holmes addresses, of which I have read the address at Keene, which is certainly very charming and touching. His sketches, of course, are of men whom I knew. Perhaps he is too generous in saying that they were only types and that all his hearers knew such men. I doubt that, but still they were typical of many. I don't like to suggest any specks in the address and yet I think there is a trace of the more violent manifestation of his address last May and I am not satisfied with the almost equal praise that he gives the Federal and Confederate. His text seems to be enthusiasm and faith (to take the best words of his statement) and he *seems* (perhaps it is not fair to say so) to recognize little, if at all any, distinction between right and wrong. The Puritans would certainly not be satisfied with his eulogy of their *energy* and *courage*. And certainly one justification of the war was the resistance to an immoral and barbarous sway of the Southern leaders and their Northern Democratic slaves over the destiny of the United States. His subject of course did not call for any



WHITE SWAMP OAK ON THE LAWN

eulogy on the long and tedious work of peace. The poor meteor that does not have the luck to blaze out its existence in the earth's atmosphere, but has to grind away among his fellows circling for ages round the sun, may have as great merit as his comrade who changed into a falling star.

The next letter refers to the Venezuela controversy with Great Britain and to President Cleveland's very brusque command to England to keep her hands off and to arbitrate her differences.

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

January 3rd, 1896.

I think it possible that England may submit to arbitration some points that the Commission may leave open—perhaps probable. I think the President will now feel bound to get the country out of the infernal scrape he with the aid of a semi(?)-barbarous but too large part of the people have put us in. I think it [i.e., the satisfaction with Cleveland's letter to England] has shown a pretty bad state of mind, unsound or reckless and dangerous in the people of this country.

I fancy we must have war in the American Unitarian Association or rebellion or revolution. I do not believe our method of doles stirs the people's hearts—it certainly empties no pockets except that of the A.U.A. At any rate we must get our expenditures down to our receipts and we are now spending a year ahead of our receipts. Missionary preaching and missionary books appeal to me more forcibly than the raising of pauper churches. There are some good seedling churches though.

Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Waltham, June 7th, 1897.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Mr. Edmund Wheelwright says that Rev. S. J. Barrows has offered to preach a sermon on the text, "I am a debtor to the Greeks," to aid the Greek Relief Committee and he asks if we will let Mr. B. preach this sermon in

King's Chapel June 27th. I do not think such a sermon will help the Greeks much. The world would have owed more to the Greeks if they had shot better. The poor devils are in a bad plight, and the "concert of Europe," paralyzed by the two world nuisances of Germany and Russia, seems little able or inclined to help them. Very little can be done here except by sympathy and a *few* dollars. This country, which is now governed by its tentacles and the Irish and newspaper headlines, is paralyzed by the two monsters of the tariff and free silver. If you wish to have Barrows preach I do not know that there is much objection though I doubt the expediency and if you do not care to have him, I can bluff off Mr. Wheelwright.

May 4th, 1898.

Dear Mr. Brown,— I think there is need for the rebuke of revenge which seems to play a part in this war [the war with Spain] though I cannot yet feel that the people demanded war. I believe it was chiefly Congress that forced the people into war largely from its feeling of a desire to show its force and the nation's—fostered by the war spirits of both parties for several years past. Of course the indignation helped, but righteous indignation is a well-nigh obsolete virtue. The Maine added to the forces. The President has apparently been all along in favor of forcible intervention if Spain did not retire and of course Spain would not or could not. It may be that things pass so fast that it will be well to keep the sermon for future use.

I return the tracts of the Reformed Episcopal Church. They certainly have reason in their complaints of the unreformed and apparently unreformable church.

Cohasset, September 12th, 1898.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I am glad that your son has started in the legal career under such excellent conditions. [Senator] Sherman seems more guilty of treason than [Charles Eliot] Norton, and some Republican papers do not see as good "politics" in

the war as they did six months ago. Norton has stated many true things, but he has not had a good tone to his remarks and I do not think he does justice to the American people, who were, it seems clear, pushed into this war with its concomitants that might have been foreseen and its consequences that no one can foresee, by a reckless Congress. Alger [Secretary of War] I presume has made appointments along the old spoils line with the natural and terrible consequences, where ignorance or stupidity or corruption meant death and disease and not merely the missending of a letter or waste of money.

The war has brought home to a new generation that had not knowledge or imagination enough to know what war meant, a painful lesson which may do the country good. As to the avoidable troubles the lesson of the need of a good and unpartisan civil service should not be lost sight of. Whether Alger or this one or that is to blame is a matter of little consequence as they are but parts of a system. Porto Rico and Cuba are clearly on our hands and cannot be put off. We should govern them like an English Crown Colony for a long time at least. We have plenty of good men for the work if the people will allow them to be picked out and will sustain them. The Philippines we are stuck with too, I fancy, a nest of hornets apparently, but then the Spaniards do not know how to treat hornets, or any other beast for that.

I have liked Mr. Cole, the minister here, very much. There seem to be many "unaccounted for" in the parish, but the heat may excuse a few.

*Arthur T. Lyman to Mary P. Sears*⁴

Boston, November 17th, 1898.

Dear Mary,—If there is any approach to the justification that the English have in trying to preserve liberty and civil rights and civilization in South Africa in your interference, then it is quite excusable to protest against my bad habits in the after-

⁴ This letter seems to be an answer to one from her pleading that he should come to see her in Waltham.

noon and though the afternoons are short in Waltham and one can't put the trees on the Common in proper shape, yet I shall try to get to Waltham some day and to visit parts of Boston others. So I am much obliged to you for your interest.

I think the article by Dean Worcester in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* (Nov. 18th) should be some solace to you for it shows conclusively that neither Dewey nor anyone else could have stopped the fighting and it also shows what good work we may do and intend to.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Arthur T. Lyman to Mary P. Sears

(She had asked someone else for advice about investments, and then "repented" and turned to A.T.L.)

December 7th, 1898.

Dear Mary,—I see no cause for repentance—besides does not Miss [Frances Power] Cobbe say that remorse is not in vogue? It is perhaps the best thing to do nothing just now and wait till something comes up that is desirable—such things happen. Investment is unusually puzzling just now. I have no objection to suggesting.

I have been writing again to Lodge stirred up by these anti-imperialists, and, somewhat to my horror, Lodge writes that he agrees exactly and also the administration. I can only console myself that it is they that agree with me and not I with them. Now why did the duchess⁵ give up that bad strawberry and champagne jam? Ronald was there I saw—he got back this afternoon, however. Perhaps they were disappointed that I did not go. However, the green taffeta and blue lace, etc., went off. I hope Mabel saw the duchess in a quiet way, and I am expecting a forty-page letter from Pepper to you, and kodaks or a full vitascope from the church.

I hoped to get to Waltham before this but it is almost impossible to get off. I went out to vote. Thanks for your letter. Don't repent or reflect. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

⁵ This is in reference to a family wedding.

No subject aroused A.T.L. to an amused controversy more than the character of Aguinaldo and our relation to the Philippines. He read and wrote comments on many a newspaper or editorial about them. On July 23rd, 1899, he addressed the following manuscript to Colonel Roosevelt, Oyster Bay:

I am sure you feel the truth of the two lines, "If public men only knew what an immense effect is produced by clear ideas and the courageous expression of them," but for *many* years past it has seemed to me that the Presidents of the United States have neither felt nor used the power referred to. One hundred years ago any town meeting was competent to discuss the questions of the little towns, but with the great and perplexing questions today, national, state, and municipal, it is very different. The voters are not well informed; they are to a large extent incompetent, and enormous interests, public and personal, confuse and distract them. Though the President has not the position and responsibility of the English Cabinet, it seems to me that both the Constitution and the facts make it his duty in many cases, and certainly under existing conditions, to give to the country at the proper time not merely information but advice. I think this needed in the case of the Philippines, for instance, to crystallize public opinion, still in a somewhat amorphous condition, about great islands and great problems which most people never knew of or thought of.

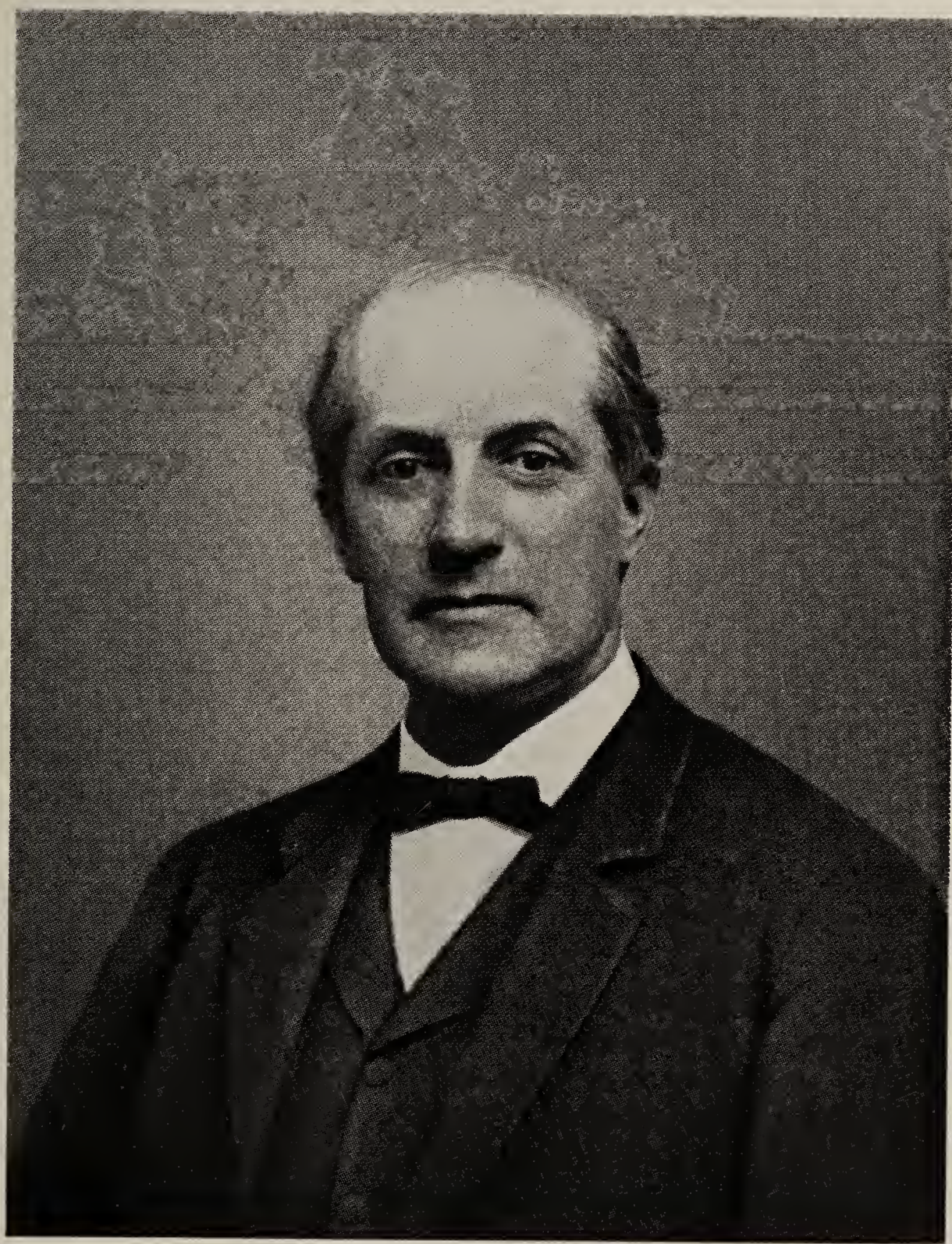
In spite of the most extraordinary hallucinations of a few people about the Washingtonian virtues of Aguinaldo, etc., (and I should include Gomez and the whole tribe of Spanish, Cuban, and Philippine half-breed natives who have *no resemblance* to the people of New England in 1775), I believe the people of the United States feel that there is no rightful alternative for them now but to hold the Philippines as the English hold Egypt, not for any selfish purposes of conquest, but for their good and for the peace and good order of the world. The motives of the people of this country have been maligned. This Spanish war was not undertaken for conquest. When Congress passed the resolutions of April, 1898, it may have fancied that behind the Spanish lines there was an honest and capable Cuban

government and a Cuban army. If so, they were rudely undeceived, and the conclusion, that we were merely to drive out the Spaniards and leave Cuba free and independent, fell to the ground with the absurdly false premises from which it was drawn. It may not be time to avow this yet as regards Cuba: it might make a needless disturbance there, and meantime American forces, ideas, and commercial enterprises will render the notion of independent Cuba absurd. But in regard to the Philippines the case is different, and an expression of our determination to keep them as a colony should be definitely advised and made as soon as Congress meets, at least, and as regards Cuba no suggestion of independence should be allowed. That merely means disorder and misgovernment and destruction of business interests and renewed interference by force by the United States. At first people thought that if we held territory it must soon become "territory" and "States," but Professor Langdell and Professor Thayer in the *Harvard Law Review* for February and March 1899 have effectually upset that notion.

Arthur T. Lyman to Richard S. Greenough at Rome

Boston, January 23rd, 1900.

My dear Greenough,—I was greatly pleased at receiving your letter of December 16th which we here do not generally consider to be in the last century, as Professor Pierce said that we must bear this century till the last of this year before we can start on a new one. Still it seems very long since I saw you and I should be delighted to meet you. I occasionally ask Mr. Parker about you as he passes by. We have had some sad changes since I saw you. My sister Lydia died early in '97 and Mr. Sears in May '98, and now on December 30th, Sara Lowell Blake died after an illness of only a few weeks in apparently serious form. Her son Lowell is in college, in the Sophomore class with my son Ronald and it is a terrible loss to him and to us all. My children are well and Mrs. Sears also. Three of Robert Paine's children have been married within a year and a half.



Arthur T. Lyman

Last summer I was pretty tired and so I went to Litchfield, Connecticut. Very pretty old town with some fine houses of the last century, 1754, and so on, where Roger Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, lived and where early in this present century there was a Law School, to which Judge Sprague and Charles G. Loring went, and where both found their wives who were attending a famed girls' school.

This country has had a marked turn of prosperity after some very dull years, starting with the great demand from Europe for grain after the failure of crops almost the world over. It came from the wheat regions of the Northwest very slowly towards the East, but it got here finally and it came without poor Bryan's 16 to 1 silver. The silver craze he clings to still and he has nothing else except some foolish talk about Trusts and some obsolete talk about Expansion and the Philippines. They may be a misfortune to us but also I hope they may be of some use, not merely commercially, but as opening our eyes a little to the world's conditions and perhaps leading to a relaxation of our barbarous tariff duties, especially as the country is now striving for foreign commerce as our machinery overloads our markets. To succeed, we must, I think, relax our tariff and reciprocate with foreign nations. However the petty local interests have opposed this, it must come in time and of course it is absurd and injurious to ourselves to keep out the products of the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico by customs duties. We have, as you say, so much to do at home, and our cities are a prey to the ignorant masses, led by corrupt men, generally Irishmen, who in politics are clever but almost always corrupt.

I think the war in the Islands has tended to keep us quiet in this matter of South Africa. Of course, the people know nothing of South Africa and the Transvaal and some fancy that Kruger is fighting for liberty. You say just about what I have said here, that he was fighting for dominion and the liberty to oppress, just as the South was in '61, and it is immensely important for us that England should succeed. We need the "open door" in China although with our tariff we hardly deserve it, and clearly we have no friend in the world except England, as

appeared plainly enough during the Spanish War. The German Emperor is striving for expansion and we shall not object if he expands properly, but there is no land open for him except Asia Minor and South America, and if he has his eye on Brazil and gets his big navy, we may need England's influence or aid.

The "Monroe Doctrine" was a protest and a proper one, and suggested or approved by England, against the attempt of Spain to reconquer the revolted South American Republics, but it is rather looked upon here at present as a claim on our part to a reversion of Spanish America. To be sure these mongrel Spanish Republics have merely proved their capacity for anarchy and despotism and should show us that it would be folly to grant independence or our kind of territorial government to Cuba and the Philippines, and it seems absurd that the world should be shut out from South America because we may want it some time.

I think there is, as you say, a greater general desire for peace among the peoples and a greater difficulty in carrying on war, as it interferes so widely with matters of commerce and national interests. It is clear now that it would have been cheap for the North to have bought the slaves and cheap for the South to have sold them or to have given them away, but evidently it was impossible then. The South wanted the control through slavery and also did not realize that it could get on without it, and the North would not have felt that it could have paid for them. France might well have reduced her army after 1870 instead of increasing it, as Germany would not have touched her, and Germany made a mistake in keeping Alsace-Lorraine; but people's front eyes are mostly blind.

The pro-Boer meetings in this country are got up by the Irish, helped by the Germans in the West, simply out of hostility to England. Some "shriekers" of '48 for freedom, like T. W. Higginson and Mead and Hoar and some cranks join them, but generally the feeling is with England. The Outlanders seem to have had more justification for revolution than

we did in 1775, and the head Boers might have prevented the war readily by granting fair and reasonable concessions. If we had not taken California in 1846 but had left forty or fifty thousand Mexicans in control, and they had in 1849 treated the American miners as the Boer bosses have treated the English, American, German, and Irish Outlanders we should certainly have made short work of the Mexicans.

A book written by an Irishman, Fitzpatrick, called *The Transvaal from Within* will interest you, I think, if you have not read it. There is something, of course, of the feeling for the under dog, though so far the English seem to be the under dog, but if the long line of dog fights through the ages has resulted in something better all along, it must have been the under dog that was generally in the wrong, as is often the case with dog fights now. An Irishman talks as if England were hunting and shooting the Irish in the bogs *now*—remembers and sees nothing this side of the battle of the Boyne. The Englishman does not fascinate most people now, but he is very different from the Englishman of 1775, and as a ruler of dark people he is far ahead of all others.

The Trusts, so called, the great combinations of capital, have on the whole been a decided benefit to the laborer and the consumer. The Standard Oil Company, which was considered one of the wickedest, has reduced the cost of oil almost to nothing and has lighted the country which before, except in some cities, was in the darkness of tallow candles. The Sugar Trust has reduced the price of sugar, and the combined railroads have reduced the cost of freight in a most astounding way. The big cotton factories have made great economies in the cost of cloth, and wages have advanced largely. If the mills were put back to the old size I think wages would have to go down twenty-five to fifty per cent, and much work would stop. Competition is so great that there has been little or no chance for monopoly.

The most serious thing just now perhaps is the government of our cities and large towns. The voters, i.e., a majority of

them, pay no taxes and they are eager to spend and reckless about costs, and being ignorant they are easily deluded. A hundred years ago a town meeting might debate all winter over the question of a new road. It didn't make twenty-five cents difference whether it went through Deacon Smith's apple orchard or Deacon Jones' bull pasture, and the voters were landowners and taxpayers. Now the Metropolitan Water Works, sewers, gas works, and electric railways involve millions and require expert judgment and economy, but the voters care little for either and when the street railway is laid, the Irish aldermen blackmail the corporations. Perhaps there is now more of this than of bribery by corporations, and much of the latter is simply in self-protection. Much, however, is due to ignorance, and the present voters were not known or heard from two hundred years ago, although they make bad work in running the machine. On the whole, the world is going forward.

Arthur T. Lyman to John F. Moors

October 2nd, 1902.

John Mitchell [labor union leader]⁶ omitted the matter of union control and exclusion of our own union men in his last statement, but it is the real issue in this coal strike as in many or most of the strikes nowadays. You may have noticed that he did not ask for shorter hours for the miners, who apparently work only five or six hours, but twenty per cent advance, which of course is enough to ruin almost any business, and eight instead of nine hours without deduction of wages (but without advance) for the laborers who are hired, as I understand it, by the miners. As Carroll Wright said, the weight of a ton is a hard matter to decide upon but it ought to be decided. The coal company sells 2,240 lbs. of *coal* for a ton, but it objects to paying for slate and dirt.

I don't think yielding to the union in the matter of wages and hours would affect the control—it might ruin the mines

⁶ President Roosevelt had just persuaded both parties in a serious coal strike to meet him for conference.

and the miners if the cost went up too high. It is the dictation of the union in the matter of employment of non-union men, or apprentices, and restriction of output, etc., that makes the trouble in coal mine or cotton mill.

"Recognition" some years ago meant willingness to confer with the union men or union leaders and is not objected to now, but what is meant by "recognition" today is a very different thing—the exclusion of non-union men and the dictates of the union leaders in many matters.

It is very desirable to secure the point of view of both sides and I hope it will be brought out fairly at Washington. If the public tolerates mob law it can only be brought to its senses by suffering. No doubt Governor Stone with his corrupt politics is largely responsible but there is a widespread tendency to tolerate resort to violence. It is Irish. I think Roosevelt will give both sides sound good plain talk and I hope the real issues will be brought out clearly.

Letter to the Public on the Massachusetts State Election

October 29th, 1902.

Many years ago an embargo was put on American shipping and, nominally to protect them from capture in a time of war between two foreign nations but chiefly as a partisan measure, the vessels of New England were prevented from leaving port. They had been busy in a very profitable transportation from the West Indies and elsewhere to Europe and their owners were willing to lose one or two out of ten rather than be forced to give up a most lucrative traffic and see all ten vessels rot uselessly at the wharves. This produced a great outcry in New England.

What has the Republican party done for New England now? In time of peace it has blockaded our ports against the entrance of raw materials for our factories and food for our people, under the guise of protection. Early in the last century there was some reason for the protection of infant industries, but the infants are nearly a hundred years old and so strong that they

have us by the throat and are trying to choke us. In sight of the free ocean we are not allowed to have its fish food brought in without a tax, except by American fishermen, and native Americans who wish to lie in the path of ocean steamships in a fog on a stormy sea are very scarce.

If the potato crop of New England fails we have to pay a heavy duty on potatoes if we try to avail ourselves of full supplies coming to our ports from the neighboring provinces. In company with Spain and Turkey, but with no other modern manufacturing nation, the United States put a duty on raw wool and a duty that amounts to over 100 per cent in many cases. The result is not merely to injure the quality of the woolen cloth—often only so-called—made here but to divert the trade of the Argentine Republic and other countries to Europe. Practically all coal, as we have found to our cost, is subject to duty. And the same with sugar and meat, rice, hides, iron ores, etc. The tariff, as General Hancock truly said, is a matter of local issues, and a subject which should be treated in the broad interest of the country as a whole, is treated as a selfish conflict of little local interests and for use in party politics.

The Republican party leaders say that the revision of the tariff must be left to them. It seems clear that in their present state of mind and with the notion that the prosperity of the country is dependent on the Republican party and that the Republican party is dependent on the tariff and on letting it alone—all that can be expected of the Republican leaders is that they should reverently *look* at the tariff fetish, but that as to change or revision they will look on it with horror. The only way to secure revision is to turn out the Republican party leaders or to come so near to it as to give them a terrible fright and a little insight into the changed conditions in this country.

Many Republican manufacturers are weary of their party leaders and the growing export trade in manufactured articles requires for its extension and permanency free raw materials and a broad application of the reciprocity which President Mc-

Kinley wisely urged. He recognized the changed conditions and saw clearly that to promote the export of manufactures, which is so vitally important to full employment and prosperity in this country, we must deal more liberally with foreign nations and so prevent them from excluding our manufactures by an application against this country of our own barbarous tariff system. Europe has already begun to act in this direction and a tariff union of all European nations against us has been urged. Under the Wilson bill with free wool and adequate duties on woolen goods the worsted mills had perhaps the most prosperous year they had ever known. The bill had various defects but they were forced upon it by the established bad system of tariff log-rolling and from no fault of Mr. Wilson or of President Cleveland.

At the coming State election there will be an opportunity for Democratic and Republican voters to express their opinions on the abuses of the protective system and on the importance of reciprocity, and at the same time to express their dissatisfaction with the working of the Republican machine in this Commonwealth, and to elect as governor a man highly qualified by character, ability, experience, and good sense to secure to the State an honest and efficient business management. For these reasons I urge Republicans as well as Democrats to vote for Colonel Gaston.

ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

In 1902 or 1903 A.T.L. was asked to speak at a conference meeting with the well-known labor leaders Gompers and Mitchell. He often vigorously disapproved their ways and methods; yet the notes for his talk show his eagerness to be conciliatory and to get them to see his point of view.

Personal acquaintance [he said] is really a necessity both for friendly relations, and for mutual appreciation of the interests and objects of employers and employed. When the mills were small, owners and employees either worked together or knew each other well; but now with 5,000 to 6,000 in a mill

or even 8,000,000 in industry, such knowledge is impossible; and it becomes very important to have intercourse between the controlling leaders.

Some people talk as if the interests of capital and labor were irreconcilable and adverse; others say that they are absolutely identical. Neither of these positions is quite true. The real relation is rather like that of buyer and seller. At bottom there is a real identity of interest. Both need the successful operation of the mills.

The original New England textile factory system was very different from the present one, both because the employers were a different class of men—men who were brought up to understand commerce, and because the people employed and the conditions under which they were employed differed. The Lancashire system of 1820 and the New England tenement system are now necessarily altered. The great advance in wages, often fifty per cent, during the last twenty years, was due largely to new methods and new machinery. Neither of these would have been possible without the backing of capital and of skill in management.

A.T.L. also brought out that not so much the demands of unions and labor but the severe competition of mills had put up wages and reduced profits. He said that the manufacturers constantly faced the risk of great losses. In estimating profits too the labor leaders were apt to forget or omit the interest on investment, the general repairs, and the depreciation of buildings often twenty-five years old.

“But even if there are faults on both sides, there is no justification for retaliation, which defeats itself and blocks progress—as we see too clearly in the case of the relation of whites and Indians.”

He spoke of the difficulty of controlling in the union the new and often lawless foreign population—but gave the union credit for their intention of keeping law and order. “It is as important, as vital,” he said, “for the laborers themselves as for the mills.”

The U. S. [he added] has had a wonderful opportunity from its fertile fields, its mines and forests, but its success and prosperity has come from individual liberty, individual skill, and ability and action. This difference in individuals is everywhere evident. It is of the utmost value to the masses of people that it should not be restricted or destroyed, as it would be under socialism, in spite of the socialist's rosy dreams. Individual freedom should be preserved, but equal treatment for all is the only way to fraternity.

Arthur T. Lyman to Ella Lyman Cabot

March 23rd, 1907.

Dear Ella,—I think you said Mrs. Evans had sent to you the same papers on child labor in the South she sent to me. I have read them all but they cover the same ground we have been over with her this winter.

The general tenor is not fair and some of the statements quoted are partially or wholly not true and partially give a false impression from the misunderstanding or imperfect understanding of the case. The Merrimack and Massachusetts and Dwight mills introduced into Alabama and Georgia similar care for operatives that Mr. Lowell started in Waltham in 1813 (and later in Lowell and Lawrence, etc., by others following), and it is rather strange to attack these mills or to represent them as opposing reasonable laws. In Georgia there is no registration of birth and the County supplies only six weeks' schooling. So a bill to prevent anyone under eighteen from working unless after twelve weeks' schooling is a provision that naturally makes opposition to a bill that has other provisions that may be as good and practicable.

It is about the same in Massachusetts with the bills urged by labor unions. Both North and South the conditions out of the mills are generally worse than in the mills.

There is very little night work now—in fact, there are not operatives enough to run the mills full by day, and the new immigration law, according to Charles Bonaparte, will stop the

importations of selected people from northern Europe and England for the Southern mills, though it will not keep out all kinds of Southern Italians, etc.

Arthur T. Lyman to Edwin Farnham Greene

November 19th, 1909.

Dear Mr. Greene,—I think you made an admirable and sound statement about the reorganization and extension of the mill's business and the matter of future dividend payments after the changes proposed have been made and show what the new conditions will allow. I think it is too soon to say what conditions in this country will be two or three years hence. The next election of the President may be of serious consequence or it may not be. I think the action taken today was right and justified by all that we can now see, and that it was a reasonable business necessity.

As to doubling of capital, I suppose the Board is in favor of it at some not remote time—it may or may not be best to take action at once. The change in par value I do not think is for the benefit of the Pacific Mills, as a business concern, and it should be viewed as a business and not as an annuity office. I think it is less easy to carry large debts and if a mill is fortunate enough to be in a position where it can be free of debts or with only a small debt, I think it should keep so and not let go of its quick capital to an extent that might make considerable debt unavoidable.

50 State Street, December 11th, 1909.

Dear Mr. Greene,—May I trouble you to pass along the enclosed check (\$250) for the Lawrence Y.W.C.A. building to the proper destination. Someone seems to have come out of the bushes to close the amount and exceed it—so fortunately the Pacific money was not needed. I hope they won't put up too swell a clubhouse. Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Mr. Greene's appreciative answer to this note shows that the

"man who came out of the bushes" was A.T.L. who did not think it right to take Pacific Mills money for a private charity.

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

Boston, January 4th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—David M. Wilson revives an old story. I did lend him money at Mr. Foote's request. He did not pay interest or principal promptly and it did not seem likely that he would ever pay, but Mr. Foote got very indignant with him and by constant pressure made him finally pay the loan. I suppose he had rather a hard time, but I did not think he acted very satisfactorily—perhaps his wife shook him out of his parishes, as Guild's wife did. I should like to know whether the Tech thinks as highly of the son as he does, and also what the son needs or expects. Lending money is a cruel and often useless thing—occasionally helpful. *You* should not lend it in this case anyway.⁷ George H. Ellis is apparently put off the Labor Committee and probably Milk Committee, but however this may help the milk producer—the cows do not co-operate and pay no regard to rules or costs. Perhaps [Grafton] Cushing with his rather wild notions about preventing children from working or learning to work until they are so old they do not want to work at all, thought it might help to get Ellis off the Labor Committee. If representative government does not work well I do not agree with Cushing that a new form of government must be adopted, the remedy is simple—the voters should elect better representatives. It looks as if they did not want to.

Arthur T. Lyman to Elizabeth C. Putnam

Boston, January 25th, 1912.

Dear Lizzie,—The 54-hour schedule was posted before January 1st, 1912, when the law went into effect. It must be

⁷ A.T.L. wrote earlier, December 20th, 1895, "Almost anyone who asks for money now is a fraud, so one can refuse with an approving conscience, but there are of course many cases of hardship and distress of good people."

posted under the law. The 54-hour schedule had been in operation in Lowell since December 4th, 1911, and in some other places. At Waltham it was only put in effect January 1st, 1912, but no trouble ensued.

In the Everett Mill (cotton) the weavers (nearly all Poles) received their pay envelopes at two o'clock, and at once began to put on their hats, etc., and to go out without saying a word (that was several hours before the hour for closing), and the overseer tried to find out what was the matter, but could get no response, even with the aid of an interpreter. They have not returned to work, or brought up any grievance.

Ettor had no connection with the Lawrence mills, and none with the regular trade unions of the textile industry, and is bitterly denounced by John Golden, the President of the regular textile unions of Massachusetts. Ettor is said to have been in Lawrence off and on for several months past, and undoubtedly planned the attacks of the mobs on the various mills, breaking in, cutting belts and warps, and driving the operatives from their work. Those who broke into the Pacific were armed with pistols, belts of cartridges, knives and stilettos. I suppose this attack was timed for the first pay day under the 54-hour schedule, but that it had little to do with that compared with some other demands.

Ettor said to one of the Lawrence millmen (who asked him "if he proposed to do away with the wage system, and what substitute he proposed"), "Yes, I do, and we propose to take the mills." The Lawrence man said, "Oh well, I will sell you mine." "Oh no," said Ettor, "we should not buy. We should *take* the mills."

A large part of the mill operatives are women, and as the men in the Legislature voted to reduce the hours of the women, the men's hours are of necessity reduced also. Machinery would not help this, and it would be expensive and impracticable to substitute men. There is a tendency on the men's part to exclude women from work, so as to give the men a monopoly. Wages are higher in Lawrence than in Philadelphia, which is a great centre of woolen manufacture. New York, New Hamp-

shire, Connecticut, Maine, and Rhode Island run fifty-eight hours; the Southern States sixty or more.

In the Arlington Mills all came in one morning and after an hour or two an Italian who had been in only two weeks called out a dozen men (men working in the mill, not, as in other cases, breakers in from outside), and with sticks, etc., did damage, tried to drive out the workers, and stopped the engine. "Peaceful pickets," after the militia appeared, called on groups of the operatives at their boarding places, or in the streets, and threatened them so that they were afraid to go to work.

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

50 State Street, July 28th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have no question between Taft or Wilson. Taft has an experience that Wilson has not. Perhaps in choosing his men he has not made the best use of it and perhaps he is too soft, but the trouble chiefly seems to be that he felt he must carry out the Sherman law. His civil service record is of the best, but his tariff views are in favor of a reasonable reduction. He has done well in preventing war with Cuba and Mexico. He must be safe to trust compared with either of the others [Roosevelt or Wilson] in the appointment of judges.

Wilson ought to do well but since he went into politics he seems to have changed his mind on some matters of importance and the change is not for the better. He has a tough crowd to deal with and it is ravenous for office. I don't know what his tariff views are but his party is rather reckless in dealing with it and may do much harm. I do not approve of the Republican protectionism and personally I believe in free trade, but to adopt that at once, or a radical move towards it, would make a great disturbance and lead probably to a stupid reaction.

If Wilson is elected it will be by a sweep so a few votes one way or the other would have no effect. The country is mad with indifference, ignorance and jealousy and inflamed by Roosevelt, who is one of the worst elements that ever mixed in politics. It is discouraging when the State Board of Arbitration and the

Governor and the Mayor have not a word to say against violence and lawless mobs. The methods of unionism are certainly lawless, and organizer Fay admitted that in his experience the unions always resorted to violence—it is perfectly notorious. Unions have had some effect in raising or maintaining wages, but the real cause of the advance in wages is the tremendous demand for labor to meet the needs of this extraordinarily rich and growing country and the consequent scarcity of laborers decently skilled. [Rev. Charles F.] Dole is so good he has often gone bad! Mr. Lowell said of someone that she sat up so straight she leaned backwards.

Waltham, August 4th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I don't think either Taft or Wilson knows much about the tariff or the industries affected, but Wilson is more likely with his own views and democratic backing to do more harm. Scientific revision is a phrase of not much value compared with practical knowledge of conditions. The Tariff Board got the costs in this country, but could not get foreign costs satisfactorily, but as I told Mr. Emery that did not greatly matter as the important point was the price on foreign markets.

Congress is dealing with the tariff recklessly and politically. For the textile industries of New England the tariff matter is of great importance. For the country as a whole it is of very little, only a small part of the people being affected, and the country would be better without it, but in the reduction or abolition it should be used to get concession from Germany and France. But "local issues" and ignorance with unreasonable jealousy interfere with proper action.

I use the automobile very little except in going to the railroad station. I do not find Pigeon Hill [Mr. Brown's residence] marked on the map, but Peter's and Paul's and Brush and Pine. I suppose the way from here would rather be by Wellesley and then by South Framingham. I may try it sometime, but I fear I can give only poor advice to you on farming. For various reasons I have to keep up a good deal of farm work, but

with the cost of labor (and poor at that), and food for cows and the dry past of a cycle of years, to let some other fellow do it may be the best. Still it is of interest and its uncertainties as good as gambling.

It is very pleasant to have such appreciative congregations at King's Chapel. I think in our own way we stand for a great deal and perhaps may be as useful as some "progressive" ways. A crab progresses, but backwards, and I think the crab would be a good name for T.R.'s [Roosevelt's Progressive] party. When he "drinks iced tea and milk" with the semi-socialist and piously unsound (often) editor of the *Outlook* he does not keep in mind the various boys he has taken cocktails with.

Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Arthur T. Lyman to Edwin Farnham Greene

April 28th, 1913.

Dear Mr. Greene,—I return Mr. Metze's letter. I don't see why Southern members should object to free wool. They raise too little wool but too many yellow dogs. "Wool Trust"!—the wool growers are more a "trust" than the bitterly competing woolen and worsted mills. I think we had better accept free wool; and Underwood's arguments against 15% and especially against postponement seem to be conclusive.

The "People" in the East seem to be dormant and trust in Wilson's talk that nobody will be hurt—but I see no chance of change in sight. Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

In 1923, through Mr. Greene's affectionate interest, a new little mill-town in Alabama was named Lyman for A.T.L.

CHAPTER X

A.T.L.'s Religion

A LIBERAL CHRISTIAN

O God, remove far from us the blinding shadows of ignorance and prejudice and let in upon us the broad ray of Thy light and love, that we may see the whole truth and be filled with the holy spirit of charity. Amen.

—*Prayer written by A.T.L.*

ARTHUR T. LYMAN was a Channing Unitarian. That this interest in Channing was strong soon after he graduated from college (and probably long before) is shown by a letter written in 1855, when he was twenty-two, to his cousin Charles W. Eliot.

Boston, March 6th, 1855.

Dear Eliot,—Do you know who are persons on the committee for purchasing and distributing books in the South and West? I mean for the fund of \$50,000 that Mr. Ephraim Peabody spoke of Sunday before last? I think that the *whole* income should be devoted to purchasing and distributing the works of *Channing* alone. Norton's *Evidence*, although in many respects valuable, I think would do more harm than good among the class of persons who would receive the books.

Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Many years later, in writing an appeal for money to help the work of the American Unitarian Association, he again expresses his belief in liberal Christianity:

We believe that as the people find money for everything in which they take an interest, money can be raised for the American Unitarian Association if its work is appreciated and the calls upon it are understood. If you found a stranger with a broken leg, you would not hesitate to ask money to relieve his trouble

and you would be sure of getting all you needed. If a family had never had a Bible and should make it known that they wanted one, what a flood of Bibles would be sent them. When it was realized how abandoned infants suffered and died, the churches poured in money with a Christian oblivion of sect.

Yet there are broken hearts crushed by the terrible creeds of many sects that beseech us for a book of consoling truth or a kind word of Christian mercy. There are thousands who will live better and happier lives if they can be cheered and inspired by our book of Christian love and truth. And surely the degradation and moral death of souls is vastly more terrible and heart-rending than the physical death of infants removed from uncertainty and sickness to the more immediate presence of God. . . .

There is no truer missionary work than that of the A.U.A.

Among these "terrible creeds" of which he wrote, A.T.L. included the Episcopal baptismal service, which accused all babies of being conceived and born in sin. He knew that conception may be holy and that babies are innocent. For the doctrines of hell and of the devil he had no tolerance. "The question of the savage to the Calvinistic missionary: 'Why did not God kill the devil?' is an argument against his existence which hardly admits of an answer," he once wrote; and again, "That God should either create a devil at all or allow him to exist seems to me so unreasonable, not to say monstrous, that I cannot accept it."

But though determinedly Unitarian he was no vague Theist but a Christian who put the love of Jesus and the following of his commandments at the centre of his creed, as it surely was of his life. He believed (to put it in his own words) in "a Christian liberality and a liberal Christianity. . . . To maintain the principle of religious freedom, to insist upon that unity of the Christian church which the hostile sects of Christendom have confused and concealed by their bitter quarrels, and to diffuse the true Gospel of Jesus Christ in its simplicity and its

catholic breadth, these constitute a more glorious mission than the founding of a long roll of churches."¹

In relation to the tangle of different creeds he said, speaking as Superintendent of the King's Chapel Sunday School, in 1863:

Passing by the Apostles' Creed so called, which is universally conceded not to be of apostolic origin, the oldest Christian creed of which we have any account is the Creed of St. Peter: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." The acknowledgment of faith in the authority of Jesus Christ was the only article originally deemed necessary to constitute a person externally a Christian. It presupposed, of course, a belief in one God the Father. "Ye believe in God," said Jesus—he adds, "believe also in me"—as the Christ, the anointed, commissioned of God. This was the only additional truth the belief of which he required as distinctive of the Christian profession. We find the two articles again conjoined in his last solemn prayer: "This is life eternal, that they should know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

The good to which you should hold fast is simple and to be learned not of quibbles or metaphysics of the fourth or the fourteenth century, but of Jesus Christ himself and from his own words. What he did not expressly teach surely cannot be essential to salvation or to a Christian life.

BELIEF IN A PERSONAL GOD

Arthur T. Lyman to his friend Atherton Blight

July 1866.

Wordsworth's lines are very pleasing poetry but very indefinite theology. The general tendency of thought at special periods in any particular decade or century is, as it seems to me, from my own observation and what little I have read of history, a very uncertain guide to truth. The present tendency among some men of science to deify natural laws, and the popular confusion of ideas that makes a law a fate or a self-acting

¹ "Middlesex" [A.T.L.] in *Christian Register*, of July 6th, 1872.

mechanism instead of a "statement of the uniformities of facts," may have a good deal to do with giving to the present time of the great extension and growth of the physical sciences, a pantheistic tendency. But I do not believe, because many are deceived by the overgrowth of science at this time (or for any other reason) that pantheism is true. I do not mean by a personal God one who has human limbs, but I do believe in a God who is a real personal existence and mind. The human *body* may be considered only as an appendage to our "*persons.*" I think it certainly more reasonable to suppose that God exists after the form of a man's mind and spirit, rather than after the form of mechanical forces and generalized statements of facts. I consider what are called the laws of my mind as lower than my mind itself, and I believe that the mind and spirit of God is higher than its material modes of manifestation in the facts of the physical universe and the modes of operation of forces made uniform by the action of his will.

A.T.L. put the *proofs* of the existence of a loving God with remarkable clearness and completeness in a paper on Reason in Religion written during February and March 1859:

In the unity of the world around us, when properly understood, in its fitness for its manifest purposes, in the perfect order, the grandeur, the beauty of everything, from the star in the heavens which we gaze at with reverential awe and wondering delight, to the glowworm, that in the dark watches of the cloudy night lifts its mysterious beacon-fire, answering those mighty fires beyond the clouds, in token of its faithfulness and to manifest in small things as well as great the power and wisdom and benevolence of the creator of all; in that mysterious annual change in springtime, when a new creation seems to be going on, in the progress and products of summer and autumn and winter, reminding us of *our* weakness but of God's power; in the wondrous frame of our bodies, in the more marvelous constitution of our minds, in the mysterious discipline of life and in its innumerable blessings; in these

and in all other things we perceive by the eye of reason indisputable proofs of a God of infinite power, wisdom, and love.

THE NATURE AND MISSION OF JESUS CHRIST

[From his pamphlet, "The Truth as it is in Jesus," 1865, also from notes for Sunday School Teaching, and his essay on Reason in Religion.]

Christ declared that he is a messenger from God endowed with a special nearness or sonship to the Father which gives him authority, and makes him the perfect revealer of the divine character, that he is a teacher of truth with power to work miracles in aid and attestation of his mission. . . .

Christ may have alluded to many heavenly facts and truths which he did not mean fully to explain. If he was possessed of all heavenly knowledge, he must of course have known many things to which in his life on earth he made not the slightest allusion. So we must be careful lest from some slight hint or mysterious saying we form a categorical doctrine which he never set forth at all.

To the teachings of wise and holy men in all past ages upon morality and religion, have been added the clear teachings of Christ; misunderstood by the ignorant, distorted and perverted by the selfish and dishonest, used by tyrants as a means to temporal power, the source of many a bitter discussion, the justification for many an act of abominable cruelty, the Christian doctrines are still as erroneously conceived of by many as they ought to be clear to all.

Christianity is not a theoretical standard of morals to which we may allow the minister to divert our attention for a few moments between breakfast and dinner on Sunday, but was intended by Jesus to enter into every thought and deed of our lives—to become our life so as to guide and control our action, to enter into our character so thoroughly that Christian thoughts and deeds should flow from every motion of our minds and souls as naturally and as inevitably as the blood flows through our arteries from every contraction of our heart.

If we could thoroughly realize the constant and watchful presence of God we could not do much that we do, and if the

teachings of Christ are of any practical virtue we should constantly ask ourselves whether placed as we are Jesus would do what we propose to do. We should have a constant sense of the presence of God and a constant reference of our thoughts and actions to the standard of the teaching and example of Jesus.

It is a matter of pertinent interest to each of us whether we heed the injunction to "do the will of our Father who is in heaven." And the most direct way of clearing our minds on this point is to ascertain whether we follow the teaching and example of Jesus in the ways and habits of our daily lives.

Can we bear to ask ourselves and answer the question whether Jesus would do as we do in the circumstances in which we are daily placed? For we must not look on his life and teaching as on a level that we should not strive to attain to or as an ideal example that no one can be expected to follow. If his life and teaching is of any practical value for us it is in its being capable of imitation, of being used as a guide and example in the actual experiences and trials of this life of ours, in our daily business, in our treatment of those with whom we come in contact.

It used to be a question discussed in debating societies whether a relapse into barbarism was possible, but a more pertinent question in the present state of the world is rather are we not still in a state of barbarism? Certainly we are, except so far as the teachings of Jesus (we do not speak of course of the arts and sciences, which may be highly developed in a people barbarous in many ways) have been reduced to practice. The questions as to the metaphysical nature of Christ are losing their interest, but there are no matters bearing on the purity and righteousness of our daily lives of such vital importance as these.

THE WEAKNESS OF AGNOSTICISM

Arthur T. Lyman wrote in 1888 to one who called himself an agnostic:

I am sorry you hold the view stated in your letters, because I do not think it a correct view, and because I think that when generally and really held it will have a seriously bad effect on

society which, after holding awhile to old habits based on old beliefs, would carry out logically the inferences from the new belief and drop many old habits which at least have made the world pleasanter and easier to live in. I believe, after some consideration of the subject, not merely recently, that the theory of agnosticism is about the hardest one on which to explain the universe and man in it. . . . The seeking for the truth in this matter, cannot fairly be confined to the investigations and thoughts of those who primarily are seeking for the visible facts of nature, recording what exists and in what ways it shows its various phases, but should extend to the work of those who have made a study of the problems of spiritual and ideal substances.

Modern explanations of the existence of nature and life seem to me to involve quite as much of the miraculous as some of the older views, and to fail utterly in accounting for existence and the essential nature of the life and spirit of this world. It is easy to see how a child has been influenced by past life in his nature and character. The most unreasonable view of his spiritual nature seems to me to be that which holds that the modifications and influences are but accretions on an original nothing.

The problem does not admit of the same kind of proofs as material facts, and as in art and poetry there are minds that see more clearly the nature of things and the truth than others, so in morals and religion. Without any reference to the question of miracles or the supernatural it is clear that Jesus was endowed with a spirit that discerned the highest ethical character of man, and most of the sweetness and light of the present time have grown from his reviving power on the original moral essence of man. Christ's views of God and the studies of men since, who are gifted with an insight of spiritual things, are necessarily to be taken into account in seeking for the truth in this problem, just as experts or gifted or apt students in any branch of knowledge are to be consulted in preference to others who may turn to other lines of thought.

THE DEGRADATION OF SIN

[Notes of Talk to Sunday School Teachers, October 25th, 1868.]

If we speak of one as doing harm we always think of *another* as the one hurt and seldom realize that much of the harm done in the world is harm done *to* ourselves and *by* ourselves, and that our most dangerous enemies, those whom we are least on our guard against, and who can hurt us most, are ourselves. And this is so not only in those bad habits which may seem at first sight to injure only ourselves, but we can do no wrong or harm to others without doing an exceeding injury to ourselves.

“Whosoever committeth sin is the servant” (or rather as the original Greek more expressively and more truly hath it) “the *slave* of sin.” We recognize this when we speak of one as a slave to his appetites or to any engrossing and injurious habit. We go further in some cases and nearer to the full truth, as for instance we see that those who hold others in slavery hurt their own souls and themselves even more than they hurt those whom they oppress.

But we very rarely feel as we ought to feel that all the wrongs we do to others hurt and corrupt *ourselves*. If you rob your friend or neighbor does he alone receive an injury? Ah! he is hurt comparatively little. He may be reduced to poverty and distress, but this misfortune may not be wholly evil to him. He has lost only what he must have parted with sooner or later. Certainly God often makes such occasions opportunities for our advantage. But who will justify you who have sinned against your own soul? The injury you have done to yourself is neither slight nor simple. Every such act weakens your moral power to resist evil and temptation. It allows the easy admission of another similar crime—nay it almost compels to it. It is unmitigated evil in itself and leads to continuance in evil.

Think of the things you do that you excuse to yourself. You tempt your companion into a bad habit—but you say: “He has it already. I shall do him no harm.” But you do, for you help to confirm him in it. You do wrong, for it is your duty to help

him out of the ways of vice. But besides you do yourself a grievous wrong. You confirm yourself in a bad habit, you destroy your power to withdraw from evil. You ruin the work of God.

In other sin you may excuse yourself both by saying that you hurt only yourself or that if you corrupt another it is only you instead of someone else who would corrupt that other. But if this last flimsy excuse were true, it is of no value, for you corrupt your own character and deface and pollute and (if God's power and mercy will suffer it to be possible) you destroy all purity, all holy joy in life and the very image of God in you, an image which has been implanted in every one of his children.

Do not excuse in yourself that which you may think does no harm to anyone else. Undoubtedly there is no crime that we can commit, no wrong that we can do that does not directly or indirectly affect injuriously others than ourselves, but even if it seems not to be so, your duty to God and to yourself forbids you to do what will pollute and corrupt your moral purity. That an act does no harm to another is then no criterion as to its being wrong—if it is corrupting to the actor it is wrong, and moreover one cannot become corrupt oneself without being a source of corruption to others.

We are apt to dwell on the injurious effect that evil acts produce upon the community, but though such philanthropy is highly praiseworthy it is not the test that Jesus would apply to our conduct. His teachings are more profound and his claims go deep and to the source. He demands a moral purity within, which of itself will prevent the harm done to others which we try so feebly and so hopelessly to remedy, after the injury is done. After an evil act has been done we are not as we were before. We stand on a lower level, we have already debased our standard. We have weakened our power to resist evil, we have become tarnished in our moral nature. When you have sunk far in this way you realize how helpless you are to return. You have put yourself almost beyond the power of man or woman

to help you. We can only anxiously hope that God in removing you from this world, which you have used to degrade yourself, may in His infinite mercy place you in other circumstances where you may be at least more free from the slavery which you have inflicted upon yourself and more able therefore to revive the germ of a divine life which He once gave you.

But in resisting and abandoning here the low and baser temptations of life you will gain constantly not only an increasing power over their strong and deceitful allurements, but a greater and higher pleasure than any of them gave, for the life everlasting which is the fruit of the Spirit of God in our hearts and lives gives a joy which those who live only to their senses and selfishness can neither possess nor understand.

CHAPTER XI

The Administration of King's Chapel

THIS series of frank and incisive letters to Rev. Howard N. Brown (including also one to President Tucker of Dartmouth College) shows not only A.T.L.'s religious views but also how affectionate, gay, and open was the correspondence between them. Dr. Brown said, on April 23rd, 1893: "Your father was a most remarkable man. When you had known him a little while you came to have an almost unbounded confidence in his judgment. If he said a thing was so, you felt it probably must be. Your father's friendship for me and his sympathy with what I had to preach was one of the very best things that ever came into my life: and I count him about the best and wisest and loveliest man I have ever known."

The letters divide naturally into three main groups:

1. Unitarianism and the Person of Christ.
2. The calling of Mr. Brown to King's Chapel, involving a discussion of changes in the Liturgy.
3. The direction of King's Chapel by the Senior Warden and minister.

THE PERSON OF CHRIST

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

October 1892.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Professor Everett is to address the Unitarian Club¹ Wednesday, November 11th (Hotel Vendome 6 P.M.) on "The Person of Christ" and I shall be very glad if you can be present and speak briefly after him. Of course he may cover the matter pretty fully and leave no gaps to fill, but even then what you might say would be not just the same

¹ A.T.L. was President of the Unitarian Club.



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
Bust by Frank Duveneck

On the Pedestal Is Inscribed:

Senior Warden of King's Chapel for 38 Years 1877-1915

Member of the Vestry for 52 Years 1863-1915

King's Chapel Cherishes His Memory with
Solemn Gratitude and Pride

and would be highly valued, and then again in treating so great a subject he may well leave much to be said. As his statement will of course be important and may be fully reported, it will be of consequence that what is said for Unitarianism in so public a way by such a person should be well and soundly rounded out and our orthodox friends or enemies should not be left in exclusive possession of that personal love and loyalty to Jesus which we have said too little about perhaps and which is legitimate and vital for all from the extreme humanitarian to the Trinitarian.

Arthur T. Lyman to President William J. Tucker

April 1893.

I should esteem it a great favor and privilege if at the April meeting of the Unitarian Club (Wednesday, April 13th) you would state much more fully than when Dr. Abbott spoke, your views of the person of Christ. We have had Professor Everett who stated one view of the matter plainly, and Dr. Abbott who, at the Club and at the Lowell Institute, has stated his view with all the clearness perhaps that it is capable of. I take it that the view of Dr. Abbott cannot be considered to be the general one even of scholars of the orthodox Congregational body. I suppose that Andover does represent the modern scholarly belief of the orthodox Congregationalists, and I wish that we could hear their view fully and distinctly stated. As nearly all of our churches grew from the orthodox Congregational root, we naturally and in fact feel a greater interest in that body of Christians than in any other.²

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

95 Milk Street, May 28th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Of course in our Boston churches we

² William Jewett Tucker, *My Generation*, 133-4.

In writing to Rev. P. S. Moxom February 8th, 1894, A.T.L. also said: "I have followed Mr. Foote's wishes and practice in asking to the church broad-minded Christians of other denominations who are willing to come, believing that there is a Christian unity and a common Christianity infinitely above the minor differences of sect."

have no creed that is required. They are beyond question Unitarian Christian churches. In the West in some places they seem to require a "creed," it may be in the form that "We do not believe this or that" or "We believe only this," or "No one need believe anything," but the Unitarians here do not need and will not have such creeds or any creeds, using creed in the Western way.

The preamble was well enough in a way at the time—it was always rather a needless flourish of words. I think it may well be dropped and if the 9th and 10th articles are dropped too, the "Unitarian Conference" will stand for what it is in fact—any person or any church can find out what that is. The last discussions on the matter at Saratoga made two things perfectly clear, I think: 1st, the denomination will not give up its *Christian* position. 2nd, it will not define for or against anyone just what Christian means. And it seems to me utterly needless to try to include all humanity or all forms of religion in the constitution of a body which stands for something definite and well known though broad and free. We are doing a certain work—not all works.

Of course, the Conference should reserve and exercise the power of judging of the qualification of members and of deciding in every case as to the admission of any church that may wish to come in. The Roman Catholic Church might wish to come in, but no such church should have a right to membership.

Waltham, October 17th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Brown,—. . . The Constitution making at Saratoga seems on the whole to be very satisfactory. I think it must have been driven in again to the most discontented and unreasonable that Unitarians will not allow it to be said or inferred that they are not Christians. On the other hand, they have always been willing to allow a most generous latitude in definition.

INVITATION TO REV. HOWARD N. BROWN TO BECOME
MINISTER OF KING'S CHAPEL*Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown*

39 Beacon Street, December 16th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Brown,—If you acquiesce in the wish of the letter³ herewith I shall be very glad—if you do not, I wish to talk with you before you make any decision. It seems to me not only that the plan has advantages for you but that it would help very much to strengthen the Boston churches, and I feel that it is very important for the denomination that they should be strengthened. First of course I wish to put the right man into King's Chapel, but I believe that it would be a good place for you to exert a strong good influence in, and I feel sure it would help the Boston churches.

In the Vestry are Roger Wolcott, Robert H. Stevenson, P. H. Sears, John W. Wheelwright, J. R. Coolidge, Jr., Ernest Jackson, A. Lawrence Lowell, H. A. Hill, Francis C. Lowell, O. H. Sampson, G. S. Curtis. Yours truly, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

December 26th, 1894.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I ought to add that under present conditions (i.e., of silence) it is impossible to present fairly one—almost the one most important element, the vitality and feeling of the people for anyone whom they may choose. It must often be very discouraging to preach and have no response but the departing people, and yet this is not a true expression of the feelings of any parish—it is a customary but trying habit of undemonstrativeness. Our people have had in a century Dr. Freeman, Dr. Greenwood, Dr. Peabody, and Mr. Foote. I have known something of the loyalty and warmth of affection toward the three last.

I only wish to have the full case considered.

February 8th, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—The denomination has great confidence

³ This letter was accompanied by a formal one asking Mr. Brown to consider the position of minister at King's Chapel.

in you and I am sure that you would draw it to King's Chapel as I am sure that you would draw King's Chapel closer to it. Fifty years ago it rather held to a separate position. Mr. Foote did not like much of its attitude then and brought it to a different one, while holding to its independent position. He also brought it in connection with the liberal ministers of other denominations. He went as a delegate to the first National Conference and later to other conferences though not from the church. Some of the foolish, and (as you said) the now nearly extinct, ravings of later years disturbed him very much, but things have changed in the last ten years greatly, and the church is not weaker for the strong feeling that Professor Tucker has for it and it is strong at the same time in its Unitarian position. Indeed I think it comes very close to what you said a church should be in position.

Boston, February 11th, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have yours of this date. I think, and I have said so before, that there will be some objection to any change and it will be mainly based on the fear that *any* change involves other changes. A sufficient reply seems to me to be the action we took 110 years ago and what has followed. But I do not think the obstacle will be serious. There has been much discussion of this point in various ways during the past year or two, and there is on the part of many a positive desire for some change, and a recognition of the necessity for some change by many others who personally perhaps would prefer to have no change. If the matter is treated in a reasonable way on both sides, as I am sure it will be on your side and by the great mass at least on the other side, I think there will be no serious difficulty. I think there is much more than a fair chance and I think if you act as pilot you will easily get into deep and smooth water free from any big cakes of floating ice. . . .

Perhaps Mr. Coolidge thought the morning service was to be much altered, but this is not desired, as I understand you, and I do not think it would be desirable. The service has been of great value to the church as a service of worship and a serv-

ice of much power of holding together. I do not think they would assent to any large change in the morning service.

Of course nothing of the kind has been proposed by the Vestry. I have not thought it best to make a change without a minister or in the existing state of things. I cannot say positively what would be done, but I give you my opinion, which is based on a pretty intimate knowledge of the people and of all that has gone on in the church during the last forty years.

The Wardens practically have the general affairs of the church in charge, but the minister is elected by the Proprietors, and of course has an independent standing, and under the general laws and understandings he has the work in charge and with rather more independence I should say than the minister of ordinary Congregational churches, but his authority would now hardly be that of an English rector.

He is not a member of the Vestry, and does not meet with them at their business meeting unless, as often, the matter in hand is something he has proposed or in which they wish to have his opinion. Mr. Foote often met in this way. Formerly there were almost monthly meetings—dinners or suppers—and the minister and some other members of the parish were invited to dinner or after dinner. The shorter weeks of these present times put an end to these meetings or reduced their number.

The minister has been in a comfortably independent position with us, and generally with the parish behind him if the Vestry or Wardens bothered him. If he had tried to burn candles or to alter the service I do not know what we should have done, but the Wardens would have felt bound to see that the church received no harm. The relations on the whole have been most pleasant between the Vestry and the minister and bound by strong and warm friendships. I am sure that the Vestry sustain my position and agree with yours, as stated.

Boston, April 3rd, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I showed your letter of March 27th to Mr. Curtis and one or two others. I think we are substantially

agreed on the main general principles at least, and on most details, and I think I can make your position understood by the Proprietors and have it approved by them if I understand it correctly myself. I think your letters show clearly a willingness to look on both sides of the matter in the treatment of changes and their effect on the position and strength and welfare of the church. I think the Vestry agrees thoroughly in my position and I think the people will agree to it without much objection. Some would go beyond it to an extent that I think would be unwise, but I don't think they represent the general view. Some will unwillingly go so far. I think decidedly that certain changes should be made, but I should consider the service as revised in the "ancient order" of the A.U.A. *Book of Prayer and Praise* as substantially indicating the limit to which the church should or would go. There are of course certain changes in that order which were merely matters of taste to the Committee and not theological at all. Some of these changes are not necessary from your point of view and probably unwise or undesirable from any point of view.

As to the afternoon service I think there will be no trouble at all; and as to the morning service, if we do not quite agree with all that you now suggest as perhaps or probably needing change, I think we can persuade you or that you can persuade us. I do not feel that you wish to go to the extent of the A.U.A. *Five Services for Public Worship*, which has a very different tone from the other. That book would not suit a church used to our liturgy and the use of it would break us up a good deal. Of course the book has excellent material, and one would infer that it was a Christian Service book, but I think it unwisely omits a connection with Jesus and his personality—whether that were human or divine, or whether human and divine intermingling, or synonymous terms. The orthodox misuse or abuse it, but it is an element of great value and power in religion and in all life.

If King's Chapel has stood somewhat apart from certain denominational activities it has not stood apart from all kinds of good work through its members, and as a church has felt

that it was not without claim to be considered a part of the Church Universal and has tried to be in touch and sympathy so far as it honorably could with various branches of Christendom, but without giving up its Unitarian position, which it took long before any body of Unitarian churches existed here. As I have said before, there are some phrases that I think should be changed because I think our opinion as well as the general opinion about them has changed, but as I have also said, I think there are some words which had been enslaved to false meanings that we Unitarians have rescued and set free, and that they can now be used without harm and without deterring any but the most hopelessly perverse orthodox.

Dr. Freeman's preface states well his objects and I think we are still in sympathy with them and with his basis. We shall gain nothing by getting off his basis or Channing's or that of the Church Universal—nothing in strength or life or even present attractiveness. But I have not the least idea that you have the least desire to change this though you naturally wish to have us take a more prominent stand in the Unitarian body, and this I think we are willing to do, and that we should do it, in order to exert a power for good.

When I see Unitarians and others hearing or repeating the Episcopal service and enduring without revolution the horrors of the Episcopal burial and baptismal service, I am skeptical as to the frightening effect of some words—but—!

I agree that I should like to take out "miserable sinners"—and I wish we could as easily get rid of the live article—many of them do not seem entitled to the help and pity which the "miserable" meant, I suppose. "Spared" I think has good English backing for the meaning in which we use it—it does not seem to me necessary to take it out if we take out the "vengeance" and "anger" and "wrath" phrases, which I should wish to take out. I am open to conviction, but the fewer out that are not necessary, the less objection, and the less harm and unsettling. I think the same may be said of "redemption"—it surely is not properly theological like "atonement."

I agree entirely as to the change of phrase in the Te Deum.

It seems well altered in the A.U.A. book, viz., "that in him should all fullness dwell," which was arranged to sing well. Years ago we used to cut off part of the Te Deum to save time, but the effect was bad. The first three petitions of the Litany are perhaps too much in the line of iteration. I suppose it should suffice to leave out "only" in "only mediator and advocate."

It seems to me that what I have written will give you a fair idea of the feeling of the parish, as I understand it, and of course as you do not insist on immediate change you could have time to explain and persuade. I think I know as much as anyone about the feelings of the people and I have tried to state them carefully and fairly—but I may be in error.

Lowell Manufacturing Company,
Boston, April 6th, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Changes in the Liturgy would, I think, send more people out of King's Chapel than they would bring in. People who do not like a service can find plenty of churches without one. I am convinced that it would be unwise for us to make serious changes in the King's Chapel morning service and that it would be impossible for me to persuade them to change much, if at all, beyond what I have suggested. I think you would agree with them after considering the matter and after a year's trial.

I can tell better after the meeting on the 15th. As it has been impossible effectively to put the case before the people with proper explanation, they may wish to think it over awhile. I did not wish under the circumstances to talk much about it till lately or to have any informal meeting for explanation, so the whole thing will be new to many. I think they will assent to the changes noted on the enclosed paper, and I know that some wish to have such changes on their own account.

Suggested Changes from the King's Chapel Liturgy, Edition of 1865

General Confession, p. 3, line 9 of the Confession, omit "miserable offenders."
Te Deum, p. 6, line 20 thereof, omit "and only Son." Read "and holy Son."

- p. 7, line 3, for "it pleased Thee that he should be born of a virgin" read "it pleased thee that in him should all fullness dwell."
- p. 7—6, 10, for "through his most precious blood" read "in thy boundless love."
- The Litany, p. 11—At the end of the first three verses and responses omit "miserable sinners" and perhaps consolidate the three verses into the following one verse, viz., "O God, our Heavenly Father, who by thy Son hast redeemed the world, and by thy Holy Spirit dost govern, direct, and sanctify the hearts of thy faithful servants, have mercy upon us," with response as follows, viz., "O God, our Heavenly Father, have mercy upon us."
- For verse 4, "Remember not," etc., read "Remember not our sins nor our transgressions; according to thy mercy remember thou us, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord."
- Verse 5, after "sin" insert "and," and omit "from thy wrath and from everlasting destruction."
- p. 12, verse 2, "from all sedition," etc., line 2, omit "heresy and schism" and substitute "superstition and unbelief."
- p. 14, verse 2, add to it "and to forgive us our own offenses against the law of love."
- p. 14. In the prayer after the Litany omit "only" in second line from the bottom of the page.

95 Milk Street, Boston, April 8th, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I believe from all you have written that you will agree with the position I have stated, and, if not wholly now, that you will when you fully understand the conditions and circumstances. There are positions that must be held whether defeat is certain or not, but the yielding of non-essentials, in order to save the essentials, and the knowing how and when to do it, is a sign of good sense and of that kind of life which alone can continue. I believe we can meet such necessary changes. We have done so before. Mr. Foote brought us through many.

There are people who will come to the church if a minister is settled, whether the service is changed or not. There are radical people in the church who yet do not wish to change a word. There are people who came on account of the service, who would not have come without it or with any of the modern services. Some who would prefer to have no change are willing to make the changes I have indicated to meet your wishes and to secure your coming. Some are distressed at the thought of any change. For myself, I prefer to have made the changes that I have indicated and I think they would be useful and helpful.

As to the redemption of the heathen we have never been

worried lest they from lack of knowledge of the Gospel, should be without the mercy and love of God. I do not think it ever occurred to any of us. We have thought that they and we should look to the life and teachings of Jesus as the best way of being brought to the higher and better life, being redeemed from or being brought up out of lower life or sin. I think therefore most of us would feel that the substitution of the words you suggest—good words, better words perhaps if they had been used—would be unnecessary, and if so undesirable, on account of the opposition they might occasion.

I do not quite like to write because answers to letters seem to assume differences but I think that we shall agree closely and I have thought it best to have our position well understood. I do not think there is any inconsistency in the position that King's Chapel has taken, and a more active part in the Unitarian body. Though I have had much to do with King's Chapel for many years I have been a member of most of the National Conferences of Unitarian Churches, a Treasurer and Director of the American Unitarian Association, President of the *Christian Register* and of the Unitarian Club. King's Chapel can help itself and the denomination by taking an active part in the Unitarian work—it is a good and needed work. At the same time it has a position of its own to maintain. It has maintained a service which has been a bond of strength and union and a source of devotion. In this service changes were made in 1785 and should be made now, if necessary, that it may be brought into conformity with the "conscience and intelligence" of its people, as one of the Proprietors has well said, and as Dr. Freeman said in his preface to the 1st edition that "everything might be expunged which gave, or might be suspected to give, offense to tender consciences." Mr. Foote said, "I have tried, and I have succeeded measurably, to make King's Chapel stand in its place in the Kingdom of Christ and in fellowship with all Christians." We believe that King's Chapel has stood for much of late in this way and that it can be helpful to many in the orthodox sects who are now in spirit if not in exact words drawing near to our position.

A prominent position in the Unitarian body and a proper place in the Church Universal seem to me not only not inconsistent but most appropriate and satisfactory. I believe you are well disposed and well adapted to hold both and in holding them with us to help King's Chapel and Unitarians and the Church of Christ.

July 29th, 1895.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I don't know that you have any notion of living in Brimmer Street, but I should advise you to avoid it. The filling was bad, the wind is very severe in winter, and I do not consider it a desirable place for health. The fine view up the river is somewhat offset by the smell at times, though this may be largely or wholly done away with in the course of some years. It seems to me that there has been a good deal of sickness there, but of course it may have had nothing to do with the place.

November 22nd, 1896.

Dear Mr. Brown,—You said something about the Associated Charities and their invitation to you to come nearer to their work. I meant to say that my inclination is to advise you not to be drawn in. It is an excellent work, I think, but for you it may be better to look on with appreciative admiration rather than to be taken up in its current. Boston is full of dangerous whirlpools of the kind. They are fine, many of them, but they have a great sucking power.

THE DIRECTION OF KING'S CHAPEL

[Undated. Probably November, 1896.]

Dear Mr. Brown.—I do not think "Vesper" is of much consequence. It may suggest music. I think they will find out gradually what it is. I think these people may be induced to respond to the Psalms but that beyond that it is better to avoid responses, and I don't fancy choir responses generally. I do not think the music need be very elaborate or expensive. As someone, a stranger, coming out the other day, said, "It is not merely

the music or the discourse, though both are good, that affects me, but the whole air and tone of the church."

As to the Benevolent Fraternity I felt that I had come to a point where I must be careful and better informed about the wording of an appeal for money. The whole character of the work has changed so much. It may be good work and it may appeal more than the old to the modernized mind, but the money comes largely on your and my recommendation—at least if we said no it would be hard to collect anything. If it is best to wait till more light comes, the A.U.A. collection might come first and let this wait. I should like to take the Christmas and Easter collections for the definite charitable and Post-Office Mission, etc., work of the church with occasional mission work for the Buffalo Conference, and not for general charities of the town, to which many already have subscribed in the regular way. However, this might make several sucking pigs squeal.

February 11th, 1897.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I quite agree that the parts of the 2nd and 4th commandments that you would leave out are desirable omissions in reading. I don't feel sure that it would be liked. If read I should prefer to have the parts left out. Omissions are the only things in order I think. Changes could hardly be made.

I think if you have any suggestions about the music they are in order. It rather breaks my heart to hear in such jovial tune that Max's⁴ heart is cracked and contrite, and though I like much of the music I think it often has a character not devotionally appropriate or effective. However, I do not know what your view of it is. Under the reign of the elder Curtis⁵ I used to attack it, but for several years the other end of the church was all I cared to attend to. Mr. Lang has views of his own, of course, but I have felt that he was open to reason and persuasion and disposed to do what was wanted. I do not know anything about the matter technically, but I think there

⁴ "Max" Heinrich sang bass at King's Chapel.

⁵ As Senior Warden.

are styles appropriate for church music and others that are not, whether people wish to have them or not.

April 21st, 1897.

Dear Mr. Brown,— . . . The Ladies' Committee I consider appointed. I have not officially informed them, as I wished to talk with the Chairman before she applied a new broom, otherwise she might be hitting me over the head accidentally or on purpose.

The morning services in Anniversary Week I have rarely attended. They had at times been rather a resort for some, who for the good of mankind, had not enjoyed all the chances for the pouring out of supposed ideas that they wanted, but that was stopped. I have kept them up not because I thought the advanced lights might roll their eyes in the dark, but because they had some merit and because they opened the church to people who are greatly interested in it—from various towns and states. It has a certain advantage to have the church used. It might be watched this year.

As to the summer services I shall be glad to arrange them, which will leave you free from the dead beats, while you can suggest any names you please. Christie I want to give a chance to for his excellent merits and because he asked me. Would not Everett be good for two, Hornbrooke for one (Curtis might read for him), St. John would sound well if he comes this way. Crothers might like to take one. Some big birds of passage may light here.

Dublin, N.H., August 14th, 1897.

Dear Mr. Brown,— . . . I do not intend to go to Saratoga.⁶ I shall have been away too long and the programme did not attract me. It is always interesting, often trying, generally if not always very fatiguing. It is useful or at least very interesting to see many of the people and the whole thing has its

⁶ The Unitarian Conference was to be held there. Mr. Brown describing A.T.L. at such a meeting where there was a keen controversy and much excitement, said, "He never was ruffled, never perturbed."

value. I put more value on the A.U.A. if efficiently and properly conducted pretty closely by Boston Unitarians. This looks narrow to the unsettled wilderness, but it comes from the heart of the matter and is more effective than a geographical puzzle, put out of joint by the representation of meetinghouses rather than of meeting-people. Some of our people will go I suppose and I will sign any credentials needed. I think it is desirable that the church should be represented by somebody. I do not think the conference will be anything but the worse for your not going, but I think you may be much better for staying away. I never found the work and the place and the air other than oppressive.

Dole may be with the majority but he will not state the new orthodox position fairly I think. I don't mean that he has the least intention of being unfair but I don't think he comprehends the other side. Phillips Brooks's article in the *Princeton Review* of March 1879 on "The Pulpit and Popular Skepticism" touches in part a missing phase and I think it would add to the value and interest of the discussion if some competent New Orthodox were asked to speak.

Arthur T. Lyman to Rev. Howard N. Brown

Waltham, October 30th, 1897.

Dear Mr. Brown,—As to the Sunday afternoon service I think you would be sorry if you gave it up, though I appreciate the force of your objections and the advantage of concentration of force on the morning. I think the service of King's Chapel with the evening service (which may as well be the regular evening service with the additional music and with certain omissions as I had it three years ago) and a short address by you quite unique and of a religious order will attract a certain kind of people increasing in number. The choir is hired to sing morning and afternoon. They have sung to ten or twenty often. If they are not in cheerful harmony they must get into it or get out. I decidedly think it would be unwise to give up the afternoon service this winter at least.

January 14th, 1898.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I told Professor Lewis that he might have three (possibly four) organ recitals in King's Chapel, the admission of course to be by ticket and the organist and programmes to be subject to my approval. I think there is force in what you say, though I consider the recitals as mere concerts and Professor Lewis evidently looks on them in that light, and they may open in various people's minds the desire for other lines of amusement. However, there is no more harm in them in the daytime than in the dark, I suppose. Last year at the first they let in people without tickets after a certain hour, and this produced disturbance and crowding and rather rough work with the books.

I consider the thing of doubtful value to us as a church, but a few are much interested and others thought it not objectionable to try it once more. I don't think the churches can compete with the theatres though they may be turned into them, and it may be well to preserve one specimen of religion and worship though "garden salons" and trade schools serve other purposes. As to the Sunday School I understand that the attempt to bring the natives was a failure and I think the matter is pushed simply for the asylum children. And I don't think it important and perhaps not worth while to maintain a school for them only. They could come to the afternoon service.

July 3rd, 1898.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I happened to meet Dr. Donald last evening and I asked him about the organ recitals, so called, and Trinity Church. He said it was a part of the "bread and circus." He evidently did not think much of the plan as a promoter of religion. He had been preaching at the Union—which he liked better than the Association—but the mixture of "Verdure green" on a cold night just before a prayer, another show-song with two voices preceding the sermon was a little trying. Whether the public must have these funny things to amuse or convert them is a queer question. The Twentieth Century

Club looks to the masses and circuses only, I fancy. The masses may prefer *aqua vitæ* to *panem vitæ*. Perhaps not. Who can tell? They are fished for with all sorts of bait.

Cohasset, September 12th, 1898.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have not supplied Mr. Kerr's⁷ place—much is required, from shoveling snow and coal, up to the fascinating host, through electric and steam engineering, dealing with city officers, and other creatures of various kinds. I applied to Baldwin for an angel from his waiting list and he sent me a carpenter whom I have not seen yet. I suppose the sexton of the First Church is not anxious to leave there now, and unless Mr. Eels wishes to change (or swap) I can hardly apply for him. Your Brookline sexton's son I have not looked for. I have not his address. Mr. Curtis wishes to have Mr. Kerr stay, thinking the stir will subside, but I feel that those who were so opposed would be in a troublesome state of mind, and Mr. Lowell feels so.

Waltham, October 30th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Brown,—If the sermons are called for it would be a great pity not to supply them, and more should be printed certainly.

Some people are always in despair about such things, but I am sure that there is no idea of giving up the family character of King's Chapel, though it is wise to hold some fund not merely for carrying on the church if families should fail but to reduce the cost to families. A good many young families are nowadays settled for the year in the country or if in town are often far away.

November 2nd, 1899.

Dear Mr. Brown,—If Mr. X—— suits you I know no reason why he should not be employed. He has moved industriously from one occupation to another (with intervals after

⁷ Mr. Kerr was the sexton at King's Chapel.

failures of one kind or another) for many years—his most careless bit of work was nearly ruining his father-in-law—he was pretty shrewd, or had been, and should have kept out, and it was careless of X—— to risk him. His mining company is very likely weak or wild, but he is rather weak in business.

In the past I think Mr. Lang's (or his predecessor's) musical part was in illustration of and in subordination to the main service—rather a series of sermons than of musical services. I doubt very much the expediency of changing the devotional character of the afternoon services to musical affairs. Free concerts may draw and devotional services with short and appropriate sermon may not appeal to very many, but such services are appreciated by a moderate number of people and I have felt that, slowly, perhaps, they would be known and fairly well attended. I don't believe it is well to have the music crowd out the regular service.

November 6th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Brown,—If you cannot preach next Sunday I advise you to get Everett⁸ or Frank Peabody or Eliot to preach. The church will pay for any of these men or others whom you could not exchange with and it will be more satisfactory than to have a falling down from one of your sermons to that of some inferior grade, even if from some excellent and growing young man. I don't believe in too much of Everett for our regular congregation, but a little of him is good sauce. Peabody is desirable.

December 5th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Whether the choir like it or not I see no need of worrying about it. If they don't like it or to do what is expected, they are one and all free to leave, and Mr. Blank has his knife drawn to scalp the organist any time he turns his back. At any rate it is fair to take Mr. Lang at his last word. He said the other day that the chorus system meant

⁸ William Everett, of Quincy.

much work but he was willing to undertake it if it was wanted and he had no doubt it would be a crowded or howling success. And I am perfectly willing to have the plan you suggest tried. Perhaps they can give you some estimate of cost and I suppose it would be better to have the plan approved by the Vestry, which might serve as an answer if there were any objection.

December 29th, 1899.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I think you are quite right in not attempting to take yourself any third service next Sunday. What it was meant to suggest was that I should engage someone else for the evening. Mr. Russell of Weston is familiar with the service usually held the last of the year, or Edw. Hale. I think Mr. Russell can come and probably Hale can, and either would be glad to if they could. Some people are interested in the service and you may think it best to have one, but do not try to take it yourself.

I do not look on time as divided in these rounds,⁹ and so rather object to recognizing a fictitious spot in space but as there is a periodic return of snow or dust perhaps I am wrong.

January 17th, 1900.

Dear Mr. Brown,—You need not feel disturbed about the increase or non-increase of Mr. Lowell's fund. We believe in increasing that when we can and think it is of importance in various ways—present or near future in case of some special need—or later future, but not to the detriment of the present interests or life of the church and certainly not in any way that would interfere with the maintaining of family support and attendance now or in any visible or contemplated future. We have never thought of acting in any other line.

We started the fund or increased it at a time when it could be done easily, in fact when it must be done unless we reduced taxes and that did not seem to be wise, but the accumulation

⁹ This refers to the coming of a new century and its celebration.

has never interfered with anything we thought of consequence to the present life of the church. It is of interest to provide for some possible or imagined future but in the main the future must take care of itself—at all events it would be very foolish to sacrifice the present to it.

November 5th, 1900.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I received your letter of November 1st with its statement as to your wishes concerning the afternoon services next winter, and I will present the matter to the Vestry.

The cost of last year's services was, as you suggest, decidedly large and if the weather had not been dry nearly every Sunday the expense involved would have been greater. But the cost is not a controlling element if the services are of value to the church and its chief purposes. I agree that a church should at times at least open its doors freely, but I do not think it is bound to do so, except for religious services. If the public does not wish to go to church for religious services, I do not think a church is bound to give concerts or theatrical entertainments or to have merely social meetings. Of course at the afternoon services last winter there were appropriate and excellent religious services, but the people came for the oratorio. They could have got and I will not doubt did get in many cases, benefits, moral or religious, and it does not settle the matter to say that that was not what they came for. People come in the morning for various reasons. The crowd kept out the people who used to come to the afternoon services—they were not very many—one hundred more or less perhaps—but I think the number was slowly increasing.

Out of 500,000 people within easy reach of King's Chapel, if there is any service there that they are interested in and can come to free, enough to fairly fill the floor will be attracted by what has been offered free to all. The preacher, the usual music, the service, the church with its modern interests and its old associations, offer something unique.

All this might not succeed but perhaps the experiment is better worth trying than the one we tried last winter, though that had a value probably in calling attention to the church and its service. These may be old-fashioned doubts or modern foolishness. I put them as doubts, as Dean Briggs says, and not as unalterable "views."

April 2nd, 1901.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have made one and perhaps two mistakes in the matter¹⁰ and I am sorry that it has made the conditions complicated and naturally annoying to you. I should have waited Sunday afternoon till more could be learned as to possibilities before having notice given out, and after that I should perhaps have refused to reconsider the matter. I did not know it had been stated in the papers. I take into account what you say in your note and regret that the conditions are unpleasant for you as they naturally are after the notice given. Still the public has had the services freely given and only an accident made it possible that they could have one more musical service; and I do not think they either have the least right to complain or that they will complain. They may regret the loss of course. On the other hand, there is a strong feeling that the Easter carols should not be omitted, that it would look like abandonment, and might lead to it or weaken their hold. Mr. Curtis was quite persistent that they should go on, and I think it can really do no harm to announce that the service announced last Sunday for the Hymn of Praise on Easter Sunday afternoon has unavoidably been given up. I think it will be more satisfactory to the people of the church even if many of them are then neither present nor accounted for.

I am sorry it has happened so, but through my fault, not yours, as I feel sure that on the whole it will be better to try the carols, and I have urged Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Robins to do their best to bring out enough people to carry the carols through.

¹⁰ This letter is in relation to giving up the final musical service in order to hold the regular Easter Carols Service.

Boston, April 3rd, 1901.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Many years ago I suggested changing the square pews into long ones with the seats all facing the pulpit, but Josiah Quincy said in effect that he had rather die in a square pew than live in a long one. So one agnostic who attends church regularly would utterly object to any change of words and the "conservative" of fifty years ago did not hesitate, if it suited him, to make a book closet in the base of the column or to put an ugly and inharmonious ventilator in the centre of the ceiling. Some people who never go to church insist on holding a pew that they may have a right to be buried, apparently, or perhaps because they fancy that the prayers of the church if duly said by the minister count in their favor while they are playing golf or tennis or fishing or walking.

Still this is not the reason for the apparently new volcano. Some children, or people interested in them, thought it might lead to giving up the carols or to sending some deluded child into the grasping attractions of some other Sunday School and carol class and they are stirred up to the rescue. It is a valuable kind of loyalty to the church and has often sprung up either against or for one thing or another. It might be better if it were more constant and less latent, but it is an element that has always existed and more than once helped Mr. Foote over some hard and provoking rubs.

April 9th, 1901.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have yours of 8th. I think you attribute rather more feeling to the choir than they have, but of course it is not pleasant to have them express any such unseemly feeling. I think it will be best not to continue the afternoon services but I suppose we shall (and I think we should) keep the church open this summer, and Mr. Curtis must have the choir understand that they are to sing as needed—whether in spring or summer, morning or afternoon.

The Horton farce is amusing. Edward Everett Hale has

launched many good ships, but has abandoned them at sea and let them go to pieces on the rocks. He was, and I have no doubt is, full of good motives and wishes (possibly some little spiteful ones get mixed in) and is very attractive and active and inspiring but to follow him is to be lost in the quicksands.

50 State Street, Boston.

November 7th, 1902.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I think the Wednesday noon services should go on. It would make a bad break to stop them if they are of use, as they seem to be. I think we should see what happens from giving up the oratorios.

The Trustees of the *Christian Register* fund voted to approve of advancing the price of the *Register* from January 1st, 1902, to \$3. This seemed to be necessary. Ellis purposes with Mr. Batchelder's consent to cut off \$1,000, as you know, and to give up E.E.H.'s page, which won't save much time to me in reading the *Register*, and some other small trimmings. All this, however, only relieves the situation for a few months or a year more. The fund is now down to \$12,000 and with the savings may last two years or two and a half possibly. *Then* what? A new fund can't be raised like the last. The \$3 rate will cut off some subscribers, possibly a good many. As old subscribers die their children do not renew generally. The religious papers have lost their hold and their advertising. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Jones think the advertising will come back by and by. I doubt it. Samuel Hoar thought when the American Unitarian Association faced assuming the *Register* two and a half years hence or seeing it stop, it would take it over and publish it. I thought not. The A.U.A. might send out to the members of the church monthly circulars of church news or exhortation but would hardly dare to publish a paper. Mrs. Wigglesworth raised the question whether it was in the present case best longer to fight a losing battle against the modern tide. Mr. Ellis thought the *Outlook* would pay \$10,000 for the *Register*. If so, should Ellis be allowed to lose the value

of his stock? It will be hard music to face two years hence. Possibly the *Register* had better anticipate it and change the tune if the denomination will not support it, as it does not, as it will not I fear.

February 2nd, 1903.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have said nothing to Mr. Lang. It is suggested that in place of the regular anthems after the first and second lesson some other music be substituted, at times at least. Mr. Curtis suggested some music which I do not know however. It seems to me that reading selections from the Bible would be more valuable and more interesting as novelties to the congregation.

You can hardly expect much responding from these congregations, but I hope there are still left amongst the 1,000,000 who can easily reach King's Chapel one or two or three hundred who may desire and appreciate and be helped by such a place—a good short sermon such as they rarely hear anywhere, some good and appropriate music (which not only can be selected and played and sung, but must be) and a religious service of worship in which they can share even if they are immovable and dumb. . . . A good sermon is still essential and a devotional and religious service without which churches are hardly worth maintaining. When they run to kitchens and theatricals I think they may as well resign in favor of cooking schools and theatres and social clubs.

50 State Street, November 6th, 1906.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I suppose the doctrines held by many or most of those who go to Episcopal churches are broad enough to satisfy them if they do not mind hearing the reading or repeating of the service which might as well or better be in Latin. I know that many Unitarians do not like our service, but I have always felt that there were people enough who did, to make a respectable attendance in the afternoon, and if so I felt that it would be more useful than the musical services

though some come to them who appreciate the religious value of the music and the rest of the service. However, the Vestry does not agree with me and I have not further objected and it is certainly better than a football game or any other form of prize fight.

Of course it is all good and though they mostly come for the music they generally stay and get something else that is good. Meantime lash Lang up to what you want—there should be no shirking in the gallery.

Waltham, August 24th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I have returned from Dublin and expect to be in Boston next week more or less after looking up things here that need attention after six weeks' absence. The weather man has sadly neglected watering.

I suppose you pacified Eliot as to the use of King's Chapel in September 23rd to 26th and perhaps warmed up Mr. Lang to enthusiasm. If not, I can turn the current on. Would it not be a pious thing for him to give an organ recital that week like some of the other churches and so go on in glory through the accounts in history (or the newspapers) of the Congress? I think in such case we should have admission tickets—free of course to members of the Conference.

November 18th, 1907.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I return Crapsey's letter. If he comes he must come apart from the Lowell Institute and I do not take much interest in the subject he suggests though he might irrelevantly bring in his new (to his sect of late) theology even if it did not run with his text.

Perhaps it might do some good to have him stir up the Van Allen hornets and the sleepy insects who buzz one song in the morning and sting (it) in the afternoon, but I should want to have him preach on the hot spots clearly. This might bring in some doubting broad churchmen. Some of our people might not enjoy him on Sunday but then he can't come Sunday.

April 19th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—I do not feel that it is desirable to have a memorial meeting at King's Chapel for the Titanic's dead or living. I think other churches will take it up and overdo it and I do not see any special cause or occasion for a special service just now. There will undoubtedly be much criticism and abuse, largely in ignorance. The real trouble is in the stupid, needless and reckless demand for speed on land and sea on the part of the public, and not because of the railroad or steamship owners' wish to run at the demanded rates. Of course, this is not a popular view and I do not wish to oppose any general wish, but perhaps a little silence is more appropriate at the moment than talk, which in many places is likely to be hysterical.

Fitz¹¹ of course is using it for his own glorification.

May 28th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—The meeting yesterday referred the "volunteer" choir affair to the Music Committee and organist, with an appropriation for the Committee so that it could get a choir leader, etc. So I think that affliction is cleared up. They also voted to invite the minister to the stated meetings of the Vestry, October to April every other month. Also to call a meeting of the Proprietors for June 10th, probably to consider and act upon their recommendation for choice of assistant minister, and to state that Mr. Snow was recommended and that he had expressed a readiness to accept if called. If the experiment is to be tried Snow seems to be the best available man in sight. The "Housekeeping" Committee scheme on an elaborate scale was referred to the Wardens and Treasurer. Both of those things may as well wait till a new broom and builder comes or the Baha¹² helps in an "uplift" or "motion which is life"—lack of motion being "as dead." So as someone says a leaf moved by the wind is life, the branch which gives it life not being in motion is "dead."

¹¹ Mayor Fitzgerald.

¹² An Indian mystic then in Boston.

The "Assistant" if all else fails should wear a turban and affix a beard and look vague.

A suggestion to appoint Miss Z. sexton without a salary convulsed the Vestry into hilarious roars. (Evidently this letter should be burned!) so that like Roosevelt I could deny ever having written it.

50 State Street, July 24th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—The July number of the *Hibbert Journal* has many interesting articles. Nordau can easily write on degeneracy of the upper classes—possibly the middle class is as low down on the climb up the hill of progress, and while the lowest class from which he seems to hope to receive regeneration is above what it was a thousand years ago it is pretty low down still and not yet a very hopeful source.

Montefiore makes out a plausible and not altogether sound case in a limited sphere. H. G. Wells seems to be annihilated, if he is worth the trouble. In the "Ungodly Organization of Society" there are some good hits on social service and "cheap novel titles" for sermons, etc., as substitutes for religion use some of them. The "Interpretation of Prophecy" is not new to us but good for the sects in general, but the most interesting article, I think, is the one by Rev. E. W. Lummis on "Conformity and Veracity." It is painfully pertinent to the present condition of the Church of England and to the Episcopal Church of the United States and also worth consideration by King's Chapel, and perhaps the First Church might have profited by its advice if it had modified or "modernized" the King's Chapel service before discarding it. "The form of public worship has remained unchanged while the belief of all cultured persons has changed very much."

November 22nd, 1912.

Dear Mr. Brown,—The service¹³ Sunday seems pretty simple. I read it to Mr. Snow when he called and he seemed to

¹³ A.T.L. as Senior Warden installed the Rev. Sydney B. Snow as Associate Minister.

like it. After the reading of the regular morning service (you and Mr. Snow being in the desk I suppose) you will go up to the pulpit and I will come to the desk.

I will then announce that the Proprietors met and chose Mr. Snow as Assistant and that he accepted this invitation. At the end of this announcement I should ask for a prayer—which Mr. Snow will expect you to make from the pulpit. At its close I continue the form of installation and then address Mr. Snow. I then leave the desk and the sermon follows, with benediction after the hymn, by you or Mr. Snow, as you may agree. The other hymn may come in either just before your sermon or after the reading of the regular morning service and before I begin to speak. Mr. Lang, I suppose may have other music at some point.

September 22nd, 1913.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Dr. Gordon¹⁴ had a good audience, the floor well filled and forty in the gallery. He was much pleased to be there and thought the two branches of Congregationalists were nearly in condition to come together.

I think I will send you an article in *Science* by the distinguished surgeon Crile on the "Mechanistic Theory of Life." It seems strange that such a brilliant man should try to prove that he has no mind. What advantage Mrs. Tingley's theosophy has over Christianity I fail to see unless it is in the cash she collects. Churchill's *Inside of the Cup* seems to be stirring the Episcopalians. I do not think the rector washes the cup out clean, and he seems rather unchristian in his last lecture to his coming father-in-law, but the book shows the error of saying what one does not believe and the rector Hodder slurs and blurs the creeds with false meanings. He admits they are largely of pagan origin. Dr. Mann advertized it by preaching against it and saying he had no such parishioners as Parr. The use and value of Unitarianism are not needless or obsolete yet. . . .

¹⁴ Rev. George A. Gordon, minister of the First Congregational Church, of Boston.

In 1915 Arthur T. Lyman resigned as Senior Warden, saying to me very simply that "it was about time to train up someone else." His administration had been successful in tiding the church over difficult times and through his fairness and generosity and the gaiety with which he lifted dull or weighty matters into the light, he united the Vestry and the congregation.

Rev. Howard N. Brown to Arthur T. Lyman

295 Beacon Street, Boston.

April 6th, 1915.

Dear Mr. Lyman,— . . . I do not like to let you go out of office as Senior Warden without expressing to you something of my feeling about you during the time that I have been minister there. I am quite sure that I should not have left my place in Brookline to work with, or under, any man in Boston but you. I had then made your acquaintance sufficiently to put great trust and confidence in you, and doubtful as I felt about accepting a call to King's Chapel, the thought that it was your judgment to have me go came to have controlling weight. And during all these years my perfect certainty, not only of your unfailing kindness but of your broad and balanced wisdom, has been to me a constant source of rest and strength. I had hoped that you would hold your place as long as I held mine; and I am glad to know that you will still be on the Vestry. I was fortunate in Brookline in having John Lowell at the head of the Committee there for many years, and I have been quite as fortunate in Boston in having you to look to as the head of the organization. . . .

Sincerely yours, HOWARD N. BROWN.

A letter from Miss Anna P. Jackson written later, just after A.T.L.'s death, beautifully expresses the feeling of many in the church:

Your father was such an essential part of King's Chapel that I cannot let this occasion go by without telling you how

much he meant to me, as well as to the religious life of the church in general. I cannot think that it will ever seem the same without him! Just to see him walk down the aisle from the vestry gave one a comfortable feeling of "all's well,"—and I looked for him every Sunday morning as eagerly as for Mr. Brown. His lovely face and reverent bearing made the worship more real, and his kindly welcome at the side door on Easter gave one a warm sense of companionship.

Then he was so absolutely just, fair-minded, and wise, on all church affairs, and so pleasant and genial and patient with bothersome questions. My brother Ernest often spoke to me of his absolute fairness and open-mindedness on questions which came before the Vestry, how he would understand and sympathize with both radicals and conservatives, always putting the welfare of the church above any personal predilections.

Again and again has Dr. Brown reiterated his appreciation of A.T.L.'s friendship and helpfulness. I give a few of his words:

Rev. Howard N. Brown to Mabel Lyman

The thing I miss is that *judgment*, which really seemed to be almost infallible. His clear intelligence—when everyone was excited, his calmness couldn't be stampeded.

Nothing in all my ministry has given me more satisfaction or more confidence than your father's expressions of approval for my preaching because I knew that he knew what was worth while and that what he said was perfectly sincere.

Somehow there is in this, for me, an echo of your father's voice; and to hear, even in fancy, something like a "Well done!" from him, is the best praise I know. I would work harder to be able to feel that I had justified myself in his sight than for any amount of popular applause.

You spoke of the help your father could be. I always found him a tower of strength in any situation. He did not say much, but every word counted; and behind all the man himself was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. In some ways

I never met his equal; and in most ways, it seems as if no more such men were left in the world.

*Extracts from a Memorial Sermon in King's Chapel
by Howard N. Brown, D.D., December 24th, 1916*

Near the entrance to this church, beside the monument erected to those who gave their lives in our great Civil War, will stand hereafter a portrait bust of one of the most remarkable men it has been my good fortune to know as a friend, . . . Mr. Arthur T. Lyman. There was in him a blending of strength and gentleness, of consummate grace with a firmness as of adamant. Though he was no dictator, he had in him the stuff of which dictators are made. No man, I think, was ever more capable of going his own way with all the world against him. No one could stand more firmly rooted to the position which his judgment approved, or look with more innate disfavor upon light-minded mortals blown this way and that by changing winds of doctrine. And he had an imperious will to enforce the decisions he had formed; so that they who ventured to try conclusions with him were quite likely to find that they had assailed a fortress too strong for them to take. Yet he was one of the gentlest, quietest, and least aggressive men who ever assumed control of human affairs.

Surely it was a wonderful combination of gentleness and strength. If, as is quite common, we speak of that gentler side as the "feminine" element of character, then no woman could be more kind, more considerate, more affectionate, more faithful, more given to even a dependent and clinging kind of loyalty. Modest, humble-minded, patient, and forbearing, he bore not the least resemblance to that kind of strong man who elbows his way through life's throng and press and thus arrives at foremost rank. But few men, perhaps, have succeeded better in ruling the enterprises which come into their partial keeping. His word though so gently spoken was none the less a word of command. And men were ready to yield to him, because they soon learned to trust him for the clarity and

breadth of his judgment as well as for the dispassionate nature of all his decisions.

Through and through he had an honest mind. There was in him no taint of self-deception and he had no wish to deceive others by specious argument or false appearance. And though he had few of the qualities which go to make a popular hero, his personality was something more rare and delicate than that—a blend of subtle shades and traits some of which it might be hard to define or identify, but which wove themselves together into a beautiful pattern of a man.

Great sagacity, keen humor, strong affections, a profound religious sensibility, a perfect rectitude, and a sufficient if not an unbounded charity: these were some of the qualities that went to the making of a man whom one perforce must much admire and greatly love. For many years he was an officer of this church; and long years hence, when all who knew him have also passed away, I think they who look upon the marble face which is his memorial here will realize that the church which he thus served must have had cause to bless and revere his memory.

In a historical sermon preached at King's Chapel on April 7th, 1929, Rev. John Carroll Perkins said:

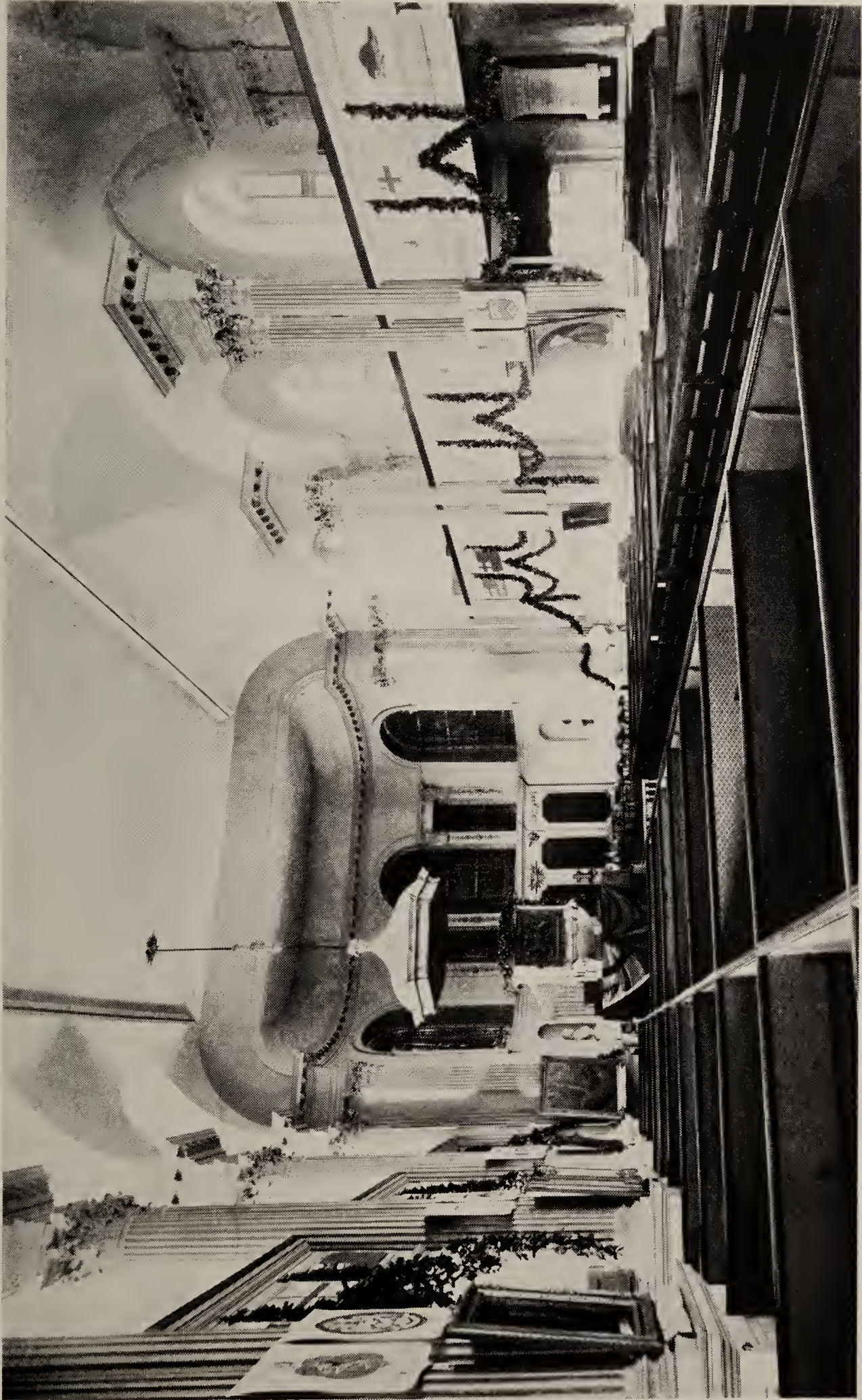
A Senior Warden at King's Chapel has generally been, and I fancy the temper of the people here would always require him to be, something of a controlling leader; at least, he takes great responsibility and should command large authority. Mr. Arthur T. Lyman became a member of the Vestry in 1863, two years after Mr. Foote was ordained. He became Senior Warden in 1877 and held that position until March 22nd, 1915, when he resigned as warden, but was retained on the Vestry until his death the following October. This was a service of fifty-two years, covering the ministry of Mr. Foote and continuing into the joint ministry of Dr. Brown and Dr. Snow.

I assume that every practical step in making King's Chapel the comprehensive institution we now know was always studied and largely shaped by Mr. Lyman. In most of its details and

wholly in its purpose, King's Chapel is a spiritual institution modeled after the pattern seen in the mount of his religious vision. That the Chapel has remained a shrine for the free expression of devout worship, independent in its administration, universal in its sympathy, is due in inestimable measure through all recent years to Mr. Lyman's devotion, attachment, and infinite care. By the indenture of 1907 (in his name for the Proprietors) the future of King's Chapel with its property and its principles was entrusted to a purpose of care and preservation, as certain as the scholastic integrity of Harvard University and spiritual loyalty to its own history can make it.

How my father loved King's Chapel is thus shown in his constant service from early youth to the year of his death. King's Chapel was to him, as to my mother, almost a third home. Indeed, I thought of Papa always as the guardian of King's Chapel, of its physical presence and its spiritual continuity. In 1912 I wrote of him in my diary:

The service was over, but an anthem was still sounding as he moved quietly along the high gallery of the church. Above him were the great arches of the historic past, the white walls of faith. But in his look was a shining light that was young with reverence and welcome. His beautiful head seemed as if translucent, his eyes shining with eagerness, his hair halo-white as he passed the vaulted window. For he was seeing and looking up, listening to sounds and holding their meaning, as a stream holds sunlight. At twilight, with the glory of the sunset still in the sky, you see the silver moon, delicate, clear—just at twilight.



KING'S CHAPEL, 200TH ANNIVERSARY

CHAPTER XII

Later Letters of A.T.L.

THE following letters from my father were written after my mother's death. Their contents show how tenderly he united her love with his own. As he wrote to Cousin Fanny Foote:

"The blessed past should throw a light on the present and the future must cast its glow back. In the sight of God and of those who have gone and to us hereafter, these darkened days of waiting must appear as a short night, not without peace and light, between two bright days."

During that first lonely summer in which he was strained by sorrow, my father had great joy over the birth in May of his namesake and first grandson, Arthur Theodore Lyman, Jr., and in the varied interests brought in by Richard, most of which he shared instantly and permanently, and all of which aroused or amused him.

To Arthur Lyman

Waltham, October 3rd, 1894.

Dear Arthur,—I need not say how delighted your mother would have been with the dear baby and as she would have given to him what she gave to the dear little girls I wish to give that now as from her and with those hopes and wishes that she would have expressed or felt.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Because Papa was not well, Richard and I were not married in King's Chapel but in the tiny Swedenborgian Church at Waltham, to which Mr. Benjamin Worcester welcomed us on account of the long friendship between our family and the Worcesters.

Rev. Benjamin Worcester to Arthur T. Lyman

It is a pleasure to us that you should choose our little church home for this service so near and sacred to you, and it will remain with me a happy thought that your family have now a share in the tender associations that endear the place to my own family.

Please accept my sincere sympathy in these temporary separations that, we trust, are but preparing us for deeper and truer reunion.

Journal of Julia Lyman

Friday, October 26th, 1894.—Alas! it still was stormy, but the rain stopped before noon, so we were not inconvenienced by it. Dear Ella jumped up to look at the weather, then went back to bed for a while. She said she had slept a good deal. Richard came about 10:15 and they had a quiet time together before she began to dress. She kept wholly calm and was sweet to the women. Annie Campbell came to fasten part of her dress as she had laced Mamma's. Mrs. Turner and Miss Morrison put on her veil and Aunt Lissie and Aunt Sara were present. Ella wore the moonstone heart brooch darling Mamma had given her, Katie Bullard's pearl brooch, Grandma's pearl necklace, and I lent her the rings Grandpa and Papa had given Grandma and Mamma. Papa seemed serene. He brought in a superb spray of camellias and Herbert took them to the church. We went just after twelve. Ella looked most lovely as she appeared from behind the screen, a holy calmness in her face; she gave Richard a sweet little smile. The hymn was lovely. I thought of the words of Mamma's chant. I felt anxious about Papa, who looked strained and broke down as Ella went out. He soon recovered, and all was cheerful here, till she had driven off. Then he went up, but soon came back, and May read to him. Arthur came to dinner.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

[after our wedding]

Waltham, November 1st, 1894.

Dear Ella,—I got your dear note from N.Y. Many thanks to you and all the children for the happy life as well as to your mother who was the centre and life of all. If I did not say how much I should miss you, you know it was not because I did not feel it, but it was too unnecessary and too trying, especially under the almost inconceivable condition when she could not at such a time be present or take care. She approved it all, but the parting would have been hardly tolerable, except that she would have borne it as she bore all things.

It has been also a great loss to part with Richard. But we must not think of it in this way, whether it be wholly selfish or not, but rather of reunion and a fuller life for all.

Saturday and Sunday were wonderfully fine and warm days. Monday partly cloudy. Tuesday windy and Wednesday rainy but clearing suddenly and beautifully at sunset. Today has been very fine. Sara came out for a short time on her way from Lynn, in moving to Boston. Everyone was delighted and enthusiastic about the wedding and the flowers and decorations in the church and Mr. Worcester was evidently greatly gratified. They have sent you the Waltham papers' attempt at imagination and customary phrases—the Boston papers were delightfully left behind.

The rain and wind have taken off many leaves but the oak woods are splendid when the sun shines, with the bright brown leaves all over the ground and some scarlet ones still on the branches. I suppose we shall move to the seashore [i.e., Boston] about the 20th.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Boston, January 8th, 1895.

Dear Ella,—Dr. Worcester sails this week for London and will visit German and Swiss hospitals—rather mean of him to give me so little notice and I wrote him last night from the

“seashore some miles from Charleston, S.C.” that it made it impossible for me to get ready. I suppose you sail from Genoa but perhaps you take in Spain instead of the out-of-the-way and so-especially-fascinating-to-jaded-old-residents-of-Europe attractions of bandits in Sicily.

Boston, January 25th, 1895.

Dear Ella,—The Brooklyn, N.Y., riots have been much exaggerated, I think, in the papers, but of course, it takes but little to stop electric cars from running when the crowd sympathizes and wires can be cut. It is not to the credit of the country that soldiers have to be called out to settle disputes.

Dr. C. P. Putnam is calling on his cousins. I missed a visit yesterday afternoon. They talk of going to New Orleans and Mexico. Not so good as the Forest Street Sanitarium for a man with a hole in his gizzard. Two pair of ringdove eggs now keep the birds fairly quiet. It has been a bad winter for Mind Cure and Christian Science folks. They say several have had to call in a doctor.

To Julia Lyman at Newport

March 19th, 1895.

Dear Julia,—I believe Ella has written to you that Annie reported that you had not had enough of it yet and advising you to stay on. This is a great Wagner-Mason evening. Fanny Mason dined here and as she did not bring the music, Richard got a hack and returned with her to get it and they are now at it, piano and violin. Ronald did not wait to hear them as he means to go to Waltham early.

Dr. Sprague asked me to go home and dine with him as I met him leaving the Somerset. Dr. Oliver was to take mutton with him. F. B. said he had written to Tweedy, so I hope you will lunch with him tomorrow; if not, you had better call and collect Boottiana.

I told Susie I was not going to Waltham this summer if

the pig-trains ran (they do) and that I was inquiring about the Morison and Wheelwright houses at Peterborough (the Walter Cabots have hired the Pumpelly). So I presume we may see queer stories in the Waltham papers. The baby came in today to be photographed. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

March 27th, 1895.

Dear Julia,—Edith Sohler returned and got on pretty well and must be better. Willie looks thin and said there was nothing to eat there. Lizzie Putnam and her crowd were in great excitement today as they fear the Committee is not on their side and the State Board of Commerce and Labor have a bill and scheme of their own. She caught Arthur this morning and kept him till after one. Ella and I went to look at the inside and from the inside of No. 12 Walnut Street rather pleasant but Winthrop's brick wall hurts it. It has a fine view of the Curtis skating grounds. Then we looked at the outside of 289 Beacon Street—pretty fair looking, but some new apartment house hurts its light and air, no better on the south, and the lower floor is the only parlor floor. Then a vacant lot on Marlborough Street next to E. Dwight's. The owner thinks probably the lot is worth double its real value. A modern tent might do to put up on it! I mean to have 222 Beacon examined by a plumber and builder. "Charley" is at it again to put in modern condition some of the electric light wires put in only eight years ago, but condemned, and Frank Duveneck may learn some more. He brought down a fine paper pig this morning well glued together, with a removable stomach! Better call on Storer who has not yet appeared here.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mrs. Robert Treat Paine

Waltham, July 22nd, 1895.

Dear Lydia,—I was glad to get your letter of the 12th today and from such attractive places. The icy and dry air we should

have liked to mix with our air yesterday, which was very hot and wet. Generally the last ten days or more have been comfortable except for the hay which has got in now and then. The cloudy easterly weather has delayed the work, but has left the field green. Sarah seems to like Dublin. She wrote Friday that Edith had a letter from you. She says John came by the house to pick berries with Humphreys and looked well.

Dick was to play tennis today with Miss P., but the paper contains no account of the result of the game or accompanying suicide. Arthur and George Morison rode from Portsmouth yesterday to Waltham—nearly ninety miles by the roads. They passed some Hamilton butterflies on a coach with the new police commissioner for Boston [Charles P. Curtis, Jr.] among them. His dignity or his eyeglasses seemed to prevent recognition by him of two fellows without hats and with their sleeves rolled up followed closely by two bloomers and a man on wheels whom the butterflies probably took for a section of the party on wheels. However Mrs. C. bowed. Perhaps she feels bound to recognize all classes and masses now, whether Jew or German or Irish.

Duveneck who came here eight days ago is as natural as ever, seems well and is rather stouter. I don't know what he will do. Gloucester he found full to the brim and dancing over. The heat and the mental strain and the responsibility upset the baby's stomach yesterday, but he is all right except for a little time to recover tone and recover from the flock about him. When he has to run the fetish and an old-time literary Brook Farm and abolition-tendency man of leisure it is no wonder the strain becomes too great.

The newspapers keep well in advance of the improvement in trade and there are big poor spots in the country and things are not up to normal conditions generally. Still there is much of real improvement on the very bad recent conditions. Golf is quite fashionable in the family and Ronald and Ella have been playing nearly every afternoon. Ronald crossed the swamp and got his ball in the hole in two plays, which seems to be

within one of the bull's-eye for that hole. His record for the course is now 58. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Dublin, N.H., August 29th, 1895.

Dear Lydia,—G.L.A.¹ wrote in great financial distress two weeks ago as the expenses of nurses, etc., were swamping him and he wanted some money, which I sent him, though the rattlesnakes of Cottenham are poor collateral.

Waltham has been nearly depopulated but it will soon be gaining. My visiting places are badly cut down by your absence. Carry a coat or shawl on your arm for the shady side of the street in Rome, à la Boott.

C.D. highly developed—football boy, stylish, talkative very pleasant. . . . G.T.L. in his den, hot and smoky and not very well last week, but better I think.

The great event now is the Meredith wedding. He is reported pretty nervous, as well he might be, with the desperate work of invitations and preparations. The great question is whether Meredith will toe the mark as a horse stepped on his foot.

If you all decide to stay abroad let us know so that we may engage rooms in the Pyramids. . . .

Later. The wedding went off well. Why Meredith did not shoot some of those who threw rice at him from the floor and the housetop I do not know—if I had been on the jury I should have brought in a verdict of praiseworthy homicide.

To Mary P. Sears

November 1st, 1895.

Dear Mary,—I thank you for your dear appreciation and for your lovely expression of it. I am sure it is worth much from you. If there are some things in the world that you object to, it is no wonder, when the neglected and wasted opportunities for goodness and happiness are considered. But the world

¹ George Lyman Appleton.

is at least so far sound in that all around you feel a love and admiration for you.

Affectionately and gratefully, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Francis Boott Duveneck, aged nine years

Waltham, August 16th, 1896.

Dear Frank,—It is quite dismal to have you gone but I suppose you are having fine tastes of salt water and scratching sand and making canals and drains. The robin has grown pretty large and they have let him out. He is sitting on the hemlock tree. Ronald's pigeons give him much trouble by lighting on the Searses' house and by staying out nights, and the white cat got on the roof in some way in spite of the wires, so he will put up some more wire fence. The "Boss" is spreading the mud heaps.

Today is baby Ella's birthday, but she had a candle cake and party day before yesterday as the Storer children (except H.) went to Peterborough yesterday morning.

It has been cloudy and cool since you left but today it is sunny and warm. Don't send up any of your south winds, tell them to go out to sea. Give my love to Nonno.² The cows want to know where you are and why you don't bring them some beets. Your affectionate ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Francis Boott Duveneck at West Chop

On a postal card

August 24th, 1896.

I seem to need another man on the place, the cows are complaining that they get no parsnips or squashes, the Boss is busy spreading mud and sowing grass seed and can't seem to drive those old stones out of the bottom of the pond. The robin was sitting on the hemlock this morning with a wet back, and the weeds need scratching. If I get a new man his name will have to be Frank. Perhaps you can find one at West Chop that will suit me.

² Nonno was Frank's grandfather, Francis Boott.

To Julia Lyman at Nahant

August 28th, 1896.

Dear Julia,—You have kept it cool very successfully. I told F. B. we might have more hot south wind. I think he had better stay away now till September. Ronald and Herbert went on wheels to Wyoming (23rd) to see “Blake.” It began to rain and they waited and were late at dinner. Lydia was here yesterday but returns today. “Humps” is to go up Saturday if he can find an escort and I told John that Ronald might take him up and asked Herbert to take Ronald, but Herbert said he could not go as he was going to Europe Saturday. So I can’t go till Arthur returns, and besides Greenough asked me to go to Newport. These visits to Newport and Magnolia and Beverly and Bar Harbor and Peterborough have been very pleasant.³ Meantime there are no sales and no money.

You must see the sea serpent before you return unless someone has caught him. Oh, I forgot to tell Mabel to say that workmen are now making alterations in K.C., also that the main entrance will be on School Street, at least for September 1st. Evelyn still at Peterborough. She had lunched at Catlin’s!

To Ella Lyman Cabot

March 1st, 1897.

. . . Edith has at last taken some mere medicine which relieved her cough and gave her a pretty good night’s sleep. I urged John to try to persuade her to consider herself as a chemical compound, which might be influenced no doubt in a way or in many ways by the mind or spirit, whether of cross-purposes⁴ or whiskey, but which was also chemically or physically subject to castor oil, ipecac, quinine, morphine, and syrups. She had become so sick and exhausted that she did take something. She is weak, and has had considerable fever and has little appetite. Unfortunately Worcester, whom she agreed to see, is away.

³ He was invited to all these places, but never went.

⁴ Mrs. Cross was a Christian Scientist.

*To Mary P. Sears*⁵

March 25th, 1897.

Dear Mary,—If a poor fellow [A.T.L.] has to be waited for a year in order to come out right it is almost as bad as being a year behind the time. It may account for the small accomplishment. And I don't think it necessary and probably not wise to wait till people are old. Old age comes all the way from twenty to a hundred. The people now in charge may dream now and then, but I suppose if no one dreamed there would be little vision and little reaching after visions. The persons now in charge and the one⁶ suggested by Mary Bullard seem to me to have adequate age and discretion and experience enough and knowledge of the real needs of the time and interest in the things that should be done.

There are so many things, that some people are tempted to scatter and to pass from one fascinating charity to another newer or more in vogue. Some of course become obsolete and must be given up. I don't wish to hamper them by any advice and I do not think it is necessary to consult me. They probably know better what should be done, but of course if they wish to ask anything I shall have no objection.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mary P. Sears

[In answer to an appreciative letter from her]

March 30th, 1897.

Dear Mary,—It is worth while not to understand if it brings such a nice note in explanation or remonstrance. To prevent false views on the part of future generations I think I ought to destroy it, but it is too nice for that and they must bear it. It seems to me like one of your good dreams though it ought no doubt to have been nearer a true vision considering

⁵ This letter is, I think, in relation to appointments of the District Nursing Committee for the Fund given in memory of Mamma. Mary understood everything instantly, so he often wrote to her enigmatically.

⁶ This was Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr.

the ideal and the real people by whom I have been surrounded including the person addressed.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

*Arthur T. Lyman to Mrs. Elizabeth C. Agassiz,
President of Radcliffe*

July 1897.

Dear Mrs. Agassiz,—I suppose that a fund for a scholarship will be acceptable and useful to Radcliffe College, and if so, I shall be glad to give the check for \$5,000 enclosed for a scholarship in the memory of Ella, to be called the Ella Lowell Lyman Scholarship. I do not wish to attach any conditions but I think it is a good rule, admitting of exceptions only for weighty reasons in special cases, that scholarships should be given to students who are in need of pecuniary aid.

I think decidedly however that a mere need of this kind should not entitle anyone to a scholarship unless the student is of decided ability and a person of good sense and of commendable character.

Ella, as you know, was a student by nature, by inheritance, by practice, and by the teaching and example of her aunts. She took much interest in the fair and proper education of women and in the extension to them of the opportunities of a thorough and sound learning. She would feel however that learning is of secondary value unless it is conducive to wisdom and is united with Christian love.

This letter is not meant to impose restrictions. The use of a fund must be largely left to the discretion of future administrators and under the changing and unforeseen condition of the future, but I have indicated in a general way what I think would be her wishes.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

Waltham, September 13th, 1897.

We got here [back from Dublin] on time by the light of the moon, which was, Ronald says, twice as big as the Dublin

moon. The scenery is different but fine. He rode in through the garden and was much affected by the smell of peaches, but it must have been chiefly a fragrant memory, as they have nearly gone. R. hardly dared enter the "loft" but on doing so he saw several pretty fine young birds. He thought the *hotel* pretty fine last night and the bed struck him hard, as soft.

"Jim" [Arthur's dog] seems to have lost one eye or the sight of it, but is otherwise better. I took him to the "Canyon" which refreshed him. The lawn is green again with barley. It has been very pleasant at Dublin and the seeing of you and Richard. Don't tell the Farnhams how sorry I was not to see them again.

To Mabel Lyman

December 1898.

F.B.D. went to "outing," though Flint and Bones wished to have him study today while his sins of omission in Latin were fresh, but after his hard and long day yesterday I thought air and exercise might be better, so he will go tomorrow.

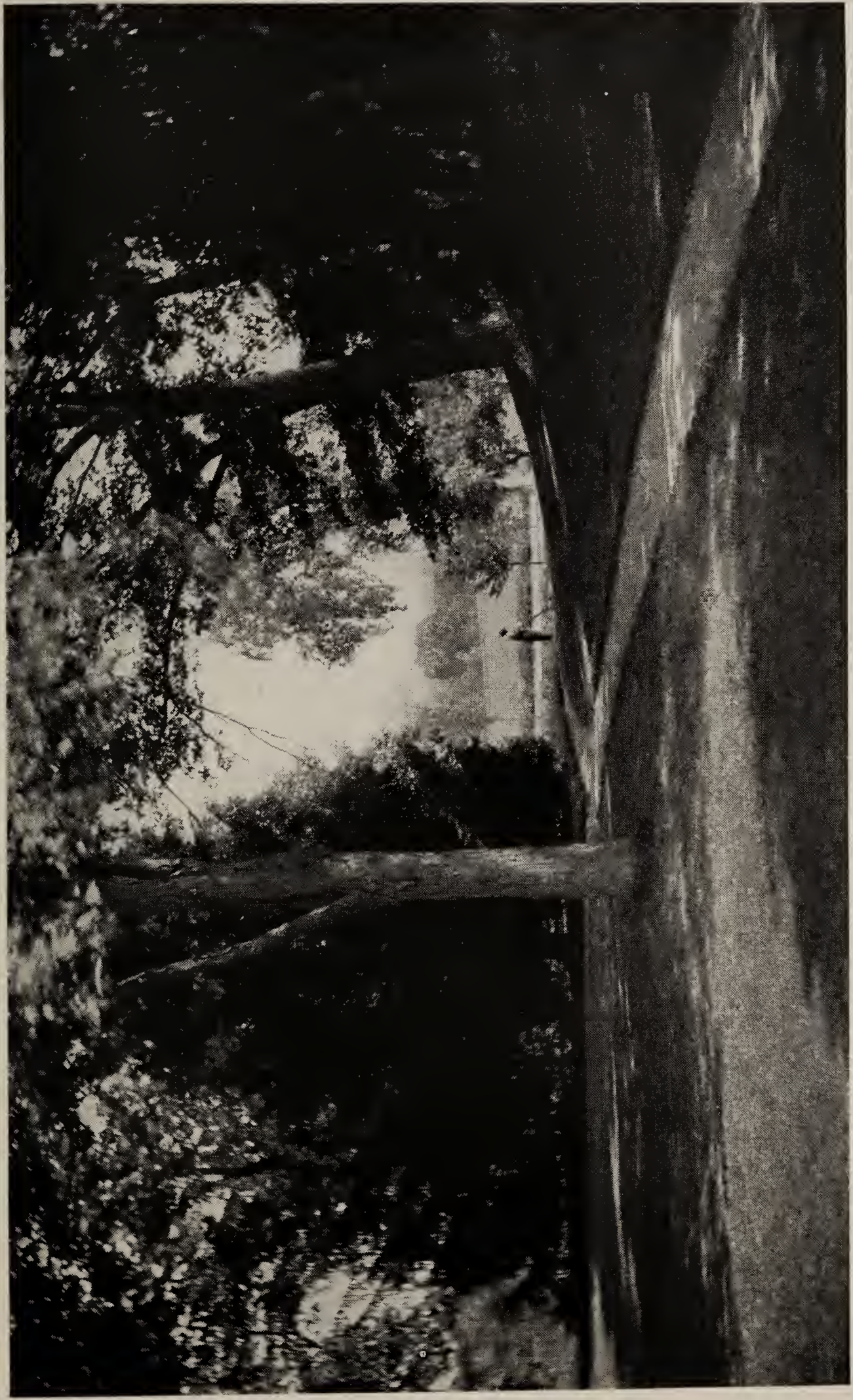
To Mary P. Sears

505 Sears Building, March 24th, 1900.

There are many foreign tongues in here and some of the trees talked rather loud today on the west of the hills, but I was mostly on the east where they did not say much, at least to me. Perhaps they were afraid [of being cut down] and only laughed when I had passed by.

I left my *card*⁷ at Forest Street, but saw only A.T.L., Jr., climbing about at the window. I found some stones for Malloy to put into the stable's foundation, above ground, as he wanted some that had seen Jonas Dix and his successors, and had not been sleeping under ground for seventy years and so had no fine gray color. I was sorry not to see you. It looked wet in Boston yesterday when I got ready to start, but I hear you found the way to the peach blossoms.

⁷ Always a gift of flowers or hothouse grapes.



A GARDEN PATH IN THE VALE

To Ella Lyman Cabot

July 7th, 1901.

Last evening there was a crash and about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the swamp white oak on the lawn was on the ground. It was still but the branch was very heavy and its joining at the tree somewhat decayed. It may be possible to keep the central top by cutting off the remaining branches on the west and south that are low down and very heavy and one split, but the whole thing may be ruined.

July 26th, 1901. The oak is quite a different tree now, but after extensive trimming to restore its balance, it looks pretty well—more like a white oak than before but not the unique creature before the fall. Hope you will catch a porcupine steak this evening.

To Francis Boott Duveneck

Waltham, August 21st, 1901.

Dear Uncle "Sam,"—"Non" wrote from Lenox and part of his letter to Mabel seemed as if he was one of the hounds in a paper steeplechase when Arthur Dixey was the hare—pretty lively! We are getting along here as well as we can with the farm without you. Your friends the muskrats are eating my grass and the gray squirrels have been eating seckel pears fearfully, and a few peaches! I think the cow man has taken some of the blue rats home for his supper. Charlie hung a lot of traps on the pear tree, but did not catch them. I boarded out your turtles in Charlie's lily tub, which I thought ought to suit them but I think they may have been fools enough to jump out. Ronald is coming back from Litchfield tomorrow. Herbert has gone to the Adirondacks. Mabel is at Nahant. The Paines and Searses are all away, so only I and Julia are here now. I take "Jim" to walk now and then. He likes it but gets out of breath. I needed you to drive the English sparrows off the wheat—a great swarm of them. I suppose the flies and mosquitoes and Cambridge river were glad to see you.

Probably some salmon is waiting for you so I will not keep him in the water any longer. Glad to see you again. Write to Non, Petersham, Mass.

To Richard C. Cabot

April 3rd, 1902.

Dear Richard,—Much to my surprise someone put my name on the Medical Department List and to prevent a similar accident you may put my name on the Philosophy List for the same amount as the Medical Department jumped at, if the plan goes through. I suppose the building will, besides its special help to philosophy and ruin to my frog crop, relieve other buildings for the classes in lesser topics, or perhaps admit a class in chemistry or “chipping” and “iron filing.”

To Ella Lyman Cabot

Waltham, August 14th, 1902.

Dear Ella,—The President's address at the Park Association meeting was very good but perhaps our climate is not so favorable as some European ones for indefinite sitting out, and we cannot take five hours to drink a small cup of coffee.

It will be delightful to see you if you can get here some day or Sunday. I go to town generally five days a week. Herbert enjoyed the music at Jaffrey and there are many songs he can't play the accompaniments for and Mrs. Robinson plays very well for his singing. He tried to get Miss Jones to go to the Wheelwrights' to play tennis but she was not at home. She is the daughter of Senator Jones and played tennis with Evelyn a year or two ago and passed one night at Sarah's. The weather has been very fine—a mixture of autumn and summer—thermometer fell to 49 and 48½ in the night. Mabel does not seem to have had any real salt east wind. She comes back tomorrow.

I have read Colquhoun's *Mastery of the Pacific*, which has

an excellent chapter on the future of the Philippines, and Meredith Townsend's *Europe and Asia*, which is a very interesting book, though not hopeful enough, I hope and think. Hugh Gifford's *Studies in Brown Humanity* is an interesting series of accounts of Malay characters. But all these books are more than three months old and so debarred by one book society I heard of. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Francis Boott Duveneck (aged 15)

Waltham, August 3rd, 1902.

Well, Uncle,—I have not heard from you for a long time, and I have got a new machine that I did not know how to set up and thought of sending for you. Then the *blue rats* that had the wall built to run on clear of cats have been very wicked. They have eaten cherries, pears, apples, *and peaches!* They have nearly cleared out the last. To see one of them sitting on the wall gnawing one and grinning at me with his ugly face makes me pretty wild.

Ronald had the good fortune to have the Campanile in Venice fall down before he went up in it. He saw your father and Mollie and Charlie in Dresden.

Nonno has gone to Chocorua to Professor James's—Aunt Sarah and Annie and Mary are at Chocorua. I supposed Mr. Wiswell got Mr. Winsor's letter and I hope he makes you study enough to make sure of passing the examinations so that you may not be dropped, which would be very unpleasant. Machines and fishing can wait but studies and reading cannot—I hope you can swim like a fish or a Fiji Islander. Speaking of machines, I am putting all sorts of new ones into the mill by the station.

A wild rabbit was in the bushes under the hemlock tree and a wild duck was in the pond this morning. Poor little skunk who was looking for grubs got hurt and killed. Muskrats are glad you are in the woods. I suppose those island blackbirds are noisy and saucy and steal peas.

Postal Card to Francis Boott Duveneck

August 6th, 1902.

Your p.c. posted 4th or 5th I suppose, received. You don't say whether you were sitting in front of the gate. F.B. it seems is at Lenox. I thought he was at Chocorua. He is going there Friday and you must write to him at Chocorua, N.H., care of Prof. Wm. James, without fail at once, as he has not heard from you for a long time and telephoned to me Monday evening from Lenox to ask if I had heard from you.

A.T.L.

Make sure of writing to him every week.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

Waltham, August 15th, 1902.

Dear Ella,—We have letters from Chamonix and Geneva. At C. George and Frank, when Ronald wrote, were off for the Mer de Glace, but he thought it better not to go as he had hurt his knee a few days before. I suppose the same he had water on from that unlucky game of "squash." Some man from a tree nursery called and said he should like to aid in landscaping and planting my place at Ipswich. I told him I was not aware that I had any there but if someone had given me one, I supposed I would know about it when I got a tax bill. I believe the story was in some newspaper but I have had no explanation of it. I did not see it.

Charles Eliot's letters and advice to the Park Commissioners are remarkably good. There is an excellent letter from C.W.E. to C.E. when the latter was abroad and blue, and a characteristic and interesting one from Sam to Charles.

To Ronald T. Lyman

August 24th, 1902.

Dear Ronald,— . . . Medicine seems to offer him [Lowell] apart from any practice which is of both interest and service,

an opportunity for research which is now a very attractive opening. Like everything else of much use, it has plenty of hard work. Law also is a fine profession, and is of value in all branches of work and life, like mathematics in the sciences. Business is not the "commercial greed" of the anti-imperialists, but has much human connection and interest, and the well-being of the world depends largely on its proper conduct.

To Mary P. Sears

[She had consulted him about ordering coal for Waltham. He had evidently left some Hamburg grapes anonymously at her house, and suggests that "Charlie" Campbell the gardener might have left them.]

50 State Street, January 6th, 1903.

Dear Mary,—Of course Frost is the man for coal in winter. Fullton is a delicious name for he has not a full ton of coal in his yard.

I got a very nice letter from you (December 27th). As to grapes, "what's the matter with Charlie's doing it?" but if he did not do it, who can it be? I have been looking round Boston but do not find him. One could not find anybody east of Washington Street this afternoon as it was dark as night with smoke and fog. I think he has moved to Waltham and exists only in your head and heart.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

Waltham, June 20th, 1901.—It has been too hot to move and there was nothing to do when one got there (even if "there" took a definite shape) and there is ever so much to do here, and so here we still are.

Waltham, June 21st, 1902.—I meant to have written before but some company and weeds and newspapers and books stole the time.

August 21st, 1904.—The fields are green and the zinnias are very brilliant and asters are flowering. The beds of phlox have been and are very brilliant.

To Julia Lyman

Care of Col. Walter S. Franklin, Baltimore

39 Beacon Street, March 12th, 1904.

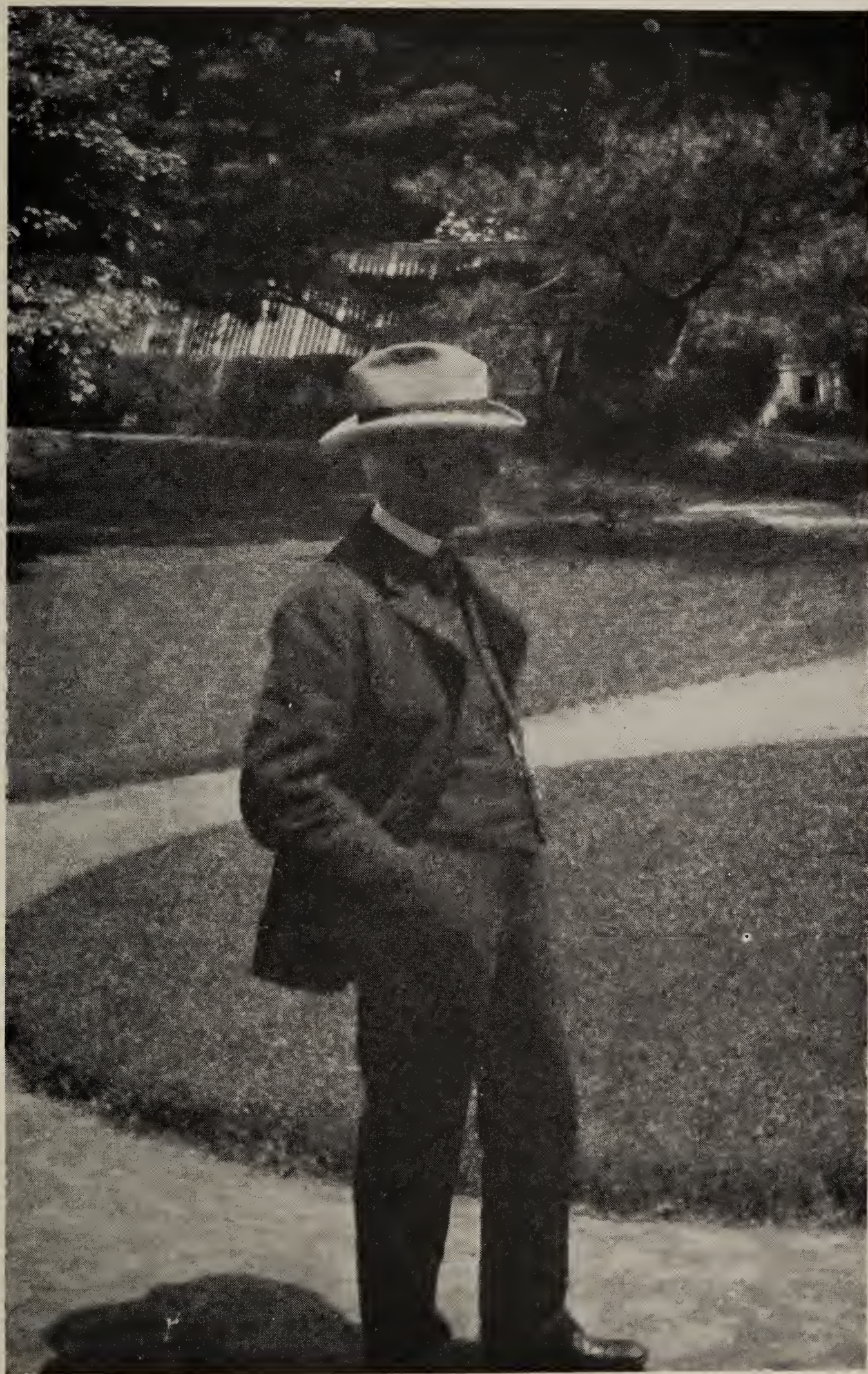
Dear Julia,—Mrs. Franklin kindly wrote that you had arrived without headache and with trunks, and I have yours of 11th from which you both seem to be having a fine time and most agreeable company. I wish I could have seen them. Herbert is very attentive and presides over the coffee pot. Last night I went with him to the Choral Art Music in Trinity Church. Ronald went to 85 and found R.M.P. playing bridge. Today we were all at Waltham, Ronald at Forest Street, where were Merriman and Edith Tileston who is staying with Dorothea. Herbert went out in the afternoon and worked on pigeons. Ella and I went out at 1:40 and dined with Annie and Mary. Ella came in at 4:32 to go to Wellesley College to speak at a meeting of the Agora Club. Arthur was much interested in the talk she had with Mrs. Duff⁸ and thought Ella might influence in good directions from better understanding of her. I went to Forest Street but Dorothea and Roger were out driving. Edith T. had been to the "loft" and I took her to the greenhouse and into the garden. The box hedge is badly hurt and leaves a broken and ragged line, but most of the front is standing, and though not what it was, there is much left and it is not so bad as I expected. There is snow on the fields and woods generally and it was beautiful and sunny at Forest Street and elsewhere.

To Mary P. Sears

Waltham, June 19th, 1904.

Dear Mary,—I was very sorry not to see you the last day you were here—that of course was only 1/365 of a year's regret of the same kind—but you were not in sight when I went to your house late in the afternoon.

⁸ Mrs. Duff was an aggressive School Committee member—I was nominated for the Boston School Committee and Mrs. Duff offered to help me get votes.



GEORGE T. LYMAN

The "wonderful"⁹ seems to have started pleasantly on the voyage of life and the ocean and the English rivers will revive and rejoice. Forest Street seems to be in high favor and justly.¹⁰ I think it would be a good place for Robert and Marie taking Miss Gregg to carry on the whole work. Your mother meant to suggest it, I believe. I suggested the house to Robert, but his plans are necessarily uncertain at the moment. Royce and Haskell and Hocking and Rousmanière were expected today for the "Underwood" philosophy-religious party.

G.T.L. is in the summerhouse path, standing and looking. Miss Wood wrote a fine letter about the flowers and the garden you took her through. It has been a great satisfaction to have had Doro at Waltham with such a healthful happy winter and Francie seems to like the place. Miss Gregg said she woke at 3 A.M. and heard the birds and then went to sleep and dreamed she was in an enchanted castle on a high hill. I wish I had something worth saying but the "larger life" must give place to the philosophers.

Boston, June 28th, 1904.

Dear Mary,—The St. Louis "Fair" kept Ronald for two weeks but it was worth while for he says he is engaged to a very fine girl, Elizabeth Van Cortland Parker. She is the daughter of Col. James Parker, U.S.A., and a niece of Mrs. Henry Parkman. She was at Ella's house at some musical party last winter, and Herbert saw her. R. has seen her several times the past winter and spring in Newark, N.J., and first met her two or three years ago, I think. The rest of us have not seen her. I believe she is to come East before long. Nothing is to be said of it till further notice. It will be told to your immediate family and Robert's today, I suppose. I thought no one would be more interested than you, so I assumed the right to let you know rather in advance.

⁹ Roger B. Merriman.

¹⁰ The Forest Street house he called the Sanitarium, and lent it to Dorothea Foote who was not well.

To Elizabeth Van C. Parker

Waltham, July, 3rd, 1904.

Dear Elizabeth,—Perhaps it is hardly fair to make you read or answer so many letters, though the answers have been so pleasing that no one would have liked to lose them. But I wish to say how I long to have you nearer in space—in every other way I feel very near through Ronald and through yourself. Anyone whom he loved we certainly should love, but I am sure that the affection you inspire is not dependent on his love alone.

. . . Just now it is very fresh and pleasant here and active now in farming in our small Eastern way. It is too quiet perhaps for most people, but as I have lived here in summer since I was a child, I am fond of it and its ways and work, and though I am too busy in other ways to give it due care, the trees take care of themselves and grow.

To Mary P. Sears

Manchester, August 5th, 1904.

Dear Mary,—Even at your distance I suppose you can see into Elizabeth more clearly than I can and I wish you were nearer. I think you would like her very much. I do certainly. Her sister seems to be coming to her uncle's at Manchester today and her mother is on the way from St. Louis and we hope she will come here for a few days.

I meant to tell Annie that Charlie had some balsams in pots for her school gardens if she wanted them.

I have just taken out of the drawer of a desk here a card on which someone who apparently had been reading *The Amazing Marriage* had written impressions of the book, which dreadful as they seem I transcribe, wishing to ask what you think of the merits and qualifications or characteristics of the book—"horrid English, tiresome, trivial, repulsive, wordy, drivelling, forced, irritating, vulgar," etc. The reader must have been in a state of mind which you may be inclined to characterize forcibly. I hope all Meredith's books are not of

this style, but I thought after seeing such comments that I had better ask an expert's opinion before trying to read Meredith on this ship by the sea. Two live Merediths called Wednesday.

Manchester,¹¹ Mass., August 18th, 1904.

Dear Mary,—I am much obliged for your fine note of 12th.

Your mother asked me to describe Elizabeth but I am not gifted in such description. Perhaps Mabel will send you Susie's letter about her. I am sure you will like her very much.

It was sad to leave the hayfields, but the garden is full of weeds, I fear, as well as bright with flowers. I suppose everything is dried up from the house and the pine to the summer-house but if heat and moisture prevail it should be at least tinged with green by September. Today is clear and blue and wet and I hope the fog spell has passed.

I must clear Randolph from any suspicion of being the author of those horrid lines on Meredith. They clearly were not in his handwriting. The villain must have been some former visitor or tenant. If the fellow was correct it confirmed my notion, derived from a dip here and there in two or three of his books, that he was very fond of bad characters. *The Amazing Marriage* seemed so far as I noticed to have very few of a different kind and those rather went astray. Like most modern novels I have read, a great deal of trouble and the need of writing the book might have been avoided by taking a little good advice at the outset. However, with the Japanese war and labor unions and strikes and automobiles, novels are tiresome and irritating, though Scott serves as an antidote. I tried a little of Emerson but that seemed rather trite and I dropped it and turned to Browning. That could not penetrate my dullness, and as I had rather exhausted all I want to take from Bradley's library I must try to find a book in Boston.

William Dexter says he used to dispute the view that if a kid began with a dime novel he would come to Scott and

¹¹ A.T.L., Julia, and Mabel went for two months to Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, Jr.'s house at Manchester.

Shakespeare and history. He thought the effect would be like that caused by newspaper reading and would lead down rather than up. But we must ask Thurman and Mrs. Bill.¹²

But I must make an end of this "drivel" and "horror" as the anonymous guest had it.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

August 28th, 1904.

... We returned to Waltham yesterday. It seems mean and selfish to come back before September 13th. I don't know what it was that gave me some, not much, headache and a little dizziness for a week, but it came after reading Meredith's *Amazing Marriage*, which I found very irritating, and finally the thermometer went up nearly 102° and I called in Dr. Washburn, who goes to the Putnams. He gave me some tablets "ammonal," three of which cleared my head and the fever.

Waking now and then in the night with a quickened pulse some time after did not make me feel very brisk, whether caused by bad cotton accounts or indigestion or Meredith, so J. and M. decided I should be better here—at least there is more of interest to look after though I advised them to stay two weeks more. It is very fine here, green, but needing some rain for the clover planted from the house to the summerhouse and now coming up; corn and everything have grown well.

Elizabeth is delightful—very sweet and simple, but with much experience of people and very sensible. Mrs. Parker stayed with us for a day or two and we seem to agree very well.

To Julia Lyman, Jr., aged 5 years

[She had broken her arm]

August 30th, 1904.

Dear Julia,—I wish it had been one of my naughty gray squirrels that had a fall while he was biting off my cones and

¹² Mrs. Bill was the Librarian of Waltham Library. The Thurmans were looking up library work.

pears. I suppose you can get one of your forepaws to help you gnaw the nut inside of this shell. I can't get on much longer without seeing you and the rest of your folks.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mary P. Sears

Waltham, September 10th, 1904.

Dear Mary,—The only advantage of having you far away is that one sometimes gets letters of much interest. Of course I was not sorry to leave the "ship"¹³ as there is so much more to do here, or at least without making occasion for doing. Susie came here to lunch today, which was very refreshing after long absence. Eleanor is here and is very bright and lively. I like her and she seems to like this country. Yesterday being misty was rather dull and I took her to the factory.

At Manchester I read a good many of Bradley's books and I thought I ought to find out the merits of Meredith as I had to read something and had heard so much in his praise from excellent persons, and my dips into some of his books had not pleased me. However, I may have made matters worse but I have other books on hand now, and of course I know that you and others must find something strong and good in him—or *put* it in, reversing Sargent's method in painting. Victor Radnor is not bad like Lawson though he was foolish in his big plans. Meredith shows up his follies certainly and the badness of other fellows but he does not give me a favorable impression of himself (G.M.). The Josephine Peabody poet of Cambridge I have not heard of.

The box hedge is ruined certainly but I think the border can be made into an interesting bed of shrubs and flowers, though Julia and Mabel will have nothing but a hedge, so I think of going West. But for the tennis nuisance I suppose Eleanor might see the woods and pastures and I think she may yet.

A little rain and a misty day has helped the despairing

¹³ Manchester.

young clover between the house and the summerhouse. The ground has been ploughed. From the pine to the end of the wall the box hedge has been cut down and the wall stands alone. It clearly should come down to restore the slope of the hill and as the old style peach trees are dead and the squirrels eat all the peaches that start—the natural inference follows! Then there was a flock of several thousand blackbirds destroying the corn. I told them to stop, but they would not mind though I told them I might as well have the worms prevent a crop as have these birds destroy it. I forgot till too late that twenty-four of them would make a pie. Evidently I had better close this letter.

To Elizabeth Van C. Parker

Waltham, September 13th, 1904.

I wish you could have been here with Eleanor, who left yesterday after a short visit which we tried to prolong. She was very agreeable and interesting and we were very glad to have the chance to see her. I hope farm life was not displeasing to her, if only as a change from the lively North Shore. I am glad she could bear farm life so cheerfully after Manchester's automobiles and clubs. I didn't have time to show her all the lonely, dull and queer places, or the watch factory, which would have been more lively than a cotton mill in the midst of dull trade and a weavers' strike. How much she was attracted by the pigeons and their fine house she can tell you better than I can.

To Julia Lyman (at Rockport, Mass.)

Waltham, July 17th, 1905.

Dear Julia,—If it is cool and comfortable at Rockport I think you'd better stay on by the iced water. We imagined you and Miss Whitney sitting on the Turk's piazza that hot evening sucking sherry cobbler, but Arthur says Rockport is a temperate place, so Miss W. will miss some of the unsteadies she usually attracts to view.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

Dear Ella,—Thanks for your kind note. I hoped to have given some sympathy, but the aid and help must have been very little and the delightful results must be due to you. I am glad if we helped when you began with Professor Palmer, for what you have brought out has been most charming and interesting and valuable to many.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

September, 1906.

Dear Ella,—O'Malley is making a trench through the Deer Park marsh to drain it of mosquitoes, and making a causeway across it and a path to the millhouse so that R.T.L. Jr.'s baby carriage need not travel hither by the dusty and auto-infested road.

Waltham, September 9th, 1906.

Dear Ella,—Your book¹⁴ came yesterday and your dear note. It is very touching and grateful to have you feel as you do, though I cannot feel that I am entitled to so much gratitude, but I have had abundant reason for an abiding belief in you and feel very proud of the quality and achievements of both you and Richard and grateful for them. Trust I certainly have had, but on the other words I think I ought to turn the small end of a telescope.¹⁵

I suppose the book is in the store. I wish to get one to send George. Most affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

39 Beacon Street, December 9th, 1907.

Dear Ella,—Your lovely letter rightly, I think, attributes some merits to the family, but I feel that other members than myself had the most to do with the good that has come from it. Nevertheless, it is pleasant that those who were making

¹⁴ *Everyday Ethics*.

¹⁵ He refers to the dedication, "To A.T.L. in loving recognition of his generous, sustaining trust."

vibrations in the air of the Common and Beacon Street last Friday¹⁶ felt so kindly, even if they wondered at the odd and "unlike everything" person they had left. They were a remarkable and charming set of people, whatever their temporary delusions, and I am very grateful for them and for the others who were not here that evening.

I have read the article¹⁷ and think it is very good indeed and it seems from the answers of the scholars that they appreciated the teacher and got a great deal of good from the teaching. Most affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mary P. Sears

January 5th, 1908.

Dear Mary,—I hoped to call today but I was so delayed that I had only time for a short visit this afternoon to the pit and the browntail woodpeckers. I saw no one cutting down trees and I had not heard of any fire in the Underwood.

I should have liked to see Doro at Forest Street. Roger probably was pleased because I think I spoke not admiringly of someone whom he did not admire, but I forget the victim.

Elizabeth had a fine letter from her mother giving an account of their rapture over the photograph of Ronald and Elizabeth, Jr., and of the dinner for Colonel Parker and cheers for him and cries of "Vigan, Vigan; Parker, Parker." At Vigan in the Philippines he won a medal.

From the ravings here I should infer that there was not a tree left in Waltham. I try in vain to persuade them that I am not so bad as a gypsy caterpillar.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

50 State Street, June 9th, 1908.

Dear Ella,—. . . Well, we are not invited to Percy Low-

¹⁶ We serenaded him on his birthday.

¹⁷ The article was my paper on an Experiment in Ethical Teaching.

ell's marriage *tomorrow* in N.Y. and the engagement he telephoned me comes out today. Constance Keith of West Cedar Street, 35 to 40, bright and interesting, her sister lives in N.Y. so she is married there, her mother died lately I think. George Putnam speaks highly of her. Ruth and Herbert are at Waltham. Herbert was chosen for the Merrimack the middle of May—it is a hard time but it may improve. . . . I thought the Massachusetts Mills and the Merrimack, each with a large mill South, should be divided and this was entirely satisfactory to Edward Lovering, who took the Massachusetts, which he preferred.

Meredith says G.T.L. felt chilly yesterday afternoon and he gave him some Norwegian cordial and he had dinner and went to bed early—but this morning was somewhat feverish. The doctor said it might possibly come to pneumonia and he must stay in bed—but it very likely will come to nothing.

May 5th, 1909.

The haunted barn was burnt Sunday afternoon, set on fire and wrecked. The ghost did not put out the fire this time.

George Theodore Lyman, Papa's half-brother to whom he refers in the letter of June 9th, 1908, died on June 14th. Mary Sears's memorial vividly describes this perennially charming person:

George Theodore Lyman, Harvard '42, who died at Milton on June 14th, 1908, at the age of 86, had a singularly lovable personality, so winning was its quality, it charmed all ages and all types of people. Children and animals always recognized their friend in his gentle, sympathetic nature; babies held out their arms to greet him, children ran to meet his radiant smile, dogs trotted to feel the caress of his kind hand. Even the wild things of the woods seemed to know their lover so sure were they to cross his path, and perhaps, the very trees and hills felt the kinship of that understanding heart. He read all life through observation and through sentiment.

Every walk he took had the quality of an adventure and a romance. He exchanged greetings with strange little girls on their way to school, with apathetic gate-keepers at the railway crossings, with wagoners on their unknown journeyings, with farmers at their work. His courtesy won the stranger's heart, his sympathy bound to itself with deep and tender ties the hearts of his friends, for he divined and remembered the special interest, the special dream of each one's life. The garden paths, the wood ways, the roads where he loved to walk, are thronged with memories of that gracious presence.

Poetry was to him a delight, he knew by heart uncounted pages of the poets and would recite dramatically for hours by the evening firelight to little groups of loving listeners. He loved the history and the philosophy of human deeds. He studied American and European politics, and pondered over national movements as a chess player ponders over his game. He was in the first group of civil service reformers, he wrote on politics and talked of them with his neighbors, who regarded him with tender and wondering reverence.

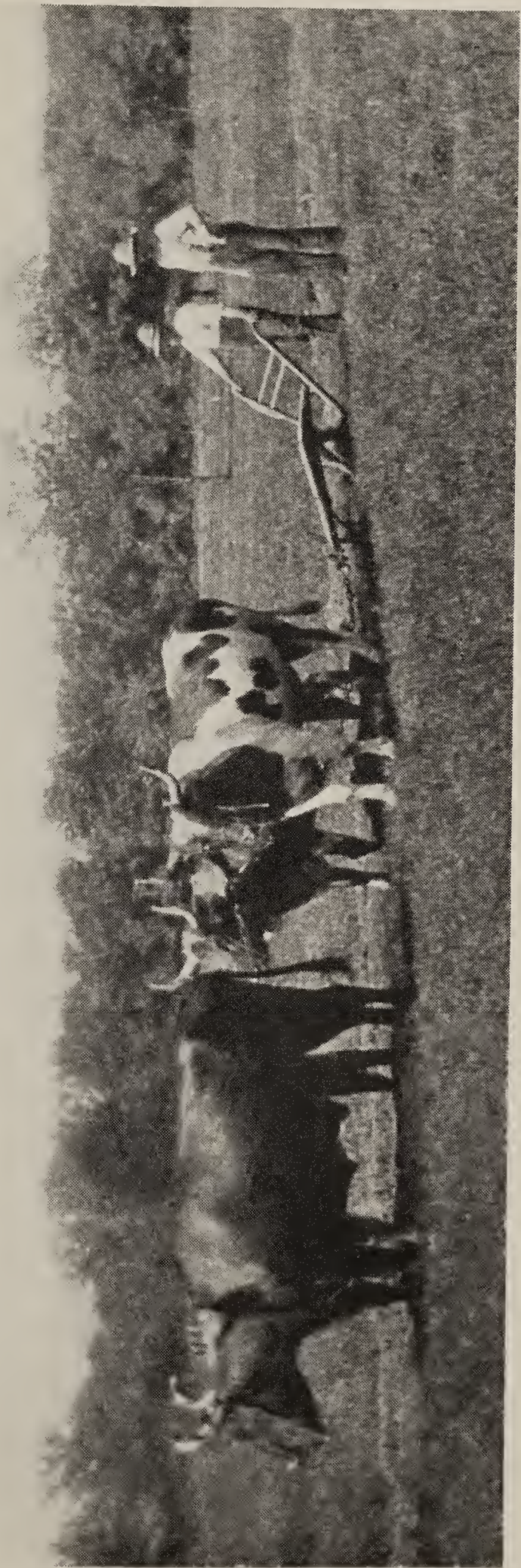
So keen were his interests, so strong and clear the grasp of his mind, so wide and swift his sympathies, so vital his whole personality that, in spite of the fact of his 86 years, the thought of him is one of eager and abounding life.

Though he lived for many years in Bellport, Long Island, his affection for Boston ever grew deeper, and his last wish was to go on the coming Commencement to his beloved Harvard University, to see once more the familiar dormitories and the arching elms, to meet the alumni, old and young, and to hear the words of President Eliot. It was not to be, and his friends can only rejoice that the end was peace.

*Arthur T. Lyman to Ronald T. Lyman, Jr., and
Elizabeth Van C. Lyman, Jr.*

Waltham, August 6th, 1909.

Dear Ronald and Elizabeth,—I saw one of your kittens yesterday. Your gardens liked the rain. I met four oxen walk-



PLOUGHING AT THE VALE



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
With Ronald and Elizabeth Junior

ing slowly home after pulling a plough all together. The cows are eating corn now as the pasture is brown and dry, but they have fine long walks and about four o'clock come and lie down under the oaks waiting for you. The pigs want you to bring them some apples. I gave them five today, but I think one pig was clever enough to eat three of them, which was not fair. One pig ran into another and almost pushed him over, one was sneezing hard yesterday, but he seemed to be well today. In Kentucky they seem to call our blue violet¹⁸ a mountain pansy. I don't think they have flowers that open their mouths. Affectionately, A.T.L.

To Mrs. Ronald T. Lyman

Waltham, July 18th, 1910.

Dear Elizabeth,—Today I met the children at the barn and after inspecting the cows and pigs we called on the hens and they crowded about us for bits of lettuce. Then Angus scattered corn and pulled some hens out of the boxes to get the eggs, which amused the children but not the hens. Ronald asked Angus for an egg and then Elizabeth wanted one and so Ronald ran after Angus for one for her. A visit to the violet house brought them a red tomato and a visit to the colored but unripe grapes and the garden added various flowers to the eggs and tomato that Elizabeth was carrying—a big beet Ronald carried along. Haycocks (about 150) were in the field on the east.

Ruthie's nurse leaves today and the trainer though in despair at first, finds the child more quiet now. I asked Herbert if she made more noise than the Wadsworth's horrid brown dog.

George L. Paine suffered from cold last night I hear and it is pretty cold tonight (56° last night). [A.T.L. exulted in finding Waltham cold in July!]

¹⁸ Enclosing a *viola pedata*.

To Ethel L. Paine, at Heath, Mass.

[after the death of Robert T. Paine]

September 19th, 1910.

Very dear Ethel,—Though not your native heath, your friendly adopted Heath has I hope given you quietness and rest after your long, devoted, and cheering care. Losses are not made good and gaps in life are not filled, and I cannot replace a good and loyal friend and brother. Going to those who have gone before must mitigate grief at parting with those here, and the most widespread recognition of splendid work and service is a real satisfaction even if hardly consolation.

It would be almost an unfair privilege for us if you felt inclined to adopt Mabel's suggestion for the winter, if it suited your plans and wishes, yet, if it did, you must feel assured that you would be most welcome and most free.

Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mary P. Sears

50 State Street, December 9th, 1909.

Dear Mary,—I received yesterday your kind note with the brook which is bigger than Chester and perhaps has more trout in it, if you go fishing.

The losses in the terrible fight at Chickamauga were bad enough but so far as I could find records of them, the 37,000 covered killed, wounded, and missing (largely prisoners) on both sides, and the killed outright were between four and five thousand. It was then that Sidney Coolidge was killed. He was in a regiment of the Regular Army. He was in Europe when I was there with father Joe, and tried to get into the Piedmontese army which was then in the Crimea.

Today I suppose you have skating. Sunday I thought it about time to order Moore¹⁹ for Waltham.

¹⁹ The moving truck.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

50 State Street, December 12th, 1910.

I have a policy, covering accidents to persons, on 190. It apparently would not cover a broken egg if the holder fell but that may be his carelessness, and if the walk is smooth even if slippery I think they have not recovered, though they might have if there was a lump of ice or other thing. If you get any notices, etc., send them to me as the Insurance Company will take care of any suits, etc., but I suppose the party was not hurt himself.

To Francis Boott Duveneck

[who had given up a position in order to join his father]

50 State Street, Boston, January 21st, 1911.

Dear Frank,—I have yours of 18th. It is a great disappointment to you, but we have felt that it had probably come to this, and that on the whole your father felt he could not leave for Florence. I suppose your object was through Florence to break the way for his settling in New York, which he would like, I think, and of course this is open to him at any time when he thinks he can leave Covington. I suppose Mollie would like to live in New York. Of course he would not wish to live abroad permanently, and you have done all that you possibly could and have made a great sacrifice in the attempt. So there is no occasion now why you should not pursue your own plans and indeed every reason why you should.

I happened to sit at supper with Professor Hollis two months ago at a Thursday Evening Club and told him where you were and your plan. He said he feared it was all up with Mechanics in consequence, but I said, "No, he will not give up that, but he felt it was important to make the move he had determined on though it involved for the time a trying sacrifice."

I understand that you have now written to Pittsburgh in

hopes of getting at work there now or earlier than the last plan. If you can't get in soon perhaps it may be worth while to see something of the West north of the Ohio.

Of course it may be that your father on the whole prefers to stay in Covington, although in many ways he would be better placed in N.Y. But that is something that you can fairly leave to him, and it must be so left after the brave attempt you have made.

Professor Marks has sent you his treatise on the "Clinkering of Coal," reprinted, and I will send it or hold it. I should like to look over it first. You may like to thank him for it.

I was in Waltham today—mild and muddy and no snow, but the ice house was just filled—not so clear and solid as last year as we have had several thaws. The dust on Beacon Street became intolerable and on complaint the new Superintendent of Streets strewed calcium chloride and that has kept the roadbed moist during the cold dry days of this week, and the flocks of rapid motors raised no dust. Yes, we have Foss for Governor and Fitzgerald for Mayor. Foss is very undesirable and Fitz is even worse. Let us know what you hear from Pittsburgh. You have a right to feel you have done all that was possible for the other plan.

To Mrs. Arthur Lyman

July 18th, 1911.

Dear Susie,—Thanks for your delightful letter of the 16th about all the charming folks at Cohasset who have wandered hence to the rocks and sandy cove. It is very nice to have them all so near together. Ella and Richard we hope to see here tomorrow as "Mrs. Cabbot, a nurse, is to conduct the exercise this week for the Mothers' Club," says the Waltham paper. I shall have to borrow one of R. Sears's pipes for Richard,²⁰ I suppose, so that he may practice on it for the play.

It is fine that Arthur Junior is getting on so well in health

²⁰ Richard Cabot was acting an Irish part in *The Rising of the Moon*, by Lady Gregory.

and work. Tue seems to be a second Nolan.²¹ Of course the children are all wonders and most delightful ones.

I have a few pressed flowers for Julia which I may get to you some day—a catalpa among them but not in well preserved color. Flowers and every trying-to-grow thing are having a hard time with the scorching heat that has been and severe drought that is. The trees queerly hold their leaves green and hay is easily dried. There were fine oats-cocks on the lawn, and a picturesque show of stacks of rye across the pond, but both are in the barns.

Eleanor Gregg must have made a good start at the mill and the hot days were rather helpful, but if the cases have to be traced home and “social serviced” there will be rather a formidable list.

Mary Sears returned from Heath today and reports Ethel very busy with the farm and its problems and “the” doctor. I have not heard of any settlement of the Seares’ bets on Pratt.²² I ventured to remark that as no cablegram of *yesness* had been reported from Brighton, probably Mamma said the girl should be gray before she was Pratt.

I did not see that King George went to Queenstown to greet “Roosevelt.”

To Mrs. Ronald T. Lyman

July 28th, 1911.

Dear Elizabeth,—Thanks for your sweet note. I fear you draw on your imagination—but I love you. Thank the dear children for their dear notes and shells and flowers. Yes, it was a raccoon. There are some wonderful poppies in the Deer Park.

To Julia Lyman, Jr.

Gray Squirrel Reformatory,
Waltham, August 12th, 1911.

Dear Julia,—There had been a quiet time at the Reformatory, but when a most attractive party came here Wednesday

²¹ Widow Nolan was a famous tutor at Harvard College.

²² A.T.L. hoped Robert Pratt would be engaged to Miss Gray.

she seemed to draw a crowd. Today two, even after a short indeterminate sentence, seemed to be after a partial fruit training thoroughly reformed. So it is rather encouraging—it shows that four-footed criminals may be reformed—two-legged ones if they wear clothes may sometimes be reformed, but it is uncommon and generally hopeless. Some folks seem to like the job and some seem to like the company without intent to try reformation.

I hope Ella got a few more pressed flowers to you. I did not pack them well, so they may not be in good condition. The Orchii (Psycodes?) or Habenaria as some seem to call this genus, grew in the Deer Park Swamp, and is not common, here at least. Another (badly pressed) is *Mimulus nignus* (?) (monkey flower), and that and the rest you no doubt have at Cohasset. Who ate up your chickens? Skunk? I hope you do not mean your whole flock is gone except one. I had a picture come from Tue at North Haven. I hope she did not sail abroad with the Eliot children to hug the dusty statue of "Bavaria" in the dusty plain of Munich. Of course she is not at Cohasset but flying from flower to flower like Edith, Jr., who flew through here a few days ago.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

August 14th, 1911.

The great event was a visit from baby Elizabeth who passed a night, coming Tuesday and returning Wednesday afternoon in her motor! R.T.L., Jr., had been eager to come but was not quite well, so E. took his place and saw cows and pigs and chickens and Deer Park flowers and all.

To Ethel L. Paine, at Heath, Mass.

Gray Squirrel Reformatory,
Woodchuck Vale, Waltham.

August, 1911.

Dear Ethel,—Mabel says the two inhabitants of Heath need

advice. Very likely, but who takes such medicine? Not gray squirrels but still four-legged things can be reformed—a dog by cutting off his tail just behind his ears—two hopeful cases of criminal grays were discharged this morning early and seemed completely reformed. I had not had breakfast and being hungry and Julia waiting, they had to go without finishing their fruit. Mrs. Catlin asked me to give her advice at Dublin about removing some trees and I left town. I could hardly have cut a tree that would not have enraged some member of the family or some neighbor.

Humphreys was here Sunday and looked fine and very soon he might take charge of your farm and raise lambs (spring) and vegetables. The concrete stalls and pits would be just the thing for storing the rutabagas and beets and carrots which the neighbors would buy for their cattle. I enclose a paper on woodchucks. Humphreys was a good catcher and if they were minks your fortune would be made—but skunk skins are valuable.

The Mr. French who was with Helen at Northfield where the “moral uplift” worried them, is the father of the girl who despised Newport-Vanderbilt society and married a motor agent or demonstrator. Edith, Jr., was here at lunch on her way from Northeast to Pride’s. Today she and Tue must weep and wail on the dock when her unwilling friends are torn from their native land. I seem to have come to an end. Don’t do anything till I come.

To Ethel L. Paine, The Manse, Heath, Mass.

August 27th, 1911.

Dear Ethel,—“The Manse”—that sounds better than the “Old Ordinary” of Hingham. Both are reform centres no doubt—to reform fields and woodlands with the aid of ploughs and fertilizers or axes and gypsies²³ is not altogether easy or lucrative or cheap, but there is not so trying a moral burden about it as the attempt to reform Hingham’s or Boston’s wild

²³ Men who sprayed for the gypsy caterpillars.

immigrants. The last is perhaps worse than foreign missions because with these, when viewed in a religious aspect, there is consolation in Edward D. Sohier's saying "blessed are those who expect nothing for they will not be disappointed." But now with soap and manual training and medicine the task is more hopeful. Sohier, according to F. Boott, was the author of the advertisement of a horse for sale, "sold for no fault except that the owner wishes to leave town." The horse would not go over a bridge.

I suppose my reform methods as to plague-bearing, bird-destroying, thieving and destructive four-legged animals of the class you refer to, might be useful in the case of whites and blacks, as you suggest. The Pomeroy boy²⁴ might now perhaps be working on the new canal in Mars that Professor Lowell has gone to Arizona to take another look at, and perhaps if John Brown had shot Robert E. Lee and J. E. B. Stuart (as he had ample chance to do at Harper's Ferry) they might have been more usefully employed than they were when they deserted from the U. S. Army.

But it looks as if advice as to farming must be pushed into a P.S. I still think the advice I gave is good. I have just been reading Bowker's *Plant Food* and if it does not tell exactly what to do with a farm that one has never seen, it is at least "food" for thought. Like everything else farming and market gardening are now to be carried on like a mill or some specialty. It is not so picturesque or amusing or instructive as to ancient history, to one's grandchildren, as my farm, but of course I should worry because I have only one crop off the lawn, when I should have had two and be planting in a few days for one next spring. I suppose you will wait till spring before those twenty Guernseys will be blocking the road to Heath and maybe high-cost Guernseys are not the best for creameries.

Julia took a motor trip yesterday to Nahant and back, lunching with Frank Sprague. Annie and Mary go to Ogunquit tomorrow if fair—but there is no room for that P.S.

²⁴ Jesse Pomeroy, a murderer at eighteen, was given a life sentence of imprisonment.

To Mary P. Sears

[Aunt Sarah Sears died on July 23rd, 1911]

Waltham, September 10th, 1911.

Dear Mary,—Thank you for your letter. I agree and feel as you and all others have said and feel about your mother, and of course go back in a long and delightful experience. It is a great thing not to have been separated in all our lives by the width of a continent or ocean, like many persons. I do not seem to have any capacity for saying what I feel, and you must take for granted what you really know. It would seem somewhat like talking to myself.

Of course I am grateful to you all for feeling as you do about me, though I do not see that I have done anything to justify your feelings. Waltham will be the gainer when you all come back. The peaches will be gone in a day or two, the flowers are bright still.

Charlotte had a wreath of white clematis on the font in King's Chapel yesterday. Ronald and Elizabeth were playing in the house at the end of the wall this morning, and brought me a parcel of shells from Cohasset. Julia and I passed a night at Arthur's at Cohasset, to see the wonderful white rabbit and the excellent Alice and Company.²⁵

To Mrs. Ronald T. Lyman

March 1st, 1912.

Dear Elizabeth,—Thank you for your dear note. I love all the people who live in the Deer Park and I don't like to take away their "bird cage," but I think it such bad construction that it would plague the birds, and perhaps the architect after he realized how much better the other plan is!

To Richard C. Cabot

Waltham, August 27th, 1912.

Dear Richard,—Your kind offer to buy No. 1 Marlborough

²⁵ Julia Lyman, Jr., acted in *Alice in Wonderland*.

Street is very considerate and much appreciated, but I think I ought to buy it. It costs more than No. 190, but then it will be worth more and it seems only reasonable that I should buy it. I don't wish to consider the difference of values, but I think I shall be bad enough to let you pay for the repairs. I suppose Phil Cabot will see to the title and have the deed made to me. He is away now but will be back of course before October 1st.

It will be an advantage in No. 1 that it is so much nearer both to 39 Beacon and 138 and 26 and 57 Marlborough Street. I feel that I have given more to mill operatives than to the family. I do not expect any thanks from the former and do not feel that I deserve much from the latter. We shall be very glad to have you back in Massachusetts again.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Elizabeth C. Putnam

December 8th, 1912.

Dear Lizzie,—I was more impressed by my children and grandchildren and by a friend like you than by a birthday that comes every year. Little Ruth is a charming child, happy, contented, independent, and lively. If she has anything of inheritance from her grandmother Ella, it is no wonder that she pleased you. That is a source for some of the best that has come to her children and grandchildren and to me.

To the Misses Sears

December 8th, 1912.

Dearest Annie, Mary, and Evelyn,—I highly appreciate your love and I won't write any poetry or prose to controvert your kind verses, and so keep what I do not claim to be entitled to. But the vase is of wonderful qualities and beauty and I shall assume that you were deluded by *its* shimmer.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.



LARKSPURS BY THE PEACH WALL

To Mary P. Sears

The Vale, June 17th, 1913.

Dear Mary,—The Larkspurs say they have engaged a room for you for next week or any week at the "Vale" house and that they will be much pleased to meet you any fair morning at 4 or 4:30 A.M. The Vale folks all say that they would be delighted to see you and a hot thermos of coffee or Roosevelt cocktail (milk and sugar with a brandy bottle looking on) can be on hand at above hours.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

Waltham, September 21st, 1913.

Dear Mary,—I have let cards and letters go by which should not have been—but I was reading with little use tariff debates in the *Congressional Record* and lately I felt obliged to read about washing the *Inside of the Cup*.²⁶ It needed washing but Hodder did not make a clean job of it—too much slurring over and befogging the various rocks of the unbelievable and largely unbelieved items. Still the book is good reading for Episcopalians and many others.

The Worcesters have been nearly invisible. Gray squirrels have been rather scarcer this summer though one or two have fallen from trees—cases of accident or suicide probably. Charlotte is as fond of peaches as the gray devils are and took big bites when she had a chance. She helped me pick up many that have fallen, and we were carrying the basket when she spied a butterfly and dropped the handle and dashed off after it in all directions over the field.

The blackbirds have been flying in thousands and have nearly wrecked my cornfield. In old Red Indian days there were few cornfields for them and they could not have existed in such destructive flocks. There are a few bluebirds and others. These three rainy and misty days are useful but not very cheering for birds. It may put out some fires. So far the flow-

²⁶ Winston Churchill's novel.

ers have been scarcely touched here, but the corn leaves have turned yellow from the effect of two cold nights, thermometer falling to 35 and 36 but there were killing frosts in Lincoln and Concord and north. The blue lilies held on long and finely but have passed. There are still some second growth larkspurs and many other flowers in the garden and the fields are green, and still some outdoor roses, as all summer.

Two weeks ago Julia and I went to King's Chapel to hear Dr. Gordon—a full house but only three K.C.'s besides J.L. and me. On our return we found Frank Duveneck, and as we were to dine with Ronald we took him there and we had a very pleasant visit. He had a letter from the head of the art department of the San Francisco Exposition quoting a very complimentary letter from Tarbell and offering Duveneck an *exclusive* room for his pictures of early date, and also appointing D. chairman of a board of artists to pass on paintings for the Exposition from the Central West. D. had a letter from the junior Duvenecks—our last letter shows them after their walking in the Tyrol and a trip to Venice, settled in an apartment in Munich taking in operas and concerts. They have had a fine time but gave no idea of return. Love to Annie.

F.D. also gave an account of his first meeting with Elizabeth Boott in Munich and subsequent engagement—held by an “obstacle” (not F.B.)—later “obstacle” died and renewal came. Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

[Written on his visiting card]

Miss Mary Sears,—Peach came from the *old* wall, perhaps its only merit. Grapes may have to be sweetened by association also. Blue lily can speak for itself. The rest are new.

To John F. Moors

August 27th, 1914.

Dear Mr. Moors,—I am glad to send you a check for \$100 for the Associated Charities. I am confident that it will be needed and that it will be discreetly used, not always the case

with charities. The Civil War lasted four years and was horrible enough, but for a convulsion of the whole world I think Emperor William is entitled to the first place.

To Ella Lyman Cabot

September 4th, 1914.

Dear Ella,—I have read your book on Volunteer Help for Schools, and it is very clear and wise. It is reasonable in its insistence for patient listening and also in its appreciation of the horrible burden of insistent benevolent cranks oblivious of unavoidable conditions. The poor schoolmaster is not alone in his misery. People in business are overwhelmed and partly paralyzed by a flood of laws.

Susie seems to have been very fond of St. Moritz, but it must have been a great relief to her as to us to reach London.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Richard C. Cabot

September 14th, 1914.

Dear Richard,—I have yours of September 10th.

I assume that the Corporation is anxious to get Mr. Hocking and that he is all right on the point you lay stress upon, which is an important one,²⁷ and I supposed the Corporation had offered in the first place, the full salary. I shall be glad to do something to make up the difference in part and will at any rate give you \$1,000, which, I understand, will take care of the matter for the present year at least. This you can have January 1st, or now if it is wanted, and possibly Mr. Hocking may need it while he is moving.

To Richard C. Cabot

[Richard, in order to contribute more to the Allies, had given up having string quartettes with a paid cello and violin. A check for \$100 was enclosed in this letter.]

November 25th, 1914.

Dear Richard,—I don't keep a record of birthdays and

²⁷ His strong religious views.

Saints' days, but it occurs to me that tomorrow [i.e., Thanksgiving Day] may be your birthday. At any rate all would agree that it was appropriately named.

I have been trying to persuade Ronald to raise turkeys instead of pigeons, but without success, so I can't send you a turkey and must substitute a "scrap of paper," which if not sentimental is in fashion. I am missing string quartettes this winter and perhaps you may be willing to start them and send me a season ticket. Yours affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mrs. Arthur Lyman

[about the dance he gave for Margaret]

January 1st, 1915.

Dear Susie,—If Carbone will bring in the two camellia plants in his covered van you may have them if wanted. Angus has two that he can spare. There *may* be a few flowers on them. Carbone may buy them at a reasonable price, but he need not buy unless he wants to, and I can give them away or have them sent here.

Have all you want from the Somerset or any other place. I do not know how many have still not answered but you have the acceptances and Mrs. Hall of course will provide for all who may reasonably be expected. I have left all the trouble to you, you must send me all the bills for all the things.

Affectionately, ARTHUR T. LYMAN.

To Mrs. Francis H. Day, at Rochester, England

Boston, Mass., July 31st, 1915.

Dear Mary,—I hope you have not had another bomb fall in your immediate neighborhood since your last letter. Doro has returned, quite indignant, apparently, with the United States for not joining in the war. I think we should keep out of the horrible state of affairs, if possible, and at present it does not seem likely that United States can be of any especial value in case of war with Germany. We could not send

any men, having full need here for all the regular army, especially with Mexico and perhaps Hayti, on our hands. Of course the navy might, in certain contingencies, be of service and rather than have the Prussians destroy all France and England, I think it would be just as well for all neutral nations to take part against Prussia, for it is the Prussian spirit after all that has driven the German nation mad.

We are now sending a large amount of munitions to England and some to Russia. Perhaps this would be seriously reduced in case of war between ourselves and Germany, though I understand that General Wood thinks that the making of munitions of various kinds in this country might be vastly increased in case we had need of them for ourselves, or even for the United States to use against Germany. But in spite of the submarines and the Russians' shortage of munitions, I think that Germany must ultimately lose without any interference on our part.

Of course we have a good deal of annoyance and possibly some serious trouble from the German population of the United States. One might imagine that the million or more of Italians in New York and elsewhere might handle the Germans with their knives in case of trouble and on the whole, in case of war declared by Germany against the United States, the whole population of the United States, even including the mass of Germans, would, I think, stand all together. Of course we could evidently expect nothing from Germany except bluff and lies. Huerta used that against Wilson, involving miscellaneous disasters.

If we keep out, we may (or may not possibly) have some influence in the matter of final settlement. The people of this country are tolerably excitable and notwithstanding our lack of preparation, one hundred millions are not to be altogether considered of no consequence, especially considering the exhausted state of all Europe at the close of the war. We have also the Irish nuisance with its hatred of England to consider.

CHAPTER XIII

The Pure in Heart See God

To A.T.L.

If I could meet you in the shadowed garden
Counting the circles on the purple beech,
It would be day from darkness, clear sun shining,
So blest, so right, there were no place for speech.

But all the hawthorns would rain down their beauty,
And every rose stretch forth its eager stem,
The yellow violets blossom at your coming,
And rhododendrons shout your love for them.

Tall larkspurs would give thanks in blue spires lifted,
And Cherokees breathe blessings white and still.
Nasturtiums twine and chuckle gay responses,
And fragrant locust wave from every hill.

Beloved, do you in that dim-seen country
Give Scotch-briar roses to your glad-eyed bride,
And circle little angels' plates with flowers,
And scatter shining stars of kindness wide?

And through the dewes and the still breaths of twilight,
Do you drop blessings on your children's way?
They gleam like tender petals falling gently—
Across the dark path shines your radiant day.

The depth of my father's courtesy impressed me more than ever during his last weeks—depth in the sense of response under difficulty when he was tired or absorbed, and depth too in the sense of something so innately himself that it could not leave him. Often he would get up and go to the door with a guest when he was busy or tired, always he responded with instant sympathy when his thoughts must have been far away. He took special pains to walk up to Forest Street that he might see Tue and Julia on their October birthdays, bringing them gifts and flowers. For Tue he cut off with a stroke of his spud a spray of scarlet-berried mountain ash from back of where our old house stood. He delighted in its beauty: "That's fine." In the



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COPPER BEECH AT THE VALE
Said to be the largest in America

grass near-by we met a firm little Norway spruce. "That's an audacious little tree," he said, as he watched its plans for a future career.

Even in that last month, as Cousin Lizzie Putnam recorded, he still cared for the beautiful place with rake or hoe, making himself the grandchildren's playmate. Indeed, there were but three days that he was not out in the garden, for his last illness, like that of most of our immediate family, was very short, less than a week. On Monday, October 18th, 1915, he went to Boston to attend an important meeting. A visitor, with no sense of the value of time came to his office and stayed so long that Papa rather wistfully said he did not fully accomplish what he had planned, but he spoke of the visitor with his usual tolerant kindness. It was on Monday evening that he first asked Richard for medical advice, and on Tuesday he stayed at Waltham spending most of the day reading in the music room. Ruth and little Ruthie were coming in the afternoon, and he watched the hours eagerly awaiting them. When they arrived he was feeling poorly but he said quickly, "The hall light *ought* to be turned on," and while I was fumbling downstairs with the connection, he had slipped up and turned it on from his room. In the evening he did minutely clear accounts on a bit torn off from Farquhar's flower catalogue and discovered that Blake Bros. had made an error of three cents in a bank account.

On Wednesday, the 20th, it rained in the morning. He was feeling languid and discouraged (the medicines having no effect) but followed me out bareheaded in a slight misty drizzle to see the dear pine being cemented. At the corner we met little Ruthie. "Have you seen the peaches on the wall?" he asked her. She was keen to see them, and he took her all the way to the end of the peach wall and pointed out six or seven beauties. On the way he picked a brilliant spray of salvia. "Give that to your mother!"—to celebrate the Anti-Suffrage victory in New Jersey. He used to say that it would be dangerous for him to get off the fence as to suffrage, for fear the Suffragettes would break all the glass in his greenhouse. But neither would

he let the "Antis" decorate 39 Beacon Street. "There were too many of the family caring on opposite sides," he told Mrs. Barrett Wendell.

On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Worcester and a good nurse came and put him to bed. One day during that week I had spoken of having planted my bulbs, and he said, "I guess I ought to get some more this year for 39." Julia found the list beautifully written out and had them planted.

On Thursday, the 21st, I was in town all day and at six came out without Richard, who had stayed to look after an old lady from South Africa whom we had seen just once. I told him the tale of Richard's meeting her at the wharf, feeding and housing her, and how it meant that Richard must stay in until late. An hour later when I came up in the middle of dinner for a chat, he was sitting up very straight in bed looking clear-eyed and nobly beautiful. He began as soon as I appeared: "You and Richard ought not to do such things. It may be good moral discipline for you, but it's bad for the people." He told me that Arthur had visited him that day, and added: "He has taken a lot of business responsibilities off me." The nurse did not hear when he rang two or three times in the night. "She heard when I spoke," he added patiently, and then by contrast: "Mabel is always so quick." He spoke of Ruth: "She seems very well. She's been twice to Anti-Suffrage meetings. She ought not to do it. The air is bad."

On Friday, the 22nd, when Julia read to him the Harvard Bulletin, he asked: "Anybody preaching at Appleton Chapel who would interest Richard and Ella?" and then, looking out on the brilliant autumn tints, "Too bad to miss such fine days by being in bed."

The afternoons when the nurse was resting were specially hard, yet he was uncomplaining. I read *With the Russian Army*, by McCormick. The western sun slanted across the bed and he asked me to draw the curtains down. But a crack at the side remained. "Never mind. It will soon pass by," he said. I stood by the window holding the curtain across the

crack and reading till the sun went past. Darling little Charlotte came in with "*I've* got the hiccoughs." He seemed so amused and glad to see her. "How are you? Why, you haven't had any chocolate for several days!" he said tenderly. I offered to bring some up for him to give her, but he said he couldn't manage it very well there and that I could take her to the den closet. "She knows where it is." I brought her up beaming—chocolate in mouth—to say good-by. "Come again," he said quickly; and when little Elizabeth came: "Are you a trained nurse?"

Even on Saturday he sat up in an armchair and walked about a little. On that day Dr. Worcester decided to go to his nephew's wedding in Wilkes-Barre, so I told Papa that Richard and I were not going to the Greenes' for Sunday as we had planned. "It wouldn't do for both your doctors to abandon you in such a way." He said sweetly: "It is very kind of you. It would be a great comfort to have Richard in the house, though probably I shan't want anything."

He spoke enthusiastically about the success of the wireless telephone showing that voices could be heard from Hawaii to the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Even on his last day he was as eager as in his youth. Arthur came, and A.T.L. loved to hear of young Julia's house party and spoke of it twice afterwards.

Mabel brought him some of Dr. Buell's medicine and little Ruthie ran in with her long white sweater on to watch him take it. "White Rabbit" he called her lovingly. He talked with Julia about his former illnesses.

That evening Richard and Dr. Wood found him much worse. At 11 P.M. I brought him some trianol. "What's that?" he asked quickly with clear keen interest.

As I stood by the bed: "Lift me up," he said suddenly, and I put my arm round him and lifted him to a full sitting position. The chiseled and nobly moulded outline of his head never seemed more beautiful. His eyes, with their delicate level lids, were clear, his mind was alert, firm, and all-seeing.

On Sunday, 24th, at 2 A.M. Richard found him far worse, but

not in pain. Richard decided to stay in the room the rest of the night.

Waving with his hand toward Frank's room, Papa said to Richard: "Bed in the other room—over there." Richard must need rest, he thought. These were almost his last words, and with these words and that gesture, his undying soul lifted even in the presence of death its immortal kindness.

My father's own thoughts about death, written many years before, seem to me comforting and beautiful:¹

Why are we afraid to die? Why should we fear lest God should desert us in death, when He has so beneficently preserved and cherished us while living? The future is unknown, but it is in the hands of one who during a long life has ever dealt most kindly with us. A child is born into this world—a world as unknown to it as that life after death is to us—yet it fears not evil, but rather seems to rebuke us, who after a long life of blessings, look forward to being born into another world with fear.

Whose eye is so blind, whose heart is so cold, that he can gaze without emotion upon the infinite and glorious beauties of the forests and the rich products of the luxuriant fields in summer? Who can walk through the woods on an Indian-summer day in autumn, and breathe the soft warm air, and see the fresh brown leaves and the bright blue heavens, without a holy awe and calm delight, and without feeling that the Great Spirit is indeed there?

Yet all this is but the transitory dwelling place of that incomparably more marvelous reason, which God has given us, and whose *home* is with Him in heaven. If there is anything in the world which bears upon it the divine stamp of God's creation it is reason. By this light from heaven we may direct our steps with certainty from this beautiful earth, where He has placed us to learn wisdom and to cultivate virtue, unto that eternal home in heaven which He has promised to the righteous. . . .

¹ A.T.L.'s paper on "Reason in Religion," February-March 1859.



CHARLOTTE LYMAN
In the Garden



THE SECOND POND
From the Millhouse Path

It is characteristic, I believe, of our father as well as of our memory of him, that there is more to tell with each year to the very end. He must always have been wise, exquisite, and gay; but he was shy and reserved in youth, and in college made relatively few intimate friends. Year by year his life grew in width and freedom, and even the friends whom he might have made in college seemed to come to him by right when he was eighty. More than twenty students then made visits at his house and turned to him as to a comrade. After he died their letters of sympathy again and again included the words, "It was a shock to hear of your father's death." They thought of him as full of life, youthful not old. They spoke of his love for truth, of the help and encouragement he gave, of their pleasure in talking to one who never failed to take a keen interest in every subject and who almost invariably gave some new view. One said: "As long as he lived I always had someone to look to as the very embodiment of all that was best and highest in business, in political and in social life. His straight thinking, his independence and his wealth of experience made a conversation with him something to be remembered always."

Very deep was the sense of loss among these young men. "It is almost as much my loss as yours," wrote one of his nephews. "He was, of course, much the nearest thing to a father that I have ever known."

"It will be a very great loss to me also—I have so many associations with everything at Waltham, commencing so many years ago when Willard and I first went there together, that when I think of your father I necessarily think of my whole life since I was a small boy, and his memory I am sure will always prove a great help to me. For the first few days I could hardly realize what his death meant. But now as I look back on his kindly ways, wonderful thoughtfulness and pleasant cheerfulness I think I understand what his life was meant to teach me, and feel truly thankful and earnestly hope I may worthily profit by it. What an unusually happy life he must have had. With his high ideals of life what a great source of

enjoyment and pride all his children must have been to him."

"I had come to look upon him as almost a near relative on account of his constant kindness and seeming interest in me. This seems to be the way he affected all people of my age because he was so young in thought and feeling. His memory will be one of the finest influences of my life and I shall never see that place at Waltham which is so much to me associated with him alone, that I shall not remember his gentleness and nobility of character," said George M. Parker.

There are few of whom such words as these that follow could be said: "What a priceless treasure we had in having him, that beautiful spirit in beautiful form whose truth and insight and sweetness and strength of soul shone out in his look, so that one could not fail to understand. Faces so lit, lives so lit with the spirit as Aunt Ella's and Uncle Arthur's are witnesses to immortality." "His charm, his sense of humor, his beautiful face often held me in adoration in his presence."

It was like him to meet everyone in the same spirit. I am sure he would have quizzed Kaiser Wilhelm as simply and gayly as he questioned a four-year-old, for as one nurse in the training school said: "He would sit down and talk with anyone and make them feel at home." To quote an Irishman at the Boston market: "He was one of the wonders of creation. I shall miss him so much, you bet I shall. He had such a dry, keen wit. 'You and I may go to jail for breaking some law we never heard of!' . . . Mr. Lyman was so nice to everybody. Oh, my! he was a wonder." One of the maids said he was "a treasure in the house," and another that everyone loved him that knew him and they could not otherwise. The Scotch nurse spoke from her experience, of how exquisitely tender he was with children; but the choreman in homely words put it perhaps most vividly of all: "Mr. Lyman had the tactics with him. He had the tact to get on with all kinds of people. He always spoke on the level, mild; he never raised his voice. Oh! he was missed in more places than one, all right."

People speak of the death of their dear ones making heaven more real, but I feel almost more that he made earth more real.

He was so endlessly eager about everybody and everything. Most of us are bored by the tale of complaints and quarrels between maid and mistress, or by the business details of someone else's land purchase. He was never bored by anybody. In a dream I once told him something and found him uninterested! Never in all his life. He would not be himself if he were. As God careth for the least of the little ones, so indeed my father cared even for the littlest deeds and doings. And so earth becomes more real in the sense that I cannot meet any person or event indifferently without hearing the clear call of his perpetual sympathy. His sympathy was so strong that he became interested in what had no personal interest to him, so all inclusive that, as Ronald said, "Nothing is any fun without Possie to tell it to"; so understanding that, as Elizabeth wrote, it was as much a stroke of genius as Kreisler's playing. Most tender and delicate, though almost wordless, was his sympathy with those in trouble. "The exquisiteness of the thread that vibrated and quivered when anyone he loved suffered, was one of the loveliest things I have ever known. It was always there and after quivering reached the sufferer in some way as spiritual as the wind."

It is often trying to go to anyone and ask for money. Those who went to A.T.L. found not rejection but welcome:

"Mr. Lyman became my friend on the occasion of my very first visit to Boston about twenty years ago, and every year since then he has sent his gift and greetings, while on frequent occasions when I have been in Boston, I have had the benefit of his counsel and friendship. The whole city will seem changed to me to go there and not have a cheering interview with Mr. Lyman," wrote President William G. Frost, Berea, Kentucky.

With even deeper appreciation, Robert A. Woods wrote to Herbert Lyman:

October 28th, 1915.

Dear Mr. Lyman,—I want to tell you of the pleasure I have had for many years—on a not wholly pleasant side of my call-

ing—in going to see your father in the interest of the South End House. He was one of our charter members, having become interested through Dr. Tucker, the founder of the House, who often used to preach at King's Chapel.

Your father always from the beginning received me just as if I was the official representative of a business with which he had important dealings. He conceived what I was about in its largest meanings, and established interchange with me on that sort of basis.

He gave one a curious sense that one had grown in wisdom after even a short conversation with him. His gentle humor came upon one so unsuspectedly as almost to take one's breath away—so much expressed, so little said.

The last two years, without any suggestion from me, he has doubled his subscription to the House because he felt that when so many were giving less, some should give more.

Loveliest of all in A.T.L.'s life are the family relations first of all to his children and his grandchildren, then to his sisters and to their children and grandchildren, whom he cherished with special love after their parents had died. There is no one of them that did not recognize this protecting love, and the following extracts from letters express the feelings of all.

One family meeting is beautifully described by Mrs. John Richardson: "Your father was so lovely to us always—from that first happy meeting when Susie and Arthur were just engaged, through their silver wedding. What a picture he made at the silver wedding, first as he escorted Lizzie Putnam up the hill through the woods, then, arrived at the top, little Ronald and Elizabeth in festal attire running to meet him, and one on each side triumphantly escorting him, at the head of the procession, in to Arthur and Susie who were watching from the doorway. And later, deep in conversation with Lawrence Lowell, and Cousin Henry Higginson, was it?—standing for a long, long time. I remember how beautiful his face was, so



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN
WITH RONALD AND ELIZABETH JUNIOR

full of tender feeling, and how he had filled the parlors with his most rare and precious flowers.”

Richard C. Cabot to Arthur T. Lyman

June 23rd, 1911.

When I am feeling rather old and wayworn, all I have to do is to look at the youngest-hearted, freshest-minded, most up-to-date person I know and I am refreshed and rejuvenated. That person's name is *you*. Truly you are the best of all lessons in how to grow young. But that is only one of the good things you are perpetually and quite unconsciously teaching us all. How to bear burdens lightly, how to keep fun and spirit darting through the most serious conversations, how to remember all that the rest of us forget, how to get entertainment and interest out of anybody whatsoever—you give us daily lessons (not by the lecture system, thank God!) in all these great arts.

Josephine W. Duveneck to Arthur T. Lyman

Cincinnati, September 25th, 1915.

Dearest Possie,— . . . It must be wonderful to grow older as you have done, never failing in heart or humor, and always gathering more sources of love about you. You are the most beloved of anyone I know. Beginning with the branches of the family whose root you are up through all the little twigs—and I like to think of my baby as a bud on one of them—and out to everybody that comes in slightest contact with you, all are touched with the wonderful beauty of you, Possie dear, and some of us moved to the depths by your understanding and exquisiteness. Frank said the other day that you had really been a father to him. And as for me—well, I'm like all the other twigs. . . .

As I have said, A.T.L. became like a father to the nieces and nephews who had lost theirs: “I do indeed miss him,” wrote one of them. “He stood as a pillar of strength behind me, a man whose soul was white clear through. I loved him

very dearly, and I had also the inherited love from others. Albert said he felt better always for having seen him, and that was just it. He had that effect upon people. The young men who went into his office to see him came out smiling."

Lily Cummings, still living in Grandfather Lyman's house at 6 Joy Street, tenderly linked with A.T.L. the memories of her parents:

Every recollection of him is inexpressibly precious, but one that is most vivid is his entering the parlor here in the dear old days when Papa and Mamma were here and I can feel how we were all suffused with gladness at his coming. Or in these later times when he came, and his handshake and his kiss were tender as a benediction, and conveyed unutterable depths of understanding. Out of every memory, out of the contemplation of the exquisite beauty of his personality rises the sense of peace—the peace of a life so pure, so loving, so wonderfully good, that the vision compels a new and ardent desire to be like him.

Ethel Lyman Paine to Mabel Lyman

October 28th, 1915.

. . . He has been the centre of the whole family ever since Grandpa died—ever since I can remember, and one felt that he always would be, because it was so impossible to think of the family, or the place, without him—and because he seemed to be the very incarnation of the place. Everything is bound up with the thought of him; every spot I think of brings up a picture of him! All the peculiarly appealing beauty of Waltham seems just to breathe—Uncle Arthur. And especially the exquisite serenity and richness of these golden autumn days will be forevermore deeply associated with him of whose beauty of character and life they seem to be so truly typical. There is an appealing tenderness about such days just as there was about him. But, oh, one cannot speak of his tenderness—so rare and delicate was it! And his delicious humor, all his own, and so irresistible.



ARTHUR THEODORE LYMAN

It was the greatest treat for any guest to be taken down to see Uncle Arthur—just literally to *see* him was good enough—not only on account of his great beauty, of which he was so unconscious, and we were all so justly proud, but because his personality made itself felt at once though it grew on you more and more as you came to understand the fine flavor of his nature and the high nobility of his character. Of some people you say they are pure gold—he seems more like a clear crystal of shining transparency. Yet when you turn it, you find mysterious depths of wonderful rainbow hues! How everyone adored him—and doted on him. He was such a *darling*! How we passed round his *bons mots*. But there is no end to the story of his charms.

The nieces who lived near the Vale felt his daily ways of expressing tenderness:

“I go back over all the years, remembering such countless, happy times at the adored Vale, such innumerable acts of kindness and love and quiet beauty, such richness of interest and understanding and sympathy. There isn’t a day that I come home in the late twilight to this house, but what I see in a sudden flash a picture of two dear figures sitting near the fire—not always talking much but seeming so united, so of one race and feeling. What protecting care he took of everyone!”

Annie L. Sears to Julia Lyman

October 31st, 1915.

Dearest Julia,—When I try to write of Uncle Arthur it seems impossible to me to put into words what he has meant in my life, or my feelings about him—and when I think of times more special than others perhaps, I realize that for nearly all my life he has been deeply woven into it as one of its most precious relationships and loves—a love, a trust accepted I suppose at first from a grandmother and a mother who adored him, but early becoming independently my own.

So it seems to me I think of Uncle Arthur in two ways—

most perhaps as Mary described him as he was when you walked along the garden path with him and he cut for you some beautiful rose or hawthorn spray; or as he came bringing a basket of his beautiful grapes or peaches—and there is one day of the beginning of the summer just past, when I saw him coming up over our hill, before I had more than finished breakfast—to tell me about the little box trees I could have, showing that wonderful sympathy which he always showed in one's little interests and plans. And then I think of him in another way—I think of a life of wonderful, faithful, quiet loyalty and strength, doing his daily work and duty unselfishly without ever making a noise about what he did. As we passed through Lowell yesterday we thought how many times he must have been there and of how much his strength, uprightness, and wise counsels must have counted in the mill world—just as we know how the different members of the family turned to him for help—from those troublous days in 1857 to these very last weeks. How wonderful it is to live a life like that! Recalling his beautiful expression as I remember it at Aunt Ella's burial service, and at other times, one feels that what made such a life possible must have been a deeply religious spirit, a spirit of consecration.

Dear, dear Possie—when as we think of him our tears overcome us, and we feel that life must be so poor without him, we know that he would not have looked at life in that way—and that the inspiration and beauty of his life as we feel it daily in all the old familiar places will not leave us.

Mary P. Sears to Julia Lyman

November 9th, 1915.

Dear Julia,—It is hard to take up life without Poss. It seems at times almost impossible. He has been the centre of everything to all of us since Mamma died. All the preciousness of all the past had become concentrated in him. And from the beginning, from before conscious memory he had counted for so much. We have all always turned to him for everything—from the littlest thing to the biggest, from the wanting of information

to the deepest need of sympathy. We all relied so on his loyalty and love. Even before beginning to rely on him myself I can feel Mamma relying on him, and Grandma, feel it growing in me through them. There are so many years to remember, so much love, and not only one's own, but Mamma's and Papa's and Grandma's—the deeper self in one's self, the unconscious self.

And so all the past is full of pictures. Poss with Sue in the wood-lot; Poss with Grandma in the Vale; walks we used to take years ago—you and Uncle Arthur and some of us four—Annie, Edith, Fanny, and I—up the narrow path back of your house and across the wall and up the lane to the pond-hole. Living so in one place makes the memories concentrated. It is all gladness and beauty—everything about Poss. How wonderful to be like that. To be always doing kindnesses, to be always radiating beauty and brightness and love. And so we must be very glad that we cannot go anywhere about the Vale and the farm and the pastures and the wood-lot, that we cannot go anywhere back into memory, without having place and time and all of life full of the vision and the thought of him, and so full of joy and beauty and inspiration. I can only think and think how wonderful to be like Poss. How wonderful to have been always a giver of joy and beauty and love.

Francis Boott Duveneck to Julia and Mabel

November 7th, 1915.

Perhaps you don't realize the comfort that it was for me to be able to be with you in Waltham. It's not often that one has a chance of really showing one's affection and even then I cannot truly do it. If I fully knew I might try to tell you what this sisterhood and brotherhood are to me through Possie's taking me to live in Waltham.

I believe that the ideal toward which we each strive is not a fanciful being but a composite made up of those we love and admire most. In what nobler way can one's presence live after one? As for me, well Possie is this, but it's a very tender pres-

ence besides. It's in the first snowdrops and forsythia. It's in the damp ploughed fields and rippling wheat. It's in the rose, azalea, and last anemones. There's scarcely a flower we haven't learned to love with Poss or planted with him.

Through the lives of my parents run inseparably those of their children. Arthur, the dear oldest son, inherited and absorbed the exquisite modesty, the warm graciousness of our mother, the quick wit and clear judgment of our father, the tenderness and devotion of both. The Vale they loved became his own, his trust, and as I close I turn as if to lay before all three a spray of flowers from their beloved woods and garden. If ever there was one whom flowers expressed it was A.T.L. Why, you could almost trace his pathway in life by the flowers his quick eyes saw and brought home. There are the flowers he found in college days near Clematis Brook, of which Aunt Sarah wrote; there are the bluebells he picked while stranded at the mouth of the Danube; the lindens whose sweet odor he described when in England; the many lovely flowers and the four-leafed clover that Mamma pressed during the time of their engagement in Beverly, in Waltham, at Oakley. There are her birthday flowers year by year; the flowers, specially chosen and daily different, that circled every morning around our plates. There is the lady's-slipper he found in the White Mountains and pressed for little Sue in 1875. There are the mayflowers he transplanted and watered so carefully, the convolvulus seeds he brought from Beverly and established at the Hill cottage, the hawthorn tree still growing that he planted for May; the flowers from our christenings that he pressed and exquisitely arranged. There are the flowers he took to Boston to give away day by day all through the later years; the thirteen sweet peas, thirteen pansies, and thirteen hibiscus flowers around Ronald's plate for his thirteenth birthday; the camellias he sent for Margaret's dance; and the bulbs he so rejoiced to have others delight in at 39 Beacon Street. The order for these was perhaps the last written word from our dear flower-lover whose flowers spring up to speak of him still. Many a friend has recorded them:

"I am so glad that he saw our little girl although she can-



THREE ARTHURS

not remember him. The last morning we were at Waltham he left a little white carnation at my plate for her."

"I often think of his sweet expression when he gave me at parting a little sprig of heliotrope."

"The Cherokee roses bring your breakfast table to mind and the gracious and friendly giver who never forgot one's favorite flowers or perplexing problem," were Cousin Lizzie Putnam's tender words to Julia.

"I always associated your dear father with God's beautiful flowers," said the children's teacher. "I remember the close of the *first* year of the little school—the closing day your father came into the room where the children were assembled and brought me a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley from Waltham. They were so exquisitely sweet, and your father's kind thought of us helped so much on life's journey that I never forgot it. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

"How plainly I can see him now," wrote a sensitive pianist, "coming quietly into the music room at Waltham to hand me a lovely spray or a basket of grapes or just a single rosebud. Probably he never knew how much that meant to the jaded nerves sometimes—but yet I think he *did* know, through his rare sympathy."

Mary Sears, who had in herself the same depth of sympathy, saw not alone the flowering beauty of his nature but its roots in entrenched faith:

It is not given to everyone to be a poem, but in some rare natures goodness blossoms into beauty, and every word or smile or deed is an act of grace. Arthur T. Lyman had one of these rare natures, an unspoilable nature; for if admiration and love could have spoiled it, they sprang like flowers wherever his footsteps fell. We know from one who became his lifelong friend that his first seeing of the "lovely-looking boy" of twelve inspired at once his interest and affection; and today a nephew says of him: "An almost perfect character, the most lovely and the most lovable." So, far and near, those who knew him little and who knew him much loved him—loved him with tenderness, and even to veneration.

He had a wholly unique personality, full of humor, quaint-

ness, thoughtfulness, sympathy, insight. His sympathy reached wide into the manifold movements of life, reached deep into the need of each individual soul. It was some joy, some grief, some dream of yours—and he had not spoken; you did not know that he understood, till one day you found how far beyond anything that you had thought, his understanding had gone. So he judged gently, or he did not judge. So he met you tenderly, let his sympathy speak through a flower given to you silently, or left where you would pass. Or you looked into his lighted eyes, perhaps, and learnt what understanding meant. Then he put you straight with life through his entirely unique, never failing, wholly adorable sense of humor, flooding out its white light suddenly and making you see the facts in their essence; or through his sober, clear, truthful vision of things as they are.

He had the strength of an utter sincerity, a strength that never faltered. Whoever wanted it (and who did not want it?) always found it, quiet, steadfast, full of power. With his strength went a great serenity. He had looked into the heart of life and found it good. He had found God. That large, quiet acceptance gave the feeling of spiritual realities, of spiritual vision. At times that look of spiritual vision so shone through his always beautiful face that it lifted the beholder into its own faith. It was a look of peace and light.

No man can describe a sunrise, or say what it has meant in his life. He only feels that this beauty has been, and so with a nature pure, radiant and spiritual, as was his who has passed for a little while out of our sight.

